1838

Letters of the Young Engels

1845

Progress Publishers · Moscow



Workers of All Countries, Unite!

Letters of the Young Engels

1838-1845

Progress
Publishers
Moscow

Translated from the German

ЮНОШЕСКИЕ ПИСЬМА
ФРИДРИХА ЭНГЕЛЬСА

На английском языке

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[a] The translation of these letters (except for Nos. 41–47) have been taken from Vol. 2 of the *Collected Works* of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels which are being prepared for publication jointly by Progress Publishers (Moscow), Lawrence & Wishart Ltd. (London) and International Publishers (New York), in collaboration with the Institute of Marxism-Leninism, Moscow. — *Ed.*

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Preface

This collection contains letters written by Engels as a young man (dating from the years 1838–45) which help us follow the development of Engels' world outlook, the formation of first revolutionary-democratic and then communist and materialist views of the future leader of the proletariat. Yet it should be borne in mind that not all the letters written by the young Engels have been preserved. For 1843 and the greater part of 1844 not a single letter has survived. Therefore this collection cannot claim to provide a complete picture of the evolution of the young Engels although it does undeniably reflect many aspects of that evolution. Engels' works are of course the principal material revealing how his outlook took shape.

The value of his letters consists, first and foremost, in the fact that they confront us with a dynamic and captivating individual, the man himself. They contain a large number of interesting facts, illustrate the formation of Engels' personality and the wealth of his intellectual interests.

Frederick Engels was born on November 28, 1820, in the town of Barmen, in Rhenish Province of Prussia. His father, a textile manufacturer, was conservative in his political convictions and deeply religious, and he brought his children up accordingly. After

attending the municipal school in Barmen Engels studied in the Elberfeld grammar school. As a boy Engels soon came to stand out among his fellows on account of his unusual talents. He showed a passionate interest in history, Greek and Latin, and German classical literature. A number of poems written by Engels at that time are extant and also his *Pirate Tale* revealing a deep sympathy for the cause of Greek independence.

The spirit of intolerance and religious fanaticism which reigned in the school and the incredibly strict discipline aroused discontent and a sense of protest in the energetic, sensitive youth.

On September 15, 1837, Engels was obliged at his father's insistence to leave the school without completing his final year. Engels' father wished his son to follow in his footsteps and enter the world of commerce. For almost a year Frederick worked in his father's business, but then in July 1838, again at his father's insistence, he set off for Bremen to train for his future career in a large trading firm. He was to remain in Bremen until the spring of 1841.

The first letters from Engels' pen that have been handed down to us date from the summer of 1838. From Bremen he sent letters to his school-friends—the Graeber brothers—his favourite sister Marie, his brother Hermann, and the progressive German writer, Levin Schücking.

Most of these letters are included in this collection. They give us considerable insight into the character of the young Engels, revealing the gamut of his interests, literary and aesthetic tastes. The reader is confronted by an attractive image of a youth of many talents keenly interested in all progressive aspects of science, art and politics, and anxious to take up his place among the active champions of social prog-

ress. His comments on the burning questions of his day betray a rare perceptiveness. Engels follows closely the philosophical, literary and religious controversies providing outlets for the far more important political conflicts of social forces in the Germany of his day, which was a semi-feudal country on the threshold of bourgeois revolution.

These letters also illustrate how extremely well read Engels was already in his youth. His thirst for knowledge often kept him up half the night poring over books. He used to read not only the German classics and works of contemporary German writers—Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Tieck, Gutzkow, Karl Beck—but, to quote his own words, "all literatures of the world". Besides fiction Engels studied philosophical and historical writings, and improved his knowledge of foreign languages. He also devoted a good deal of time to sketching and music. He used to send the Graeber brothers and his sister witty drawings (they are reproduced here). Engels frequently refers to his profound interest in music in his letters to Marie. Not only did he go to concerts and operas but also himself used to attend the Academy of Singing. At the age of eighteen he even attempted to compose chorales, which he always lost no time in sending to his favourite sister.

Engels writes of his profound love for the music of Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Pergolese, Mendelssohn and above all Beethoven. A performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony made a tremendous impression on him: "What a symphony it was last night! You never heard anything like it in your whole life if you don't know this wonderful work. What despairing discord in the first movement, what elegiac melancholy, what a tender lover's lament in the *adagio*, what a tremendous, youthful, jubilant

celebration of freedom by the trombone in the third and fourth movements!"

Yet Engels' favourite pastimes were by no means restricted to the intellectual variety. It also emerges from his letters that he was an active young man, full of *joie de vivre*. In his free time young Frederick often went in for physical exercise, fencing, swimming, riding.

Engels used to pay frequent visits to the Club where agents and office clerks would congregate. It was there that he would read foreign newspapers. Even at that stage Engels was already a true polyglot. When he assures his sister in jest that he understands 25 foreign languages, he is not so far from the truth after all. At any rate in a letter dating from the period and addressed to Wilhelm Graeber he used nine languages—ancient Greek, Latin, Italian, English, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch and German.

As a young man Engels also spent a good time composing verses, which pepper his letters. Some of his poems were published in local newspapers and journals, as, for example, his poem *The Bedouin* which he reproduced in one of his letters to the Graeber brothers. *The Bedouin* was Engels' first work to appear in print. This poem is of interest insofar as it reflects how the author's spirit of free-thinking was starting to take shape. According to Engels' own interpretation, the central idea of the poem is the contrast between the "sons of the desert, proud and free" and contemporary politics which were quite alien to them.

Engels' letters to the progressive German writer Levin Schücking show that he not only wrote verses himself but also made translations of poems by Shelley. At one time he even planned to publish these translations but had to abandon the project, being

unable to come to terms with the prospective publishers. Engels' love for the great English poet points to his revolutionary sympathies. There is no doubt that it was precisely Shelley's love of freedom and protest against oppression which attracted Engels. It was not for nothing that Engels used Shelley's words: "Tomorrow comes!" as an epigraph for his poem *An Evening*, in which he gives voice to the conviction that the dark despair then reigning in Germany would give way to "Freedom's day".

Engels' letters to the Graeber brothers enable us to trace the evolution of his political and philosophical views during the years he spent in Bremen. When only eighteen Engels was already filled with indignation at all manifestations of despotism and reaction, class privilege, bigotry and obscurantism in German political and intellectual life, particularly in Prussia where the Junkers reigned supreme. Engels writes to his friends of his revolutionary sentiments and of his ardent interest in the literature of the opposition which exposed absolutism and reaction in Germany and other countries. In tones of deep hatred he writes of kings and emperors steeped in the blood of their peoples. "I expect anything good only of that prince whose ears are boxed right and left by his people and whose palace windows are smashed by the flying stones of the revolution."

Thus the idea of the great transforming role of revolutionary upheavals within society gradually takes shape in Engels' mind. His attention is caught by revolutionary leaders of the past who stood out against political and spiritual oppression—Jan Hus, leaders of the French Revolution and the Polish insurrection of 1830–31. On the anniversary of the July Revolution of 1830 in France—July 27, 1839—Engels composed some fiery verses which he sent to Friedrich Graeber. Here Engels assesses the

revolution not merely as a mighty force that sweeps from its path all that has become obsolete, but also as an awakening of the boundless creative energy of the broad popular masses.

Now a storm blows up out of France, and the people rise up in their masses,
And your throne is rocked like the skiff in the storm and your hand loses hold of the sceptre.

This verse and other statements by Engels show that he supported the removal of absolutist regimes by revolutionary means in order to make possible Germany's progressive development, the country's unification and the establishment of a democratic system.

The young Engels' revolutionary-democratic views took shape in 1839 under the strong influence of the writings of the radical journalist Ludwig Börne, founder of the Young Germany literary movement, whom, in a letter to Wilhelm Graeber, Engels referred to as "the great fighter for freedom". It emerges from his letters to the Graeber brothers that Engels had started to sympathise with the writers of the Young Germany movement as early as the spring of 1839. In March of that year Engels contacted one of the most prominent ideologists of that movement, Karl Gutzkow, and began contributing to the *Telegraph für Deutschland*, a journal edited by the latter.

It was above all the freedom-loving ideas, the demand for the introduction of constitutional government, for the abolition of social and national inequality and for a rejection of all forms of religious coercion that appealed to Engels in the Young Germany movement. On April 9, 1839, Engels wrote to Friedrich Graeber that he was a Young German

"body and soul". However, even at the time when he was carried away by the works of the Young Germany writers, Engels called attention to the shortcomings of this movement. The way in which its representatives made a habit of parading their *Weltschmerz* was not to his liking, nor the mournful tones of pessimism. He was interested only in those writers who endeavoured to bring literature closer to social reality, involve it in political struggle. Indeed, by 1840 Engels had grown disillusioned with the movement, and in 1842 he turned his back on it once and for all criticising its members for their inability to engage in energetic action, their immature ideas and political backwardness.

Engels' letters to the Graeber brothers reveal how he gradually shook off the traditional religious ideas that had been instilled in him since childhood, embarking on a new path that was to lead him to atheism. In his searching for truth Engels devotes a good deal of attention to questions of theology and philosophy, the history of Christianity and to critical study of the Bible. The intense mental activity of this young man so eager for knowledge is brought out with each succeeding letter as he gradually reaches the conclusion that the Bible contains insoluble contradictions and that science cannot be reconciled with religion.

An important stepping-stone in the crystallisation of Engels' atheistic views was his acquaintance with the work *The Life of Jesus* by the Young Hegelian David Strauss which appeared in 1835–36 and declared the Gospels to be no more than a collection of legends and myths, thus calling into question the authenticity of Christ's miracles. In October 1839 Engels wrote to Wilhelm Graeber that he was already "an enthusiastic Straussian". From Strauss Engels turned to the works of Hegel whose *Philosophy*

of History he embarked on at the end of 1839. At that period he even admitted to Wilhelm Graeber that he was "on the point of becoming a Hegelian". However, subsequent letters to the Graeber brothers and likewise various articles dating from this time show that Hegel's conservative system was alien to him. In his attempts to draw radical conclusions from Hegel's philosophy, Engels singles out its progressive aspect, namely, dialectics, the idea of development and the inevitable decline of outlived social institutions.

The political and philosophical views held by Engels as a young man and outlined in his letters to the Graeber brothers also found an outlet in his literary and journalistic writings dating from the Bremen period that appeared in progressive periodicals of the time.

At the end of March 1841 Engels returned to Barmen but in the autumn that year left for Berlin where military service awaited him. He had chosen to do his military service precisely in Berlin so that he might further his education by attending lectures at the university there. He joined a brigade of the Guards Artillery as a volunteer and served in it until October 1842.

Although Engels was put through all the "delights" of Prussian regimentation he made good use of his sojourn in the army. He made a detailed study of the military arts and soon was promoted to the rank of bombardier. In the years that followed his military schooling was to stand him in good stead.

During his free time Engels used to attend lectures at the university as a non-matriculated student. As in Bremen he cultivated his interest in the arts, paying regular visits to theatres and concert halls. In the spring of 1842 when Liszt was given a tumultuous

reception in Berlin Engels did not let this musical opportunity pass him by. In a subtly humorous style he describes to his sister the adulation shown by the young ladies of Berlin for the great composer and pianist. "The Berlin ladies were so besotted by him that there was a free fight during one of his concerts for possession of a glove which he had dropped.... Countess Schlippenbach poured the tea which the great Liszt had left in a cup into her Eau-de-Cologne bottle after she had poured the Eau-de-Cologne on to the ground. She has since sealed the bottle and placed it on top of her writing-desk to his eternal memory...."

Engels' year in Berlin coincided with a period of intense controversy between various schools of philosophy. The most radical philosophy of the time was that propagated by the Young Hegelians, whose number included Bruno and Edgar Bauer, Arnold Ruge, Karl Köppen, Ludwig Buhl, Eduard Meyen. An important figure in their midst was Karl Marx who had left Berlin only a short time before Engels' arrival. These Left-wing followers of Hegel, in contrast to the Right-wing Hegelians, endeavoured to draw atheistic and revolutionary conclusions from his philosophy. Engels soon associated himself with the Berlin Young Hegelians, with the group known as "The Free", and soon after his arrival in Berlin he was taking an active part in the battle of ideas with which the capital then seethed.

In the December issues of the *Telegraph für Deutschland* (1841) Engels' article "Schelling on Hegel" appeared under the pseudonym F. Oswald. This was followed in 1842 by two anonymous pamphlets *Schelling and Revelation* and *Schelling, Philosopher in Christ*. These three works of Engels', all written soon after he had attended Schelling's lectures at Berlin

University, contain profound criticism of the philosophical and political views expounded by the erstwhile disciple of Hegel's, who had since become an advocate of extremely reactionary and obscurantist ideas. In these publications Engels defends the progressive aspects of Hegel's philosophy and openly raises the banner of atheism in the struggle against the reactionary ideas propagated by Schelling. It is here that we find Engels' first steps towards materialism, when he, unlike Schelling, and indeed Hegel himself, points out that recognition of reality as something independent of thought must, from the viewpoint of logic, lead to the conclusion that matter is eternal. While writing these works Engels was under the influence of the materialist philosopher Ludwig Feuerbach, with whose work *The Essence of Christianity* he had acquainted himself in 1841.

During the Berlin period Engels' work for the progressive opposition newspaper the *Rheinische Zeitung* served to accelerate the development of his revolutionary political views. By the end of his time in Berlin Engels was coming round to the conviction that only communism could provide a just solution for the social question.

Engels' writings directed against Schelling evoked wide response in Germany. The progressive press welcomed them: Arnold Ruge, editor of the progressive journal *Deutsche Jahrbücher*, highly praised the pamphlet *Schelling and Revelation* and asked Engels why he had not published the work in his journal. Being in no two minds about the fact that the author concerned must be a scholar and philosopher, Ruge addressed Engels as Doctor. In his reply to Ruge on June 15, 1842 (published in this collection) Engels corrects Ruge in the following words: "Apart from all this, I am not a Doctor and cannot ever become

one. I am only a merchant and a Royal Prussian artillerist."

On completing his military service and returning to Barmen Engels was sent by his father to England in November 1842 to acquire further business experience at the Ermen and Engels cotton mill in Manchester.

At that period England was the most developed of the capitalist countries, and boasted the largest working class, which had just embarked on the path of political struggle. The struggle against the bourgeoisie in that country was more advanced than elsewhere.

While living in England, Engels made a detailed and sympathetic study of the condition of the English workers, their way of life and the forms and methods employed in their struggle. He made contact with the utopian socialists and later with the Left-wing leaders of the Chartists—the first political party of the English proletariat. An important landmark in the evolution of Engels' materialist and communist views was his work *Outlines of a Critique of Political Economy* that was printed in February 1844 in the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher* published by Karl Marx and Arnold Ruge. Marx was most impressed by this work in which Engels subjected bourgeois political economy and capitalism to searching criticism from a proletarian standpoint. This event marked the beginning of the regular correspondence between the two men which was later to develop into a close friendship.

Engels' long study of the life of the English proletariat bore fruit in the shape of his famous book *The Condition of the Working-Class in England,* which he wrote after returning to Germany and published in 1845. Its outstanding merit lay in the fact that Engels approached the proletariat as a class whose

very living conditions served to promote its cohesion, organisation and the accomplishment of its great historic mission, namely, the destruction of capitalism. In this work Engels drew the significant conclusion that the proletariat can only emerge victorious if its revolutionary struggle is linked with socialist theory that helps it reach a true understanding of the tasks before it.

The years that Engels spent in England marked a turning-point in his life, his final transition from revolutionary democratism to communism, from idealism to materialism.

At the end of August 1844 Engels left Manchester and went home by way of Paris where his historic meeting with Marx took place (previously they had seen each other in November 1842 in Cologne but the meeting had only been a fleeting one). This time the two men spent almost all their time together for the ten days that Engels was in the French capital. It emerged from their conversations that different paths had led them to similar materialist and revolutionary-communist conclusions regarding all important questions of theory. In the first of the letters that has survived from their voluminous correspondence (which is published in this collection) Engels writes: "I have not been again in so happy and humane a mood as I was during the ten days I spent with you." Not only did their main ideas coincide but the two men immediately took a liking to each other. Marx and Engels became firm friends and started making plans for collaboration in all fields of their future activity. This unswerving friendship and close collaboration lasted until Marx's death. Lenin wrote on that subject: "Old legends contain various moving instances of friendship. The European proletariat may say that its science was created by two scholars and fighters, whose relation-

ship to each other surpasses the most moving stories of the ancients about human friendship."[a]

Engels' letters to Marx published at the end of this collection date from the years 1844 and 1845, after Engels had returned to Barmen. They are interesting in relation to the first months of the intellectual collaboration between the two men, when they started elaborating the principles of scientific communism. These letters shed light in particular on the work on their joint book, *The Holy Family* (1845), which exposed the subjective views of the Young Hegelians to devastating criticism and formulated several most important propositions of dialectical and historical materialism. The letters also give us details of Engels' involvement in the propaganda of revolutionary communist ideas in Germany. They provide a vivid picture of the state of affairs then pertaining in Germany. The growing opposition in the Rhine Province of Prussia and the spread of socialist and communist ideas are noted by Engels.

Yet Engels' rejoicing at the success of communist propaganda and his direct contact with the masses was overshadowed by his father's attitude to his activity. The textile manufacturer could not reconcile himself to his son's refusal to embark on a career in commerce. Engels wrote to Marx on March 17, 1845: "I am unable to eat, drink, sleep or even utter a sound without being confronted by the same cursed expressions of pious horror. Whatever I do, whether I go out or stay at home, keep silent or talk, read or write, laugh or refrain from so doing—the old man pulls the same repulsive grimace."

In the spring of 1845 Engels, finding it intolerable to remain any longer under his father's roof, left Barmen and set out for Brussels in order together

[a] V. I. Lenin, *Collected Works*, Vol. 2, p. 26.

with Marx, who had already settled in that city, to devote his whole life to the cause of the liberation of the proletariat.

* * *

The contents of this collection corresponds to that of the book *From 18 to 25: Letters of the Young Engels*[a] published in German in the German Democratic Republic in 1965, apart from the addition of two letters by Engels to the radical writer Levin Schücking, which, as mentioned above, shed light on the young Engels' artistic tastes.

Boris Krylov

[a] *Zwischen 18 und 25: Jugendbriefe von Friedrich Engels.* Dietz Verlag. Berlin, 1965. Zusammengestellt und eingeleitet von Hannes Skambraks. Institut für Marxismus-Leninismus beim ZK der SED.

To Marie Engels

in Barmen

Bremen, Aug. 28, 1838

Dear Marie,

As soon as I saw your letter I realised at once that it was from you although I don't know your handwriting. Because the letter is just like you—written in a terrible hurry, everything in a lovely confusion, sermons that are not a bit seriously meant: how are you, your health, news about Emilchen[a] and Adelinchen,[b] accidents, all mixed up together. We had an accident here too, a house painter—the second in a week—fell from the scaffolding and died immediately.

It is a great surprise to hear that Emilchen and Adelinchen are leaving. The Treviranuses at any rate were quite astonished; they all thought that Karl[c] was bringing them up.

August 29

It's a very good thing that you want to go to Xanten and you should really go there if Mother[d] promised Auntie[e] and Grandmother[f] that you would. You must arrange to go there during the grape sea-

[a] Emilie Engels.—*Ed.*
[b] Adeline Engels.—*Ed.*
[c] Karl Engels.—*Ed.*
[d] Elisabeth Engels.—*Ed.*
[e] Friderike von Griesheim.—*Ed.*
[f] Franciska van Haar.—*Ed.*

son, for then you will be able to eat all you can manage. We have grapes in our garden here too, but they are not ripe yet. But we have apples which are ripe—Paradise apples; they are much more delicious than those on the big tree in Caspar's[a] yard, the one they have now cut down.

Just think, Marie, we've got a broody hen here with seven chicks hardly eight days old, and when there's nothing to do at the office, we go down to the yard and catch flies, gnats and spiders and then the old hen comes and takes them out of our hands and feeds them to the chicks. But there's a black chick, the size of a canary, which gobbles up the flies out of our hands. And all these little creatures will become hens with croups and have feathers growing on their feet. I wager that you would be delighted with this hen and her chicks. You are a chicken yourself, just like them. You must tell Mother that next year she too should place some eggs under a hen. There are also pigeons here, not only at the Treviranuses' but also at the Leupolds', crested pigeons and pouters, which are called crown pigeons (because they have a crest on their fronts which is called a crown here). The crested ones are particularly handsome. We—Eberlein and I—feed these every day. They don't eat vetch, which doesn't grow here, but they will eat peas or very small beech nuts, which are no bigger than peas.

You should see some time, when the market is full in the morning, what remarkable costumes the peasant women wear. Their caps and straw hats are especially remarkable. If I can only get a quiet look at one of them some time, I'll try and draw her and send it to you. The girls wear very small red caps over their hair, which is coiled up in a

[a] Caspar Engels.—*Ed.*

bun, while old women have big close-fitting winged bonnets which hang over their foreheads, or big velvet caps trimmed with black frilled lace in front. It looks quite odd.

The window of my room looks out on an alley which is uncanny. If I'm still up late of an evening, round about eleven o'clock, things begin to get noisy in the alley and the cats squeal, the dogs bark, the ghosts laugh and howl and rattle the windows of the house opposite. But it's all quite natural because the lamplighter lives in the alley and he goes on his rounds at eleven o'clock.

Now I have written two full pages and if I wanted to do what you do, I would now write: "Now you will probably be satisfied because I have told you so much. Next time I shall tell you just as much." This is the way you do it; you write me two pages, with the lines set very far apart, and you leave the other two pages quite empty. But so that you can see that I don't do the same as you and do not give tit for tat, I shall do my best to fill up four closely written pages for you.

This morning a barber came round and Herr Pastor[a] wanted me to have a shave for he said I looked quite revolting. But I do not do so. Father[b] said that I should leave my razors locked up until I need them and he left a fortnight ago today and my beard certainly cannot have grown so much in that time. And now I shall not shave until I have a moustache as black as a raven. And you know, Mother told Father to give me a razor to take with me and Father answered that would be tempting me to start shaving, and he would buy me some himself in Manchester, but I don't use them on principle.

[a] Georg Gottfried Treviranus.—*Ed.*
[b] Friedrich Engels.—*Ed.*

I have just come back from the parade which takes place every day on the Domshof.[a] There the great Hanseatic army, composed of about 40 soldiers and 25 bandsmen as well as 6 to 8 officers, does its exercises, and (if I leave out the drum major) they all have as much moustache between them as one Prussian hussar. Most of them have no beard at all; others just a suspicion of one. The parade lasts the whole of two minutes. The soldiers arrive, line up, present arms and go off again. But the music is good (very good, wonderful, beautiful, say the Bremen people). Yesterday one of these Hanseatic soldiers, who had deserted, was brought in. This fellow was a Jew and was taking religious instruction with Pastor Treviranus and wanted to be baptised. Then he deserted, without leaving the town, but wrote a letter to Pastor Treviranus saying he was in Brinkum and had been persuaded by a relative to go there. He asked the Pastor to intercede for him so that his punishment might be mitigated. The Pastor wanted to do this too, when the fellow was suddenly arrested near Bremen yesterday and it came out where he was. He will now probably get a stretch or sixty strokes, for the soldiers always get whipped here.

No Jews at all live in Bremen, only a couple of Jews with permits in the suburbs, but none can move into the town.

It has been raining again all day long today. Yesterday week it did not rain at all for once, otherwise it has rained every day even though often only a little. It was very hot on Sunday and yesterday too the air was somewhat oppressive although the sky was frequently overcast, but as for today, really it's unbearable. You get soaking wet as soon as you

[a] Cathedral precincts.—*Ed.*

put your nose out of doors. What is it like in your place? Now I am going to write to Mother.—Have you made it up again with the Kampermanns, old geese?

Adieu, Marie.

Your brother

Friedrich

To Friedrich and Wilhelm Graeber

in Elberfeld

[Bremen] September 1 [1838]

To the Graeber brothers, of Barmen, now in Elberfeld. Acknowledging receipt of the esteemed letter of your Herr F. Graeber, I am taking the liberty to send you a few lines. Thunder and



lightning, things are looking up. We will now begin right away with the plastic arts. Namely with my fellow lodger by the name of George (pronounced

as in English) Gorrissen, the greatest Hamburg fop that ever existed. Take the mean between the two drawings you see here, place it on a slim trunk and long legs, give the eyes a real boorish look, a speech exactly like Kirchner's, only in the Hamburg dialect, and you have the most complete picture of this lout that you can get. I wish I could only draw him as well as last night when I drew him on a board, and it was so like him that everybody recognised him, even the maids. Even a painter[a] who lives in our house and otherwise doesn't think much of anything found it very good.—This G. Gorrissen is the most boorish fellow on earth; he is busy with some new nonsense every day and is inexhaustible in commonplace and boring ideas. The fellow already has on his conscience at least twenty hours that he has bored me.

The other day I bought myself Jacob Grimm's defence[1]; it is extraordinarily good and is written with a rare power. I read no less than seven pamphlets about the Cologne affair[2] in *one* bookshop.—N.B. I have read things here and come across expressions—I am getting good practice especially in literature—which one would never[b] be allowed to print in our parts, quite liberal ideas, etc., arguments about the old Hanoverian he-goat,[c] really wonderful.

There are some sheets with very fine satirical drawings here.—One I saw was rather badly drawn but the faces are very characteristic. A tailor on a goat is being stopped by his master and the cobblers

[a] G. W. Feistkorn.—*Ed.*

[b] From here up to the words "I've got some beer inside me", Engels writes in red ink across the first page, which is written in black ink.—*Ed.*

[c] Ernst August.—*Ed.*

are looking on. What happens is expressed in the text underneath:

"Old master, don't stop my charger!"

But about that next time, for I cannot now get this [. . .][a] because the Principal[b] is sitting here. Otherwise he's a terribly nice fellow, oh so good, you can't imagine.



Roland, the knight of Bremen

Excuse me for writing so badly, I have three bottles of beer under my belt, hurrah, and I cannot write much more because this must go to the post at once. It is already striking half-past three and letters must be there by four o'clock. Good gracious, thunder and lightning, you can see that I've got some beer inside me. [. . .][c]

[a] One word is indecipherable.—*Ed.*

[b] Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

[c] One sentence is indecipherable because the paper is damaged.—*Ed.*

Please have the goodness to scribble me something in reply right away; Wurm knows my address, and you can give it to him. Oh dear, what shall I write? Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. What a lamentable state! The old man, i.e., the Principal, is just going out and I am all mixed up, I don't know what I'm writing. There are all sorts of noises going on in my head. Give my greetings to P. Jonghaus and F. Plümacher, and tell them to write, and I will bore them shortly with my scribbling too. Can you read my scrawl?

What will you give me for a pound of muddlement? I have heaps in store. Oh dear.

Your devoted
Your Honour's devoted

F. Engels

To Friedrich and Wilhelm Graeber

in Barmen

[Bremen, September 17–18, 1838]

September 17. First the black ink, then the red ink from the beginning again.[a]

Carissimi! In vostras epistolas haec vobis sit respondentia. Ego enim quum longiter latine non scripsi, vobis paucum scribero, sed in germanico-italianico-latino. Quae quum ita sint[b] you will not get one more word in Latin, but

[a] The letter of September 17 is written in black ink while that of September 18 is written in red ink, across the text of the first letter.—*Ed.*

[b] My dearest ones, let this be an answer to your letters. As I haven't written in Latin for a long time, I shall write you only a little, but in German-Italian-Latin. This being so. . . .—*Ed.*

only pure, unalloyed, unadulterated, perfect German. And now to deal at once with a matter of considerable importance, I want to tell you that my Spanish romance has been a failure; the fellow seems to be an anti-romantic and he looks like one too. But a poem of my own—*The Bedouin*[3]—a copy of which I enclose, was inserted in a different paper; only the fellow went and changed the last verse and so created the most hopeless confusion. He does not seem to have understood "Your desert robes do not belong with our Parisian coats and vests, nor with our literature your song", because it appears to be baroque. The main idea is to contrast the Bedouin, even in their present condition, and the audience, who are quite alien to these people. For this reason the contrast must not be expressed only by the bare description given in the two clearly distinguishable parts, but comes really to life only at the end through the contrast and the conclusion drawn in the last verse. There are also a number of other details expressed in the poem: 1) Delicate irony at the expense of Kotzebue and his supporters with Schiller counterposed as the good principle for our theatre; 2) grief over the present condition of the Bedouin as contrasted with their former condition. These two incidentals run parallel in the two main contrasts. Take the last verse away, and the whole thing falls apart. But if the editor wishes to make the conclusion less striking and ends with: "They jump at money's beck and call, and not at Nature's primal urge. Their eyes are blank, they're silent, all, except for one who sings a dirge", then, first of all, this ending is feeble because it consists of previously used rhetorical phrases, and secondly, it destroys my main idea by replacing it with the subsidiary one—sorrow over the present condition of the Bedouin and the contrast with their former condition. So he has done the

following damage: he has completely destroyed 1) the main idea, 2) the cohesion of the poem. However, this will cost the fellow an additional groat (= ½ silver groschen) for he will get an answer from me in the form of a sermon. By the way, I wish I had never written the poem. I have completely failed to express the idea in a clear, pleasant form. Str.'s[a] fine phrases are simply phrases. *Dattelland*[b] and Bled-el-Djerid are one and the same thing, so one idea is expressed twice with the same words, and what dissonance—"*schallend Lachen zollt*" and "*Mund gewandt*"! It gives one a peculiar feeling to see one's verses in print like this. They have become something strange and one sees them with a much clearer eye than when they are handwritten.

I had a good laugh when I saw myself thus made public, but I soon lost any desire to laugh. As soon as I saw the changes I became very angry and raged in a most barbaric fashion.—*Satis autem de hac re locuti sumus*![c]

I found a quite peculiar book this morning in an antiquarian's shop—an extract from the *Acta Sanctorum*, unfortunately only for the first half of the year, with portraits, lives of the saints and prayers, but all very short. It cost me twelve groats, six silver groschen, and I paid the same for Wieland's *Diogenes von Sinope, oder Σωκράτης μαινόμενος*[d].

I doubt my ability and my productivity as a poet more and more every day since I read Goethe's two essays *Für junge Dichter*[4] in which I find myself described as aptly as could be, and from which it has become clear to me that my rhyming achieves nothing for art. All the same, I want to go on rhym-

[a] This probably means Strücker, Engels' comrade.—*Ed.*
[b] Land of date-palms.—*Ed.*
[c] But we have said enough about this.—*Ed.*
[d] The raging Socrates.—*Ed.*

ing because, as Goethe says, it is "a pleasant addition" and I shall also probably get a poem or two published in some journal because other fellows also do so who are just as big if not bigger asses than I am, and because my efforts will neither raise nor lower German literature. But when I read a really good poem then fury seizes my soul to think that I couldn't have done that. *Satis autem de hac re locuti sumus!*

My *cari amici,*[a] how much I miss you! When I remember how I often entered your room and there sat Fritz, so comfortable behind the stove, with his short pipe in his mouth, and Wilm rustled around the room in his long dressing-gown, could not smoke anything but four-pfennig cigars and cracked jokes which shook the whole room, and then the mighty Feldmann rose like *ζανδὸς Μενελάος*[b] and entered, and then Wurm came in his long coat and with his stick in his hand, and then we all caroused and all hell was let loose—and now we have to make do with letters—it's outrageous. But that you write to me a lot from Berlin too is *constat* and *naturaliter*; letters there only take a day longer than to Barmen. You know my address, but it doesn't matter if you don't for I have struck up such a close acquaintance with our postman that he always delivers my letters to the office. But still, *honoris causa*, you might put St. Martini Kirchhof No. 2 on the envelope if necessary. This friendship with the postman comes from our names being similar, his is Engelke.—Letter-writing is a bit hard for me today. The day before yesterday I sent off a letter to Wurm at Bilk and today I posted one to Strücker—the first was eight pages long, the second seven, and now you too want

[a] Dear friends.—*Ed.*
[b] Fair Menelaus.—*Ed.*

your ration. If you receive this letter before you go to Cologne, please do the following for me. When you get there will you find Streitzeuggasse and go to Everaert's the printers at number 51 and buy me *Volksbücher.*[a] I have *Siegfried, Eulenspiegel* and *Helena.* The ones I need most are *Octavianus, Die Schildbürger* (incomplete in the Leipzig edition), *Die Haimonskinder, Dr. Faust* and any of the others which are illustrated with woodcuts. If there is anything mystical there buy it as well, especially the *Sibyllenweissagungen.* You can go up to two or three talers in any case. Then send the books on to me by express post, tell me how much they come to and I shall send you a letter of credit drawn on my Old Man,[b] who will gladly pay it. Or, better still, you can send the books to my Old Man, to whom I'll explain the whole business and he can give them to me as a Christmas gift or as he likes.—A new subject of study for me is Jacob Böhme. He is a dark but deep soul. But most of it must be studied terribly hard if one wants to understand any of it. He is rich in poetic ideas and a very allegorical man, his speech is quite original, for he gives all words a different meaning from the usual one. Instead of "essence" [*Wesen*], "substance" [*Wesenheit*], he says "torment" [*Qual*]. He calls God a "non-cause" [*Ungrund*] and a "cause" [*Grund*], because He has no cause or beginning of His existence, but is Himself the cause of His own and all other life. So far I have been able to find only three of his books—admittedly enough to begin with.—But here I want to insert my poem about the Bedouin.

[a] German *Volksbücher* were similar to the English chap-books of the same period, that is, cheap popular books intended for the mass of the people and containing legends, tales, poetry, etc.—*Ed.*

[b] Friedrich Engels senior, the father of Engels.—*Ed.*

Now the bell rings, and suddenly
The silken curtain swift ascends,
And all in hushed expectancy
Wait for the evening to commence.
No Kotzebue commands the scene
To set the merry audience roaring.
No Schiller of the earnest mien
Steps forth, his golden words outpouring.
Sons of the desert, proud and free,
Walk on to greet us, face to face;
But pride is vanished utterly,
And freedom lost without a trace.
They jump at money's beck and call
(As once that lad from dune to dune
Bounded for joy). They're silent, all,
Save one who sings a dirge-like tune.
The audience, amazed and awed
By what these acrobats can do.
Applauds them, just as it applauds
The trumperies of Kotzebue.
Fleet nomads of the desert lands,
You've braved the sun's fierce noontide rays
Through harsh Morocco's burning sands,
Through valleys where the date-palms sway.
And through the garden paradise
Of Bled-el-Djerid once you swept.
You turned your wits to bold forays.
Your steeds to battle proudly stepped.
You sat there, where moon lustres spill
By rare springs in a palm-tree grove,
And lovely lips with gracious skill
A fairy-story garland wove.
Sleeping in narrow tents you lay
In love's warm arms, with dreams all round,
Till sunrise ushered in the day
And camels made their bellowing sound.
Go home again, exotic guests!

Your desert robes do not belong
With our Parisian coats and vests,
Nor with our literature your song!

[September] 18th

Cur me poematibus exanimas tuis,[a] you will be shouting. But I am going to torture you still more with them or rather because of them. Guilelmus[b] has still got an exercise book of my verse, just as I wrote it. I'm now asking for this exercise book back and you can send it in the following way: you can cut out all the blank paper and you can then enclose a few sheets with every letter you write: it won't increase the postage. If need be you can also add one or two bits of reading matter if you pack it cunningly and press the letter well, for instance, laying it for a night between a couple of dictionaries before you send it, so they won't notice anything.— See that Blank gets the sheet I've enclosed for him. I am getting a terribly extensive correspondence, with you in Berlin, with Wurm in Bonn, and similarly with Barmen and Elberfeld. But if I didn't have it, how would I kill the endless time I have to spend at the office without being allowed to read? The day before yesterday I spent with the Old Man[c]—*id est principalis*—his wife is called the Old Woman *[Altsche]* (the elk, *alce* in Italian, pronounced just like that)—in the country where his family lives, and I enjoyed it very much. The Old Man is an excellent fellow, he always scolds his boys in Polish. You *Ledshiaks*, you *Kashubs*, he shouts. On the way back I tried to give a philistine who was also there some idea of the beauty of Low German,

[a] Why do you torture me with your poems?—*Ed.*
[b] Wilhelm Graeber.—*Ed.*
[c] Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

but saw it was impossible. A philistine like that is really an unhappy soul yet over-happy nonetheless in his stupidity, which he regards as the greatest wisdom. I went to the theatre the other evening. They were playing *Hamlet*, but in a quite horrifying manner. So I would rather say nothing at all about it.—It's good that you are going to Berlin. There will be more art there than you are likely to get at any other university except Munich; the poetry of nature, on the other hand, is lacking—sand, sand, sand! It is far better here. The roads outside the town are mostly very interesting and very charming with their groups of various trees. But the mountains, the mountains, that's what you miss. What is also lacking in Berlin is the poetry of student life, which is at its best in Bonn, and to which the wandering about in the poetic surroundings contributes not a little. Well, you too will be going to Bonn one day. My dear Wilhelm, I would madly love to answer your witty letter with one equally witty, if it were not for the fact that I don't feel at all witty and especially at the moment I am lacking precisely in that desire which one cannot give oneself and without which everything is forced. But I feel as if for me the end were near, as if my head no longer held a single idea, as if my life were being stolen away. The tree of my mind of its leaves is stripped, my witticisms too fine are clipped, the kernel out of the shell has been nipped. And my *Makamas*[5] hardly merit the name, while yours robbed Rückert of all his fame; those here written with gout are smitten, they limp, they totter, fall, nay, have fallen to the bottom of the pit of oblivion, not climbed the peaks of readers' opinion. Oh doom, here I sit in my room, and even if I hammered my head sore, only water would come out with a roar. That helps not a louse, it does not bring wit into the house.

When I went to bed last night I banged my head and it sounded just like when you knock against a bucket of water and the water splashes against the other side. I had to laugh at the way my nose was properly rubbed in the truth. Yes, water, water! My room is full of spooks. Last night I heard a death-watch beetle in the wall. In the alley near me there is a noise of ducks, cats, dogs, hussies and people. And incidentally I expect a letter from you just as long if not longer than this one, *et id post notas*—let there be no mistake about it.

The most marvellous hymn-book in existence is undoubtedly the one used here.[6] It contains all the famous names in German poetry: Goethe (the song, *Der Du von dem Himmel bist*[a]), Schiller (*Drei Worte des Glaubens*[7]), Kotzebue and many others. Also songs against cow-pox and all kinds of other nonsense. It is sheer barbarism unequalled anywhere. One must see it to believe it. It is an appalling spoiling of all our beautiful songs, a crime which Knapp also made himself guilty of in the *Treasury of Songs*.[8]—The occasion of our sending a cargo of hams to the West Indies reminds me of an extremely interesting story. Somebody once sent a cargo of hams to Havana. The letter with the bill did not arrive till later, and the recipient, who had already noticed that the cargo was 12 hams short, saw reckoned up in the bill: "Loss through rats—12 pieces." But those rats were the young office lads who had helped themselves to the hams. That's the end of the story.—While I take the liberty to fill the remaining space with artistic renderings of outward appearances chosen at random (Dr. He), I must confess that I shall hardly be able to tell you much about my trip for I promised both Strücker and Wurm they

[a] Initial words from Goethe's poem *Wandrers Nachtlied*.—*Ed.*

would hear about it first. I even fear that I shall have to write about it to them twice over, and to go through all that tedious stuff three times, mixed up with all kinds of other nonsense, would really be too much. But if Wurm cares to send you the exercise book, which he is hardly likely to receive before the end of the year, that's all right with me. Otherwise I can't do anything for you until you go to Bonn yourselves.

Your most humble

Servant



A genius à la mode



A fathead à la mode

Greetings to P. Jonghaus. He can enclose a letter with yours. I would have written to him too but the fellow is certainly away.

Friedrich Engels

Reply soon. Your Berlin address!!!!!!!

To Marie Engels

in Barmen

Bremen, Oct. 9, 1838

Dear Marie,

At last four full pages! Well, I shall have to praise you till you can no longer bear it, as they say. Riding is now over unfortunately, so I am mostly at home on Sundays, but I enjoy myself quite a lot. Either I listen to somebody playing or singing or I write, and in the evening we do all kinds of crazy things. The day before yesterday, which, as you know, was Sunday, we put a ring in a cup of flour and then played the well-known game of trying to get it out with your mouth. We all had a turn—the Pastor's wife,[a] the girls, the painter[b] and I too, while the Pastor[c] sat in the corner on the sofa and watched the fun through a cloud of cigar smoke. The Pastor's wife couldn't stop laughing as she tried to get it out and covered herself with flour over and over again, and when the painter's turn came, he blew with all his might so that the flour puffed out right and left and descended like a cloud on his green and red dressing-gown. Afterwards we threw flour in each other's faces. I blackened my face with cork, at which they all laughed, and when I started to laugh, that made them laugh all the more and all the louder. Then I laughed, ha ha ha ha ha, so loudly that all the other followed suit with he he he he he and ha ha ha ha ha, until it was just like in the story where the Jew has to dance in the

[a] Mathilde Treviranus.—*Ed.*
[b] G. W. Feistkorn.—*Ed.*
[c] Georg Gottfried Treviranus.—*Ed.*

bramble bush, and at last they all begged me to stop for heaven's sake.

You are still a real goose if you let that Jettchen Troost bore you. Why don't you tell her to go away?

Now the Goose is starting to lecture me; that is touching. Tell me, Goose, don't you know the saying—I shall behave to you as you behave to me? Don't you know that no matter how small you write, I still write twice as small? But let's settle the matter once and for all. If you write me four pages then you shall get four pages back and there's an end of it. Besides, if you only knew how many letters I've already written this week and how many I still have to write, you would have pity on me and be satisfied with two pages. Ask Strücker some time how much I've written to him. Ask Wurm some time—but he's not there, so I shall tell you—at least twelve pages just like these and as much again across the page in red ink. But he writes just as much to me in reply. And I have also to write to Mother, Hermann,[a] August,[b] Rudolf,[c] what do you think that adds up to? I think that as you can read the other letters you'll be fair and only expect half as much from me as you write to me.—You say that I praise Anna[d] to the skies, no, *so god over nit, dat do ek nit,*[e] but if she writes me four pages and you only write three, isn't she better than you? Apart from all this I'll gladly admit that you are a loyal soul and write to me most diligently. But you must not presume to start such rows and quarrels with me and imagine

[a] Hermann Engels.—*Ed.*
[b] August Engels.—*Ed.*
[c] Rudolf Engels.—*Ed.*
[d] Anna Engels.—*Ed.*
[e] But not so good, I don't do that.—*Ed.*

all the right is on your side when you really ought to be on your knees begging forgiveness.—You complain about the shoulder-brace, but oh, my little goose, hold yourself straight and then they won't put one on you.—We had the same weather here as you describe but now it's horrible; it rains and drizzles continuously, sometimes it pours down and then we have a bit of blue sky every 24 hours and a ray of sunshine every half-year.

You want me to write what I would like for Christmas? Well, you needn't make me what I've already got and you know what I haven't got, so what shall I write? Embroider a cover for a cigar box or—I don't know what, but you can keep nagging Mother a little every two or three days to send me the Goethe for Christmas Day. I really need it very badly, for you can hardly read anything without there being some reference to Goethe. Who was this man Goethe? Herr Riepe: Children, he was. . . !

Your drawing of the poultry-yard I could comprehend quite easily and it is very practical—cats or polecats can't get in and the hens can't get out.

Last Friday I went to the theatre. They were playing *Nachtlager in Granada*,[a] an opera which is very nice. Tonight they are giving *Die Zauberflöte*.[b] I must go to it. I really must manage to see what it is like. I hope it will be really good.

October 10. I went to the theatre. I like *Die Zauberflöte* very much. I should like you to be able to come and see it with me some time. I bet you would like it very much.—Yes, Marie, what shall I write about now? Shall I grumble a bit for want of any-

[a] An opera by Kreutzer.—*Ed.*
[b] Mozart's *The Magic Flute*.—*Ed.*

thing better? I can't think of anything better and you will certainly be satisfied if the four pages are filled, no matter what is in them. Here in Bremen the merchants' houses are all built in a very remarkable way. They are not built with their long sides facing the street like ours but with their short sides, so that the roofs are very close together, and the hall is very large and high, just like a small church.



They have hatches above and below, one on top of the other, which are closed by trapdoors and through which a hoist can move up and down. Up in the attic is the store-room and coffee, linen, sugar, whale-oil, etc., are brought up by the hoist. All halls have thus two rows of windows one above the other.—The Consul's wife has now moved into town again with her four small children; they make an awful uproar. Luckily two of them, Elisabeth and Loin (really Ludwig) go to school, so one does not have to listen to their noise all day long. But when Loin and Siegfried are together they make such a row that you just can't stand it. The other day they started dancing on the linen chests, each armed with a gun and a sword; they challenged each other to a duel and Loin blew on his trumpet so loudly that it made your ears ring. I have a very nice place, in front of my desk there is a big window giving on to the hall and so I can see everything that happens.

Since you drew me the poultry-yard I'm drawing you the church as seen from the office. Farewell.[a]



Your brother

Friedrich

To Friedrich Graeber

[Bremen, January 20, 1839]

To Fritz Graeber

Florida

I

The Spirit of Earth speaks:

Three hundred years have rolled by since the hour
When the proud white folk came from far away
Across the seas, where their great cities tower.
The islands soon became the strong men's prey;

[a] This word is in English in the original.—*Ed.*

I lifted up my clenched fist from the ocean
To see how far their arrogant feet might stray.
Woods clothed the land and flowers grew
in profusion;
Through the deep valleys wandered by the score
My faithful tribesmen of the brown-skinned nation.
The Eternal Father mild saw fit to pour
Abundant blessings down. The White Men came;
Their ship, its course erratic, neared the shore.
The land seemed fair to them. They made their
claim,
And seized it, like the islands, in their greed,
Sowing among my people serfdom's shame.
The borders marked by furrows they denied,
And with their quadrants measured out my Hand,
Drawing strange lines across from side to side.
Ere long had passed, they swarmed across the
land;
Only one finger did they fear to try.
Who ventured there was doomed to meet his end.
Upon this one remaining finger, I
Have placed a ring my brown-skinned folk compose.
They stand with spears poised, ready to let fly.
And if their shields in compact, serried rows
Fail me, if White Man's arrogance breaks the ring,
This Hand, with White and Brown, I then propose
To plunge into the waters weltering.

II

The Seminole speaks:

Peace to my brethren I shall not proclaim;
War be my first word, battle be my last.
And when your eyes blaze up in sudden flame,
As forest fire is fanned by hurricane's blast,
Then shall I say that you were truly right
To call me Word's Sun, that Night flees fast.

E'en as your hunter's lust flamed at the plight
Of innocent creatures that you forced to flee
From arrow following arrow in swift flight,
So would the White Men hunt you ruthlessly.
But let your speeding arrows make it clear
That they're the quarry, and the hunters—we.
They envy us our red skins; and in fear
That their revolting white may be discerned,
They swathe themselves in many-coloured gear.
Our country they have named the floral strand,
For flowers here in great profusion grow.
But blue, or white, or yellow, through the land
Into red raiment soon they all must go,
Bespattered with the White Man's own red blood.
Flamingo bird shall not more crimson glow.
As slaves, we proved to be of little good.
They brought the cowardly Blacks across the sea:
They'll learn the strength and courage of our brood!
Come then, White Man, if your desire it be,
And you shall get the homage that's your due.
From every bed of reeds, from every tree,
Seminole arrows wait to ambush you!

III

The White Man speaks:

Well, then! And so for the last time I will
Offer my brow to cruel Destiny
And freely turn to face the murderous steel!
O vengeful Fate, you are well known to me!
Always you've turned my joy in life to gall.
You think I ever knew Love's ecstasy?
Mocking, she broke my heart, whom I did fall
In love with. Thenceforth, seeking consolation,
I fought for Freedom. Kings themselves have all
Trembled before our League. In trepidation,
Princes have seen how German youth can stand

As one. In seven years of expiation
I've fully paid my debt in iron bonds.
In a swift ship they bring me o'er the sea
To Liberty—but on an alien strand.
The coastline beckons! But at a cliff's foot, see!—
The ship is wrecked. The folk on board all spring
Into the foaming waves. A plank bears me
Safely to shore, though bruised and shivering.
For the first time, my luck goes favourably.
In sand-choked seas the rest lie weltering.
But can I not escape my destiny?
The savages surround me, bind my limbs.
They seek to gain revenge by killing me.
For me, new Freedom, so I hoped, begins.
But Freedom fighters seek my murder here.
So must I expiate my brothers' sins.
But what comes floating to the beach down there?
A crucifix! In my Redeemer's eye
Such tenderness! I miss His Word so dear.
As I lie here upon the hot sands dying,
He comes to me with bounteous clemency.
While I complain, God, with Hell's fury vying,
Has now Himself become a corpse for me!

Here is my contribution to the next little party. I saw that there had been one at our place again and I was very sorry that I didn't send anything in for it. Now in reply to your letter.—Aha! Why don't you read the newspaper? If you did you would have seen what was and what was not printed about the business. It's not my fault if you make a fool of yourself. The paper only contained official reports issued by the Senate and they were really what was to be expected. Plümacher's comedy must be very good. I have written asking for it twice, but he has not uttered a word about it. As far as Jonghaus and his love are concerned, I have something to

settle with him about that. You fellows always let yourselves be put off writing by "this and that". Tell me, can't you write to me for half an hour each day after you get a letter from me? Then you'd be finished in three days. I have all these letters to write—five of them—and I write much closer than you do and still I have them finished in four or five days. Yes, it's terrible. You can have eight days, but on the ninth day after you receive my letter you must post your reply. There's no other way. If I have made other arrangements with Wurm I herewith change them. You have eight days, otherwise the penalties that Wurm is threatened with come into force—no verses and you'll be kept waiting just as long as I am.



Postman: Herr Consul, a letter for you!
Consul: Aha! Good.
Engels: Nothing for me?
Postman: No.

Here is a woodcut, *à la Volksbücher,* which shows you plainly how I'm on the look-out for you, that is, for your letters. I thought I would have got my letters off today (Sunday, Jan. 20) but it's striking half past four and the post goes at five today. So

my plans have gone awry again. Well, it has its good side anyway for now I can shit in peace and then write to you in peace. I have not yet been able to start a letter to Peter Jonghaus...

It's remarkable that if you consider our greatest writers, they always seem to go in pairs, one complementing the other as, for example, Klopstock and Lessing, Göethe and Schiller, Tieck and Uhland. But now Rückert is quite on his own and I'm curious whether he is going to be joined by anybody or whether he'll die off first; it almost looks like it. As a love poet, he could be paired with Heine, but unfortunately the two of them are otherwise so heterogeneous that you can't possibly unite them. Klopstock and Wieland are at least contrasts, but Rückert and Heine have not the slightest other similarity and each stands absolutely on his own. The Berlin party of Young Germany[9] are a fine lot indeed! They want to transform our time into one of "conditions and subtle relations", which is as much as to say, we write something for the whole world, and to fill up the pages we describe things that don't exist, and we call them "conditions", or we dish up a hotch-potch and that goes under the name of "subtle relations". This Theodor Mundt scribbles up something for the whole world about Demoiselle Taglioni, who "dances Goethe", embellishes it with fine phrases from Goethe, Heine, Rahel[a] and Stieglitz and talks the most priceless nonsense about Bettina,[b] but all in so ultramodern a fashion that it must be a delight for any empty-headed dandy or a young, vain, lascivious lady to read the like. This Kühne, Mundt's agent in Leipzig, is editor of the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* and it now looks like

[a] Rahel Varnhagen von Ense.—*Ed.*
[b] Bettina von Arnim.—*Ed.*

a lady whose figure was built for a crinoline and who is now stuck into a modern dress so that at every step you can see her charming bandy legs through the clinging dress. It is exquisite! And this chap Heinrich Laube! He daubs without stopping about characters that don't exist, writes travel stories[10] which are nothing of the sort, nonsense upon nonsense; it's terrible. I don't know what is going to happen to German literature. We have three men of talent: Karl Beck, Ferd. Freiligrath and Julius Mosen. The last is certainly a Jew and in his *Ahasver,*[11] he makes the Wandering Jew defy Christianity on all accounts. Gutzkow, who is amongst the most reasonable of all, reproaches him because, he says, Ahasuerus is a mean character, a real haggling Jew[12]; Theodor Creizenach, likewise a *juif,* has now laid hold of Gutzkow in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* in the most violent way,[13] but Gutzkow stands too high above him. This Creizenach, a run-of-the-mill hack writer, praises Ahasuerus to high heavens as a crushed worm and abuses Christ as a self-willed, proud God Almighty; he also says that in the *Volksbuch,* it is true, Ahasuerus is nothing but a vulgar fellow, but that in the blotting-paper books of the fair pedlars Faust also is not much more than a common sorcerer, whereas Goethe has endowed him with the psychology of several "centuries". This last is clear to be nonsense (if I'm not mistaken, that is quite a Latin construction), but I am concerned with it only because of the *Volksbücher.* Of course, if Theodor Creizenach damns them they must be very, very bad indeed, nevertheless I make bold to say that there is more depth and poetry in the *Volksbuch* Ahasuerus than in the whole of Th. Creizenach plus all his worthy companions.

I am now at work on a number of epigrams and I'm sending you those I have finished.

THE PERIODICALS

1. *Telegraph*[a]

You call yourself a quick writer, so who can doubt quick-written stuff is what your pages are filled with?

2. *Morgenblatt*[b]

If you read me through in the morning, by evening you'll have forgotten whether it was blank or printed pages you saw.

3. *Abend-Zeitung*

If you cannot sleep at night, just take in your hand this paper and lovely slumber will come to you soon.

4. *Literatur-Blatt*

These leaves are the most critical in the whole literary forest. But how dry they are. The wind blows them down.

I can't think of any more at the moment and so must stop now. As I have just noticed, I really must hurry up if I am to get the letters off tomorrow, malefactor that I am. We shall be having company any moment now, and tomorrow there will be an awful lot of running about and copying, so that it will not be out of place to write very fast.

I am now reading *Kaiser und Papst* by Duller, a novel in four volumes. Duller has an undeserved

[a] *Telegraph für Deutschland.*—*Ed.*
[b] *Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser.*—*Ed.*

reputation. His Wittelsbach romances,[14] many of which are included in Hüllstett's book, are terribly bad. He wanted to imitate a popular style but became familiar. His *Loyola* is an abominable mix-up of all the good and bad elements of a historical novel warmed up in the sauce of a bad style. His *Leben Grabbes*[15] is horribly distorted and one-sided. The novel I am reading is better; some of the characters are well described, others at least not too badly, isolated situations are pretty well handled, and the people he has invented are interesting. But to judge by the first volume, he is quite lacking in any sense of proportion in the importance given to the secondary characters, and in any new, original views on history. It is nothing to him to kill off his best drawn character at the end of the first volume, and besides he has a great preference for peculiar kinds of death. Thus, one of the characters dies of rage at the very moment when he is about to plunge his dagger into his enemy's breast, and this same enemy is standing on the edge of the crater of Etna, where he wants to poison himself, when a crevasse opens in the mountain and he is buried in a stream of lava. The volume ends after a description of the following scene: The waves of the ocean close over the sun's head, parting and all.[16] A very piquant, but thoroughly trite and silly ending. That must also be the end of my letter.

Addio, adieu, adiós, adeus.[a]

Yours,

Friedrich Engels

[a] Good-bye (in Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese).—*Ed.*

To Friedrich Graeber

[Bremen, February 19, 1839]

Et Tu, Brute? Friderice Graeber, hoc est res quam nunquam de te crediderim! Tu jocas ad cartas? passionaliter? O Tempores o moria! Res dignissima memoria! Unde est tua gloria?[a] Where is your honour and your Christianity? *Est itum ad Diabolum! Quis est, qui te seduxit? Nonne verbum meum fruxit* (has borne fruit)? *O fili mi, verte,*[b] otherwise I'll beat you with rod and switch, *cartas abandona, fac multa bona, et vitam agas integram, partem recuperabis optimam! Vides amorem meum, ut spiritum faulenzendeum egi ad linguam latinam et dic obstupatus: quinam fecit. Angelum ita tollum, nonsensitatis vollum, plenum et, plus ancora* much: *hoc fecit* excessive card playing. Recollect yourself, you evil-doer, think what is the purpose of your existence! Robber, think of how you are sinning against everything sacred and profane! Cards! They are cut from the skin of the devil. O you terrible people! I think of you only with tears or gnashing of teeth. Ha, I am filled with inspiration. On the nineteenth day of the second month of 1839, on the day when midday is at twelve o'clock, a storm seized me and carried me afar and there I saw them playing cards, and then it was time to eat. To be continued.

[a] And you, too, Brutus? Friedrich Graeber, this is a thing I should never have believed of you. You play cards? passionately? O times, O customs! Thing most worthy of being remembered. Where is your honour?—*Ed.*

[b] Gone to the devil! Who is it that has led you astray? Have my words borne no fruit? O my son, turn back.—*Ed.*

[c] Leave the cards, do much good, and if you live a pure life you will win back the best part. You see my love in that I have driven the spirit of idleness to Latin, and say in stupefaction: who then has made the angel so mad, so full of folly and other things? This has been done by. . . .—*Ed.*

And behold, there arose from the Orient a dreadful thunderstorm, so that the windows rattled and the hailstones came beating down, but still they went on playing. Thereat a quarrel arose and the King of the Orient marched into battle against the Prince of the Occident and midnight echoed with the cries of the combatants. And the Prince of the Sea rose up against the lands in the Orient and a battle took place in front of his town, the like of which was never before seen by men. But they went on playing. And seven spirits came down from heaven. The first wore a long coat and his beard came down to his chest. He was called Faust. And the second spirit had a venerable fringe of grey hair round his bald head and he called out "Woe, woe, woe!" He was called Lear. And the third spirit was of great stature and enormous to behold and his name was Wallenstein. And the fourth spirit was like the children of Anak and he carried a cudgel like to the cedars of Lebanon. He was called Hercules. And the fifth was made of iron through and through and his name was written on his brow—Siegfried—and by his side strode a mighty warrior whose sword gleamed like lightning. He was the sixth and his name was Roland. And the seventh spirit carried a turban on the point of his sword and swung a banner over his head on which was written—*Mio Cid.*[a] And the seven spirits knocked on the door of the players, but they paid no heed. And behold, there arose from midnight a great brightness which spread over the whole earth like an eagle, and when it was gone I saw the players no more. But written in black letters on the door was בֶּרְלִין![b]. And I was struck dumb.

[a] My Cid.—*Ed.*
[b] Berlin!—*Ed.*

If my letter to Wilhelm was not sufficient proof of my madness, I hope that it will not occur to any of you now to doubt it. If this is not the case, I am willing to give you even more convincing proof.



Future of the five card-players

I have just seen in the *Telegraph* a review of the poems of Winkler, the Barmen missionary. They are trounced terribly and a mass of extracts are given which have a distinct missionary flavour. If the paper comes to Barmen, that will be the end of Gutzkow's reputation there, which is already low. These extracts are really infinitely revolting—Pol is an angel by comparison. Lord Jesus, heal the issue of blood of my sins (an allusion to the well-known story in the Gospel[a]) and a lot more like this. I am despairing more and more about Barmen. It is finished as far as literary matters are concerned. What is printed there is, at best, piffle, with the exception of the sermons. Religious things are usually nonsense. Truly, it is not without justification that Barmen and Elberfeld are cried down as obscurantist and mystic. Bremen has the same reputation and resembles them in many ways. Philistinism linked with religious zealotry, with, moreover, in Bremen's case,

[a] Luke 8:43.—*Ed.*

a vile constitution, hinders any uplifting of the spirit, and one of the most outstanding hindrances is F. W. Krummacher.—Blank is complaining so terribly about the Elberfeld preachers, especially Kohl and Hermann, that I should like to know whether he is right. He attacks them for their dryness more than anything else, with the sole exception of Krummacher.—What the missionary writes about love is extremely comical. Look, I shall give you something like it.

The Pietist[17] Declares His Love

Respected maiden, after struggling hard and long
Against all worldly joys, because their lure was strong,
I come to Thee to ask if Thou wouldst not wish me
In honour bound Thy lawful wedded Spouse to be.
Although I love Thee not—that were too much to ask—
I love in Thee the Lord, who—

No—it won't do. You can't go making satires on things like this without dragging in the most sacred things behind which these people hide themselves. I should like to see a marriage in which the man does not love his wife but Christ in his wife; and is it not an obvious question there whether he also sleeps with Christ in his wife? Where can you find nonsense like this in the Bible? In the Song of Songs it says—"How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights".[a] But, to be sure, any defence whatever of sensuousness is attacked nowadays in spite of David, Solomon and God knows whom. I

[a] The Song of Solomon 7:6.—*Ed.*

can get terribly annoyed over this kind of thing. In addition, these fellows pride themselves on having the true teaching and they damn anybody who does not so much doubt what is in the Bible, as interpret it in a different way from them. It is a pretty business. If anyone should dare to say that this or that verse is an interpolation, then they'll soon go for you. Gustav Schwab is the finest chap in the world, and even orthodox, but the mystics do not think anything of him because he is not always playing them religious songs in the style of: You say I am a Christian, and in one of his poems hints at a possible understanding between rationalists and mystics. As far as religious poetry is concerned, it is at an end for the time being until someone comes along who can give it a new impetus. With both Catholics and Protestants everything goes on in the same old humdrum way. The Catholics compose hymns about the Virgin Mary, the Protestants sing the old songs with the most prosaic words in the world. These horrible abstractions—sanctification, conversion, justification and Lord knows what *loci communes*[a] and hackneyed flourishes. Out of anger at present-day religious poetry, out of very piety, that is, one might well go over to the devil. Is our time so shabby that it is impossible for anyone to set religious poetry on to new paths? Incidentally, I think that the most contemporary kind is that which I have used in my *Sturm* and *Florida*,[b] concerning which I ask you for the most detailed review on pain of not-receiving-any-more-poems. It is inexcusable of Wurm to hold on to the letters.

Yours,

Friedrich Engels

[a] Platitudes.—*Ed.*

[b] See this collection, pp. 42–45.—*Ed.*

To Hermann Engels

in Barmen

Bremen, March 11,[a] 1839

Dear Hermann,

I request Your Honour not to plague me in future with beginnings of letters such as you learned from Herr Riepe and only permit myself for the moment to remark that it is winter with us every morning and summer every midday. For in the morning the temperature is minus five degrees, while it is plus ten degrees at midday. I continue to practise my singing and composing regularly. Here is a sample of the latter:



You can sing *The Blind Man* to that melody or you can leave it.

March 12.[b] I'm very glad that you will soon be getting your dog. What is the breed of the mother and what does the animal look like? His Antiquity, Herr Leupold, is now arriving at the office and I will have to strike a more serious tone, as the great Shakespeare says. A new newspaper has just come out called the *Bremer Stadtbote*,[c] edited by Albertus Meyer, who is a very great blockhead. He used to lecture on the happiness of peoples, child education,

[a] The original is mistakenly dated February 11.—*Ed.*
[b] The original is mistakenly dated February 12.—*Ed.*
[c] The *Bremen Courier*.—*Ed.*



Walking in front of the *Bremer Stadtbote* is a man who looks like this

and other topics, and when he wanted to get his lectures printed the worthy authorities would not agree, saying it would be far too nonsensical. He has the nature of a china merchant and has been in conflict with the *Unterhaltungsblatt*[a] ever since his first issue. The way they go for each other would make you die laughing. Continuation in letter to Marie.

Your loving brother,

Friedrich Engels

[a] *Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt.—Ed.*

To Marie Engels

in Barmen

Bremen, March 12, 1839

Dear Marie,

(Continuation of my letter to Hermann.) The *Stadtbote*[a] is full of absolute nonsense and I am writing poems about it at the office which ridicule it by always praising it to the skies, just incoherent twaddle, and I send it to the paper signed Th. Hildebrandt and they print it in all innocence. I have got one in my desk at this very moment which I am going to send in. It runs like this:

Book Wisdom[18]

He is not wise who from his reading draws
Nothing but floods of useless erudition.
For all his learning, life's mysterious laws
Are a closed book beyond his comprehension.
He who acquires a thorough textbook grounding
In Botany, won't hear the grass that grows.
Nor will he ever teach true understanding
Who tells you all the dogma that he knows.
Oh, no! the germ lies hid in man's own heart.
Who seeks the art of life must look within.
Burning the midnight oil will not impart
The secret of emotion's discipline.
The man is lost who hears his own heart's voice
And spurns it, wilfully misapprehending.
Of all your words so noble and so wise
The most profound is human understanding.

[a] The *Bremen Courier*.—*Ed.*

So it goes, on and on, all mockery. Usually, when I am not quite sure what to send, I get hold of the *Bote* and scrape something together from that. The other day I sat Karl Leupold at my desk and dictated to him a rude letter to the *Bote,* which they received and printed with the most fantastically stupid comments. But I must go out now. So I remain

Your loving brother

Friedrich

To Friedrich Graeber

[Bremen] April 8 (*nisi erro*[a]), 1839

My dearest Fritz,

This letter—yes, you think you are going to be greatly amused by it, but no, not so much. You, who not only by making me wait so long, but by desecrating the holiest mysteries which ever remained hidden from the human genius, have clouded my visions, angered and enraged me, must suffer a special punishment. You shall be bored, and how? With an essay. And about what? About that much-talked-about sheep—contemporary literature.

What did we have before 1830? Theodor Hell and his associates, Willibald Alexis, an aged Goethe and an aged Tieck, *c'est tout.*[b] Then, like a thunderclap, came the July revolution, the most splendid expression of the people's will since the war of liberation. Goethe dies, Tieck goes to seed more and more, Hell goes to sleep, Wolfgang Menzel goes on writing

[a] If I am not mistaken.—*Ed.*
[b] That's all.—*Ed.*

stodgy criticism, but a new spirit arises in literature—with Grün and Lenau above all among the poets. Rückert acquires a new verve, Immermann acquires importance, Platen the same, but that is not enough. Heine and Börne were already fully formed characters before the July revolution, but only now are they acquiring importance and upon them is arising a new generation, which turns to its account the lives and literatures of all peoples, Gutzkow leading. In 1830, Gutzkow was still a student and worked first of all for Menzel on the *Literatur-Blatt,* but not for long; they did not agree in their views. Menzel turned churlish; Gutzkow wrote the notorious *Wally (die Zweiflerin),* and Menzel made a terrible uproar about it, accusing Gutzkow of himself holding the views expressed by Wally in the novel, and actually succeeded in getting the harmless book banned.[19] Gutzkow was joined by the admittedly unimportant Mundt, who in order to make money started all kinds of undertakings, publishing other people's articles *cum suibus*.[a] Beurmann, a shrewd chap and fine observer, soon joined them, and then Ludolf Wienbarg and F. Gustav Kühne, and for these five writers (*nisi erro, anno* 1835) Wienbarg invented the name *Junges Deutschland*.[b] Opposing them was Menzel, who would have done better to stay at home, since it was for that very reason that Gutzkow demolished him, and then the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung,* which sees idolatry in every allegory and original sin in every expression of sensuousness (perhaps Hengstenberg was so named on the principles of *lucus a non lucendo*,[c] i.e., perhaps

[a] Along with his own.—*Ed.*

[b] Young Germany.—*Ed.*

[c] Grove from not being light; ancient Roman etymologists derived words often by contrast and not by resemblance.—*Ed.*

he is gelded, castrated, a eunuch[2a]). These noble people accused Young Germany of wanting the emancipation of women and the restoration of the flesh and wanting as a side-line to overthrow a couple of kingdoms and become Pope and Emperor in one person. Of all these charges, only the one concerning the emancipation of women (in the Goethean sense) had any grounds, and it could only be brought against Gutzkow, who later disavowed the idea (as high-spirited, youthful over-haste). Through their standing by one another, their aims became more and more sharply defined; it was the "ideas of the time" which came to consciousness in them. These ideas of the century (so Kühne and Mundt said) are not anything demagogic or anti-Christian as they are made out to be, but are based on the natural right of every man and extend to everything in the present conditions which conflicts with it. Thus these ideas include: above all, participation by the people in the administration of the state, that is, constitutional matters; further, emancipation of the Jews, abolition of all religious compulsion, of all hereditary aristocracy, etc. Who can have anything against that? The *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* and Menzel have it on their consciences that they have so cried down the honour of Young Germany. As early as 1836–37, among these writers, who were bound together by unity of purpose, but not by any special association, the idea was clear and definite; by the high quality of their writing they won for themselves the recognition of the other, mostly wretched, writers and attracted all the young talents to themselves. Their poets are Anastasius Grün and Karl Beck; their critics are, first and foremost, Gutzkow, Kühne,

[2a] A play on the name Hengstenberg, *Hengst* meaning "stallion".—*Ed.*

Laube and, among the younger ones, Ludwig Wihl, Levin Schücking and others; they also try their hand at the novel, drama, etc. Recently, however, differences have arisen between Gutzkow and Mundt along with Kühne and Laube. Both have supporters—Gutzkow the younger people like Wihl, Schücking, and others, Mundt only a few of the younger ones. Beurmann is keeping fairly neutral, so is the young, very talented Dingelstedt, but they incline very much towards Gutzkow. As a result of the quarrel Mundt has lost all his credit, and that of Kühne has fallen considerably because he is so contemptible that he denigrates everything Gutzkow writes. Gutzkow, on the other hand, behaves very nobly and dwells only on the great love between Mundt and Kühne, who engage in mutual praise. Gutzkow's latest article in the *Jahrbuch der Literatur*[20] shows that he is a quite extraordinarily honourable fellow.

We have very few active writers apart from Young Germany. The Swabian school[21] has been passive ever since 1820. The Austrians Zedlitz and Grillparzer are of little interest because they write in such a strange fashion (Zedlitz Spanish style, Grillparzer antique); among the lyric poets Lenau inclines towards Young Germany despite his ecclesiastical material, Frankl is an agreeable Uhland in miniature, K. E. Ebert is quite Bohemianised. The Saxons—Hell, Heller, Herloßsohn, Morvell, Wachsmann, Tromlitz—oh my God, they lack wit; the Marteau lot[22] and the Berliners (to whom you do not belong) are vile, the Rhinelanders—Lewald is by far the best writer of entertainment literature; his *Europa* is readable, but the reviews in it are terrible—Hub, Schnezler and Co. are not worth much, Freiligrath will yet turn to Young Germany one day, you'll see, Duller too, if he does not go to the dogs before then, and Rückert stands there like an

old father and stretches out his hands in benediction over everyone.

April 9. So there is the moving essay. What shall I, poor devil, do now? Go on swotting on my own? Don't feel like it. Turn loyal? The devil if I will! Stick to Saxon mediocrity—*ugittugitt* (oh God, oh God—local expression of disgust). So I must become a Young German, or rather, I am one already, body and soul. I cannot sleep at night, all because of the ideas of the century. When I am at the post-office and look at the Prussian coat of arms, I am seized with the spirit of freedom. Every time I look at a newspaper I hunt for advances of freedom. They get into my poems and mock at the obscurantists in monk's cowls and in ermine. But with their fine phrases—world-weariness, world-historic, the anguish of the Jews, etc.—I will have no truck, for they are already outdated. And I'm telling you, Fritz, when you become a pastor you can be as orthodox as you like, but if ever you become a pietist who rails against Young Germany and regards the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* as his oracle, then, truly, I'm telling you you'll have me to deal with. You must become a pastor in Gemarke[a] and drive out the damned, consumptive, sit-by-the-fire pietism which Krummacher has brought to such a bloom. Of course they will call you a heretic, but let one of them come and prove by the Bible or by reason that you are wrong. Meanwhile, Blank is a wicked rationalist and throws the whole of Christianity overboard, what will it lead to? Well, I have never been a pietist. I have been a mystic for a while, but those are *tempi passati*. I am now an honest, and in comparison with others very liberal, super-naturalist. How

[a] A district in Barmen.—*Ed.*

long I shall remain such I don't know, but I hope to remain one, even though inclining now more, now less, towards rationalism. All this will have to be settled.

Adiós, Friderice, write more quickly and write a lot. *Tuus.*[a]

Do hêst de mî dubbelt.[b]
Friedrich Engels Friedrich Engels

To Friedrich Graeber

in Berlin

[Bremen, about April 23–May 1, 1839]

Fritz Graeber, I am very busy at present with philosophy and critical theology. When you get to be eighteen years of age and become acquainted with Strauss, the rationalists and the *Kirchen-Zeitung,*[c] then you must either read everything without thinking or begin to doubt your Wuppertal faith. I cannot understand how the orthodox preachers can be so orthodox since there are some quite obvious contradictions in the Bible. How can you square the two genealogies of Joseph, Mary's husband, the different accounts of the institution of the Eucharist ("this is my blood"; this is "the new testament in my blood"[d]), of the men possessed by the devil (one says simply that the devil left him, the other that he entered into the swine), the statement that the mother of Jesus went out to look for her son, whom she believed to be mad, although she had conceived him miraculously, etc., with the authenticity, the

[a] Yours.—*Ed.*
[b] There you have me doubled.—*Ed.*
[c] *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung.*—*Ed.*
[d] Mark 14:24; Luke 22:20.—*Ed.*

literal authenticity of the Evangelists? And the discrepancy in the "Our Father", in the sequence of the miracles, John's peculiarly deep interpretation, through which, however, the form of the narrative is obviously obscured—what about that? *Christi ipsissima verba*[a] of which the orthodox boast come out differently in every gospel. Not to speak of the Old Testament. But nobody tells you this in dear old Barmen; there one is taught according to quite different principles. And on what does the old orthodoxy base itself? On nothing but—the old routine. Where does the Bible demand literal belief in its teachings, in its accounts? Where does a *single* apostle declare that everything he says is directly inspired? This is not surrendering reason in obedience to Christ, as the orthodox people affirm; no, it is a killing of the divine in man to replace it with the dead letter. I am therefore just as good a super-naturalist as I was before, but I have cast off orthodoxy. Thus I cannot now or ever believe that a rationalist who seeks with all his heart to do as much good as possible, should be eternally damned. That is at odds with the Bible itself, for it is written that no one is damned on account of original sin but only because of his own sins. But if a person resists original sin with all his might and does what he can, then his actual sins are only a necessary consequence of original sin and therefore they cannot damn him.

April 24. Ha, ha, ha! Do you know who wrote the article in the *Telegraph*? The author is the writer of these lines,[23] but I advise you not to say anything about it, I could get into a hell of a lot of trouble. I know about Kohl, Ball and Hermann almost exclusively from reviews by W. Blank and Strücker, which

[a] Christ's very own words.—*Ed.*

I copied almost word for word. But that Kohl talks nonsense[a] and Hermann is a feeble pietist, I know from my own ears. D. is *Dürholt*, office boy at Wittenstein's in Unterbarmen. For the rest I am pleased with myself for not having said anything in the article that I cannot prove. There is only one thing which annoys me: I haven't presented *Stier* in as important a light as I ought to have done. He is not to be disregarded as a theologian. Aren't you astonished at my knowledge of the characters, especially of Krummacher and Döring (what I said about his sermon I heard from P. Jonghaus), and of literature? The remarks about Freiligrath must have been really good, otherwise Gutzkow would have cut them out. But the style is atrocious.—By the way, the article seems to have caused a sensation. I put all five of you under obligation on your word of honour not to tell anyone that I am the author. Understood? As far as abuse is concerned, I heaped most of it on you and Wilhelm because I had the letters to you right in front of me when the urge to abuse somebody overcame me. F. Plümacher especially must *not* get to know that I wrote the article. What a lad that Ball is though! He is to preach on Good Friday, does not feel like studying and so learns by heart a sermon he finds in the *Menschenfreund* and gives that. Krummacher is in church, the sermon seems familiar to him, and it finally occurs to him that he had preached that sermon himself on Good Friday 1832. Other people, who have read the sermon, also recognise it. Ball is called upon to account for it and must confess. *Signum est, Ballum non tantum abhorrere a Krummachero, ut Tu quidem dixi-*

[a] In the German there is a pun on the name Kohl and the verb *kohlen*—to talk nonsense.—*Ed.*

sti.[a] I am very much obliged to you for the detailed review of *Faust.*[24] The treatment of this piece certainly bears the stamp of that wretch Raupach. This low cur pokes his nose into everything and ruins not only Schiller by using his images and ideas over and over again in his tragedies, but also Goethe by maltreating him. I doubt very much if my poems will have a big sale; more likely they'll have a stinking one, since they are going for waste paper and bumf. I could not read what you wrote in red ink, so shall send you neither 5 silver groschen nor cigars. This time you will get either the canzone or part of the comedy which I have begun but not finished. Now I must go to my singing lesson. Adieu.

April 27

FRAGMENTS OF A TRAGICOMEDY
HORNED SIEGFRIED

I

The Palace of King Sieghard
Council Meeting

Sieghard

So you are gathered here again,
Strong members of our wide domain,
Around our lofty royal throne,
And all are present, save our son.
He's in the woods on the rampage;
It's time he learned to be his age.
He comes not to this cabinet
Where morning, noon and night we sweat.
Instead of hearing wise men's words,
He goes and listens to the birds;
Instead of studying state affairs,

[a] This is an indication that Ball has not such an aversion for Krummacher as you indeed said.—*Ed.*

He's after wrestling bouts with bears.
The only thing he wants us for
Is to demand we start a war.
We would have yielded to his plea
Had God, in His sagacity,
Not given us to realise
Such rashness would be most unwise.
Why let the country go to pot
By humouring the silly clot?

Councillor

All that Your Majesty has said
Hits it, as usual, on the head.
But grant your simple servant leave
To speak and say what I believe.
The ways of men are manifold;
The boy is but eighteen years old.
He has the urge to hunt and fight;
Wisdom will come with time all right.
Young courage ever seeks to roam,
But Wisdom quietly stays at home.
Young courage all too soon is tamed,
Its pride and strength are quickly lamed.
Then it returns to Wisdom's door
And there finds happiness once more.
So let him, with your royal compliance,
Go fight with dragons and with giants.
The years will catch him up and get
The better of him anyway;
And so will life: they'll teach him yet.
He will heed Wisdom's words one day.

Siegfried (*entering*)

And must I bid farewell,
O Forest, to your trees?

No king's fare can excel
Your sylvan luxuries.
Where but in wooded valleys
Can wild game run so free?
This very golden palace
Envies your greenery.
You'd scold me, Sire, as I can see
For roaming far afield once more.
Must I endure such misery
Each time I chase the fleeting boar?
Since sports and hunting both are banned,
Give me a charger and a sword
That I may fare to some far land,
As I so often have implored.

Sieghard

Do you persist in this obsession?
When will you ever show some sense?
Clearly, you'll never learn discretion
Until you curb your insolence.
But since 'tis best to be compliant
And let you have your will, it seems—
Go: let the cudgel of some giant
Awake you from your foolish dreams.
Take sword and steed, and get you hence.
Don't come back till you've learnt some sense.

Siegfried

What do I hear? A sword and steed!
Why ask for helm and coat of mail?
Why ask for pages? All I need
Is bold intent that cannot fail.
Swift through the forest's wild ravine
The boisterous mountain torrent roars;
And, laying low the helpless pine,
He cuts himself his lonely course.

Like to that mountain stream I'll be,
Taking my course alone and free.

Councillor

Sire, be not heavy in your heart
That our young hero must depart.
The torrent comes to level ground,
And trees no longer crash all round.
Across the plain it finds its way
To fecundate the thirsty land.
The torrent's fury turns to play
And ends by sinking in the sand.

Siegfried

Must I needs tarry longer
These castle walls about?
A trusty blade hangs yonder,
A charger neighs without.
Come, you stone pillar, yield
That shining blade so true.
I hasten far afield.
Father, farewell to you!
(*Exit.*)

II

A Forge in the Forest
Enter Siegfried. Enter the Master Smith

Master Smith

This is the mighty forge that makes
That lovely thing, the Long Short Story.
With poems, it fills the Almanacks
In all its celebrated glory.
And here we hammer magazines

Where verse and criticism unite.
The fire-glow of our smithy shines
Unceasing, morning, noon and night.
But first, take food, and wine, and rest.
Apprentice, pray escort our guest.

(*Exit Siegfried with Apprentice.*)

Master Smith

Now, Journeymen, I'm right behind you.
To work, and raise a goodly din!
Strike on the anvil true, and mind you
Beat those novellas long and thin!
Heat up those lyrics in the forge;
On living fire let them gorge,
Then turn them out in one big mess—
The public's maw is bottomless.
And if there isn't iron enough,
A tip from one who knows his stuff;
Three heroes of Scott's, three women of Goethe's,
A knight from Fouqué with his steely-hard strength,
Are more than sufficient for twelve story writers
To spin out novellas of suitable length.
For lyrics, Uhland's verse affords
A treasure-store of flowery words.
So hammer with a right good zest:
Who turns the most out is the best!

Siegfried (*returning*)

Master, my thanks! The wine was good.
I quaffed twelve measures from the wood.

(Damned scoundrel!) Kind of you to say
How much you liked my good Rhine wine.
Please be so kind to step this way
And meet this gallant team of mine.
Now here we have the very best;
He churns out tales, at my behest,
Both lewd and moral; his praises sang
None other than the great Wolfgang
Menzel, who in Stuttgart sits;
His name, it is Herr von Tromlitz.
And here is one almost as good;
He also is of noble blood:
The "C" of Wachsmann—a big one, mind—
His equal would be hard to find.
There's not a single almanack
In which he hasn't left his tracks.
Composing tales at breathless pace
He flings them in the public's face.
A man of sweated toil is he,
He hasn't done a thing for verse,
But thanks to him, as most agree,
The public's taste was never worse.
Taste I regard with trepidation,
For taste could mean our ruination.
Third, Robert Heller: famous due to
A shine as on 1 plate of pewter.
The public think it's silver plate;
We don't mind if they learn too late.
He sets himself a slower pace
And strives for characterisation.
He's dealt a right smack in the face
To mystics—his abomination.
You know, the 4 Evangelists
Were only silly pietists.
He's brought them down a peg or two,

And stripped a halo off or two,
And made them tea-time fare for us.
Just read *The Sisters of Lazarus*.
He also writes with grace and charm,
His prickly *Roses*[a] will confirm.
Now here is one whose chief attainment
Is in scholastic entertainment.
Friedrich Nork, hair-splitter, poet,
The greatest—thinks the world should know it.
He tells his lies in lovely songs
And proves, from Oriental tongues,
That you're an Ass, Elijah the sun,
And East was where all speech began.
But don't look for anything sensibly logical,
Thoroughly reasoned or etymological.
Next is honest Herloßsohn,
Truly deserving of a throne:
A novelist and lyric-writer,
Piffle's panegyric-writer.
His *Comet Star*[b] is something rare,
And read by nitwits everywhere.
Next, under Winkler's guiding hand,
The *Abend-Zeitung*'s noble band.
Von Grosscreutz, Faber, and Thuringus—
What magic thrills those names can bring us!
But what more need have I to praise?
The public, with its curious ways,
Has long since raised them heaven-high
To join the stars up in the sky.
There are some others, absentees;
They're gathering deadwood from the trees.
No need to name the apprentice swarm:

[a] An allusion to the journal *Rosen. Eine Zeitschrift für die gebildete Welt.—Ed.*

[b] An allusion to the newspaper *Der Komet. Ein Unterhaltungsblatt für die gebildete Lesewelt.—Ed.*

They're all still rather weak of arm.
I hope they will, in time, make good,
Given one drop of novelst's blood.

Siegfried

Good Master Smith, who may *you* be?

Master

Saxon literature's spirit you see
Incarnate in my nothingness.
If you would know what I can do,
Observe this arm's sinewiness
And how I hammer hard and true.
You look a likely lad, no shirker.
Why don't you join us for a spell?

Siegfried

Done, Master! It would suit me well
To join you as a common worker.

Master

You can be one of Theodor Hell's.
Go, try your hand at 2 nouvelles.

Siegfried

Ha! With bare fists I brought
The oak-trees to the ground;
Before my fierce onslaught,
The savage bear went down;
Wrestling the bull in rut,
I brought him to his knees;
Why, then, should I not

Swing at this art with ease?
No learner's tasks for me—
No, not at any price!
Apprentice I won't be.
Here is my masterpiece.
Hand me those bars, there. Neatly
I've snapped them, every one.
They're pulverised completely,
My blacksmith's work is done!

Theodor Hell

Here, steady! What's the big idea?
I'll hit you like that iron, d'you hear!

Siegfried

Why make that babbling sound?
Why take it all so ill?
Stop rolling on the ground.
Stand up, man, if you will!

Theodor Hell

Oh, help, oh, help!

Master

Young journeyman,
You strike your fellow hands, I see.
Quick march! Get moving—understand?
Unless you want your hide well tanned.

Siegfried

You're clearly just the man for me!

(*Throws him down.*)

Master

Ah, woe, woe! etc.

(*Siegfried is sent into the forest, slays the dragon and, on returning, the Master; scatters the journeymen in all directions, and goes away.*)

III

In the Forest

Siegfried

O'er yonder, where that coppice grows,
I hear two men exchanging blows.
They're drawing near—such foolish pother;
They'll never silence one another!
I thought them giants in all their strength
With lances of a pine-tree's length,
Not two Professors, all skin and bones,
Pelting each other with learned tomes.

(*Enter Leo and Michelet.*)

Leo

Stand up and fight, Hegelian whelp!

Michelet

Not with you, Bigot—you're past all help!

Leo

Here, take the Bible—smack on the head!

Michelet

Take Hegel, miserable drip, instead!

Leo

Blasphemer, I throw your Hegel back!

Michelet

This Bible will give you a pain in the neck!

Leo

What more do you want, you old corpse in the attic!

Michelet

You mean yourself, unbridled fanatic!

Siegfried

Pray tell me how this quarrel began.

Leo

Why, that foul-mouthed Hegelian
Would get the Bible in disgrace.
He really must be taught his place.

Michelet

Unpolished boor, and liar too,
He won't let Hegel have his due!

Siegfried

And so you throw at one another
The very books that cause the bother?

Leo

It's all the same. No Christian he.

Michelet

As good and better, believe you me.
It's arrant nonsense, what he says.

Siegfried

Why don't you go your separate ways?
Who started off this quarrel here?

Leo

I did. I say so without fear.
I fought for God and in God's name.

Siegfried

Well, then, the horse you rode was lame.
He will never kill Christianity,
You won't rescue it from calamity.
Let him pursue his chosen bent:
You may teach something different.
No more the Almighty's name misuse
In your blind rage and wild abuse.
Now you go this way, you go that,
And stop exchanging tit for tat!

(*Exeunt Leo and Michelet in different directions.*)

Siegfried

Although they're peaceful, learned men,
I've never seen such fierce defiance;
They fight with all their might and main,

Though schooled in many a noble science.
But hunger plagues me now, and so
Down to the valley I shall go
To look for house or castle there,
Or failing them, my trusty bow
Will furnish me with ample fare.

That is as far as I've got. I have left out the bits of narration and only copied out the introduction and the satires. This is the last piece. Now it is the turn of the King of Bavaria[a] to be dealt with—but here it comes to a standstill. The thing lacks complexity and rounding off. Please ask Wurm to see about the poems for the *Musenalmanach*.[b] I must finish now, the post is going.

Yours,

May 1, '39 *Friedrich Engels*

To Wilhelm Graeber

in Berlin

[Bremen, about April 28–30, 1839]

Guglielmo carissimo! τήν σοῦ ἐπιστόλην εὗρηκα ἐν τοῖς τῶν ἑτέρων, καὶ ἡδὺ μὲν ἦν ἐμοὶ τὸ αὐτοῦ ῥῆμα. Τὸ δὲ δικαστήριον τῶν πέντε στουριώσων, καὶ τὴν αὐτῶν κρίσιν οὐ δύναμαι γινώσκειν ἢ αὐθεντικὴν ἢ

[a] Ludwig I.—*Ed.*
[b] *Deutscher Musenalmanach.*—*Ed.*

κομπετέντην.—'Εστίν γὰρ χάρις ὑπ' ἐμου, ει δίδωμι ποιήματα ἐν ταῖς εἰς ὑμᾶς ἐπιστόλαις.[a]

Since you don't wish to criticise *St. Hanor, Florida* and *Sturm*, you don't deserve to get any more verses. Your assertion *debilitatis ingenii abhorret ab usata tua veriloquentia. Meam quidem mentem ad juvenilem Germaniam se inclinare, haud nocebit libertati; haec enim classis scriptorum non est, ut schola romantica, demagogia, et cett, societas clausa, sed ideas saeculi nostri, emancipationem judaeorum servorumque, constitutionalismum generalem aliasque bonas ideas in succum et sanguinem populi Teutonici intrare volunt tentantque. Quae quum ideae haud procul sint a directione animi mei, cur me separare? Non enim est, quod tu dicis*[b]: surrendering oneself to a tendency, *sed*[c]: joining it; *sequitur*[d] a continuation in my room, and, in writing a polyglottic letter, I will take now the English language,[e] *ma no, il mio bello Italiano, dolce e soave, come il zefiro, con parole, somiglianti alle flori del più bel giardino, y el Español, lengua como el viento en los árboles, e o Portuguez, como as olas da mar*

[a] My very dear Wilhelm, I found your letter amongst those of the others and its words were sweet to me. But I cannot accept as either authentic or competent the judgment and the sentence passed by the five students.—For it is an act of kindness on my part when I enclose poems in my letters to you.—*Ed.*

[b] Of intellectual weakness is in contradiction to your customary veracity. It will do no harm to liberty if my mind inclines towards Young Germany, for this is not a group of writers, like the romantic, demagogic and other schools, not a closed society; what they want and work for, is that the ideas of our century—the emancipation of the Jews and of the slaves, general constitutionalism and other good ideas—shall become part of the flesh and blood of the German people. Since these ideas are not far from the trend of my own mind, why should I hold aloof? For it is not as you say.—*Ed.*

[c] But.—*Ed.*

[d] Follows.—*Ed.*

[e] The original (after *sequitur*) is written in English.—*Ed.*

em riba de flores e prados, et le Français, comme le murmure vîte d'un font, très amusant, en de hollandsche taal, gelijk den damp uijt eener pijp Tobak, zeer gemoedlijk[a]: but our beloved German—that is all at once.

Like to the long, long waves of the sea is the language
of Homer;
Aeschylus into the valley hurls one rock after
another.
Tongue of the Romans—thus mighty Caesar
addresses the legions,
Grasping the words that lie in profusion like angular
boulders
Scattered around; from them there soars a
Cyclopean building;
Whereas the new Italian tongue is graceful and
charming,
Setting the poet in the middle of Earth's most
beautiful garden;
Petrarch filled cornucopias; Ariosto wove his
bay-wreath.
Language of Spain: oh, hear how aloft in the leaves
of the tree-top
Reigns the tremendous wind, and tremendous songs
of the ancients
Swell and resound in its roar, and the grapes that
hang from the vine-branch
Climbing the trunk of the tree, all swing to and
fro in the leafage.

[a] But no, my beautiful Italian, lovely and pure as the zephyr, with words like flowers from the loveliest of gardens, and Spanish, a language like the wind in the trees, and Portuguese, like the rustling of the sea on a shore of flowers and meadows, and French, like the quick murmur of a fountain, very amusing, and Dutch, like the smoke from a pipe of tobacco, very cosy.—*Ed.*

Portugal's language—the murmur of waves on the flower-studded coastline,
Where in the reeds may be heard how Syrinx sighs with the Zephyr.
Hark to the tongue of the Franks: it runs, an exuberant streamlet,
Merrily taking its course and smoothing the obstinate sandstone
Under the rippling flow of its chattering, garrulous wavelets.
Language of England; all this time weather-beaten and grass-grown
Monument of great giants, that the brambles covered for all that,
Round it screams and howls the storm that would topple it over.
Ah, but the German tongue, it booms like the surf of the breakers
Washing the jagged-edged coral that carries the fairest of islands;
Towards it thunder the long, long waves of the music of Homer;
There, too, crash the gigantic rocks that Aeschylus tumbled;
There you will see the Commander-in-Chief's Cyclopean building;
There you will see the fragrant garden of beautiful flowers;
Mighty the sounds that swell from the midst of the leaves in the tree-top;
Syrinx is heard in the reeds, and the rivulets polish the sandstone;
Many a giant building stands with the wind screaming round it:
Such is the German language, eternal and woven with wonders.

I wrote down these hexameters *ex tempore*, and I hope they'll make the nonsense on the previous page, out of which they came, more bearable to you. But discuss them as something extemporary.

April 29. To proceed with your letter in consistent continuation, the weather is marvellous today so that you, *posito caso aequalitatis temporalis*,[a] are probably and rightly cutting all your lectures today. I wish I were with you.—I have probably already written to you that I have been venting my wit on the *Bremer Stadtbote* under the name of Theodor Hildebrand; I have given it up now with the following letter:

Dear *Bremen Courier*,

Please don't be offended
If I've made you the laughing-stock of town.
Remember, friend, that folk have always tended
To ridicule what's patently unsound.
Your sunshine days have very nearly ended
In the three months that you've been trotting round.
Have you been saying things you didn't ought,
To give yourself such food for afterthought?
My poems cost little effort when I did them;
The donkey work was almost wholly done.
I took your articles and parodied them;
The subject-matter came from you alone.
Simply subtract the rhyme-schemes and the rhythm—
The image that remains is all your own.
Rage, if you like, at your respectful and
Obedient servant,

Theodor Hildebrand[25]

[a] Assuming similarity of weather.—*Ed.*

You, too, should begin to write a little, either in verse or in prose, and then send things to the *Berliner Conversationsblatt,* if it still exists, or to the *Gesellschafter.* Later, you take it up more seriously, write short stories, which you get printed in magazines, then by themselves, you get a reputation, are acclaimed as a gifted, witty narrator. I see you all again, Heuser a great composer, Wurm writing profound studies on Goethe and the developments of the time, Fritz becoming a famous preacher, Jonghaus composing religious poems, you writing witty short stories and critical essays, and me—becoming the town poet of Barmen to replace Lieutenant Simons of shabbily treated memory (in Cleve).—As a further piece of poetry for you, there is also the song on the sheet for the *Musenalmanach,*[a] which I don't feel like copying out again. Perhaps I'll write another one besides. Today (April 30), because of the magnificent weather, I sat in the garden from 7 in the morning to half past 8, smoked and read the *Lusiade*[26] until I had to go to the office. There's no better way of reading than in a garden on a clear spring morning, with a pipe in your mouth, and the rays of the sun on your back. This afternoon I'll continue this pursuit with the Old German Tristan, and his sweet reflections on love. Tonight I'm going to the *Ratskeller*[b], where our Herr Pastor[c] is treating us to the Rhine wine which he has been given—in duty bound—by the new Burgomaster[d]. In such stupendous weather I always get an immense longing for the Rhine and its vineyards, but what

[a] *Deutscher Musenalmanach.—Ed.*
[b] Beer cellar under the town hall.—*Ed.*
[c] Georg Gottfried Treviranus.—*Ed.*
[d] J. Daniel Noltenius.—*Ed.*

can I do about it? Write a couple of verses at most.

I am willing to bet that W. Blank has written telling you that [I] wrote the articles in the *Telegraph*



and that's why you were all so angry about it. The scene is in Barmen and you can imagine what it is.—I have just had a letter from W. Blank in which he says that the article is causing a frantic uproar in Elberfeld. Dr. Runkel attacks it in the *Elberfelder Zeitung*, accusing me of falsehood. I want to let him be given a hint that he should point out to me just one single falsehood, which he cannot, because everything I wrote was based on proven data which I have from eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses. Blank sent me the paper, which I at once despatched to Gutzkow with the request to go on keeping my name secret.[27] Krummacher declared recently in a sermon that the earth stands still and the sun rotates around

it, and the fellow dares to trumpet this to the world on this April 21, 1839, and then he says that pietism does not lead the world back to the Middle Ages! It is scandalous! He should be expelled, or one day he will yet become Pope before you know, and then may a saffron-yellow thunderstorm strike him dead. *Dios lo sabe,* God knows what will become of Wuppertal.

Adios. Yours, expecting a speedy reply or not sending any more poems,

Friedrich Engels

To Marie Engels

in Barmen

Bremen, May 23, 1839

Dear Marie,

Now I ride out every Sunday in the country with R. Roth. Last Monday we went to Vegesack and Blumenthal and just when we wanted to have a look at the famous Bremer Schweiz (this is a very small strip of land with small sand-hills), an enormous pall of haze came down like a cloud and in five minutes it was almost quite dark, so that we were unable to enjoy the so-called beautiful view.— But on Whit Monday it is really lively in these parts. Everybody goes out of town and it is dead quiet in Bremen, but at the town gates you see procession after procession of carriages, riders and walkers. And such a dust, it is terrible. For the roads are covered with sand to a depth of half a yard and of course

it all goes up into the air. A broker called Jan Krusbecker has just arrived and I'll draw him for you.



Jan Krusbecker

He looks exactly like this. He has eyes like rockets and an always half-melancholy, half-smiling air. Adieu.

Your brother

Friedrich

To Wilhelm Graeber

in Berlin

[Bremen, May 24–June 15, 1839]

My dear William,[a]

Today is May 24, and still not a line from any of you. You are again qualifying for non-receipt of poems. I don't understand you. Nevertheless, you shall have contributions on present-day literature.

Collected Works of Ludwig Börne. Vols. 1 and 2. *Dramaturgische Blätter.*[28]—Börne, the great fighter for freedom and justice, is concerned here with questions of aesthetics. And here too he is in his element; what he says is so precise and clear, coming from such a true feeling for beauty and demonstrated so convincingly, that there can be no question of contradiction. It is all flooded in a sea of the most exuberant wit, and here and there, the firm and sharp ideas of freedom rise out of it like rocks. Most of these reviews (for that is what the book is made up of) were written at the time when the plays discussed had just appeared, that is, at a time when critical judgments on them were still blindly and hesitatingly groping about. But Börne's vision penetrated to the innermost threads of the action. The most excellent are his criticisms of Schiller's *Tell*,[29] an essay which for more than twenty years has opposed the usual view without being refuted, precisely because it is irrefutable.—Immermann's *Cardenio* and *Hofer*, Raupach's *Isidor und Olga*, Clauren's *Wollmarkt*, with which other interests are connected, Houwald's *Leuchtturm* and *Bild*, his criticism of which is so devastating that nothing, absolutely nothing, remains, and Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. He reveals him-

[a] Written in English in the original.—*Ed.*

self throughout as a great man who stirred up a controversy the consequences of which are still not to be foreseen, and these two volumes would already ensure Börne a place alongside Lessing. But he became a Lessing in a different field; may Karl Beck follow him as his Goethe!

"*Nächte. Gepanzerte Lieder*" *by Karl Beck*

> I am a Sultan, driven by storms that blow,
> My warrior hosts are armoured forms of song,
> And grief has laid a turban on my brow
> With many mysteries its folds among.[a]

If such images are already contained in the second verse of a prologue, what will the book itself be like? If a youngster of twenty has such ideas, what kind of song will the mature man sing?—Karl Beck is a poetic talent without equal since Schiller. I find a remarkable affinity between Schiller's *Räuber* and Beck's *Nächte,* the same ardent spirit of freedom, the same unrestrained fantasy, the same youthful exuberance, the same mistakes. Schiller strove for freedom in the *Räuber,* which was an earnest warning to his servile age. But at that time such a striving could not yet take a definite form. In Young Germany, we now have a definite, systematic trend. Karl Beck comes forward and calls loudly to his age to recognise this trend, and to join it. *Benedictus, qui venit in nomine Domini!*[b]

"*Der fahrende Poet.*" *Poems by Karl Beck.* The first work of the young poet has hardly appeared before he presents us with a second, which in power of expression, wealth of ideas, lyrical verve and depth is not a whit inferior to the first, but infinitely surpasses it in excellence of form and in its classicism. What

[a] From Karl Beck's poem *Der Sultan.*—*Ed.*

[b] Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord.—*Ed.*

an advance from *Schöpfung* in the *Nächte* to the sonnets on Schiller and Goethe in *Der fahrende Poet*! Gutzkow thinks that the sonnet form is harmful to the effect of the work as a whole, but I would maintain that his Shakespearian sonnet is precisely the medium between the epic stanza and the individual poem which this peculiar type of poetry requires. Of course, it is not an epic poem but a purely lyrical one with a loose epic thread running through it, still looser than in Byron's *Childe Harold*. But it is a good thing for us Germans that Karl Beck was born.

"*Blasedow und seine Söhne*". *A comic novel by Karl Gutzkow*. Vol. 1. This novel in 3 volumes is based on the idea of a modern Don Quixote—an idea which has already been frequently used but generally has been badly adaptated, and by no means exhausted. The character of this modern Don Quixote (Blasedow, a country parson), as Gutzkow originally conceived him, was splendid, but something is clearly wanting in the execution. At any rate, this novel by the barely thirty-year-old Gutzkow (and which, moreover, is said to have been finished three years ago) is very inferior to Cervantes' presentation which, of course, is the work of a mature man. On the other hand, the secondary characters—Tobianus seems to correspond to Sancho Panza—the situations and the language are excellent.

So much for my reviews. I shall continue when you have written.—Do you know when your letters arrived? On June 15! And the ones before came on April 15! That makes exactly two months! Is that right? I herewith decree that, on pain of not being sent any more poems, Wurm's influence on the dispatch of letters be totally withdrawn. And if Wurm does not get his letter finished by the proper time, then send yours off without his. Isn't 14 days

long enough to write me two quarto-size pages? It is scandalous. You put no date on your letter again, I don't think that's right, either.—The article in the *Telegraph*[a] is my own indisputable property, and pleased W. Blank enormously. It was also applauded very much in Barmen and, in addition, was quoted with praise in the Nuremberg *Athenäum*. There may be individual exaggerations in it, but on the whole it gives a correct picture if seen from a reasonable standpoint. However, if read with the preconceived opinion that it is a jumbled botch, it must appear to be precisely that.—What you say about the comedy is *justum*.[b]

Justus judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis.[c]

You have not made the slightest mention of the canzone. This to be rectified.



Candidates of *Musenalmanach*[d]

[a] "Letters from Wuppertal".—*Ed.*
[b] Correct.—*Ed.*
[c] Upright judge who punishes,
Grant me indulgence.—*Ed.*
[d] *Deutscher Musenalmanach*.—*Ed.*

With regard to *Leo* and *Michelet,* I only know about the matter from *Leo's Hegelingen*[30] and a number of works written against it, and from these I have learned: 1) that, according to his own statement, *Leo* has abandoned all philosophy for the past 11 years and therefore cannot pass any judgment; 2) that only his extravagant and boastful brain made him believe he had a vocation for it; 3) that he attacked conclusions which, by the specific character of the *Hegelian* dialectic, necessarily follow from generally accepted premises instead of attacking the dialectic itself, and failing which he should have let these conclusions stand; 4) that he resorted only to coarse exclamations and indeed abuse to refute what was written against him; 5) that he regards himself as being far superior to his opponents, puffs himself up, and then on the very next page smirks with an infinite humility; 6) that he only attacks four persons, though by so doing he attacked the whole school, which cannot be separated from them, for although Gans, etc., may indeed have dissociated themselves from them on particular points, they belonged so closely together that *Leo* was least of all capable of showing the points of difference between them to be important; 7) it is the spirit of the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung,* which anticipated Leo, that is dominant in his whole libellous attack; conclusion: Leo would have done better to keep his mouth shut. What were those "*most bitter experiences*" which forced Leo to break away? Had he not attacked them already in his pamphlet about *Görres,*[31] and even more violently than in his *Hegelingen*? Anyone with the requisite knowledge (has Leo got it?) may participate in a scientific controversy, but whoever wishes to indulge in condemnation had better take care. And did Leo do that? Does he not, along with Michelet, also condemn Mar-

heineke, whose every word, as though he were under police surveillance, the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* scrutinises to see if it is orthodox. If he had been consistent in his conclusions, Leo would have had to damn a number of people beyond counting, but for that he lacked the courage. Whoever wishes to attack the Hegelian school must himself be a Hegel and create a new philosophy in its place. And despite Leo, the school is spreading from day to day. As for the attack of the Hirschberg Schubarth[32] on the political side of Hegelianism, doesn't this come like the verger's "Amen" to the popish Credo of the Lion of Halle, a lion which indeed does not disavow its cat-species? *A propos,* Leo is the only academic teacher in Germany who zealously defends the hereditary aristocracy. Leo also calls W. Menzel his friend!!!

Your true friend

Friedrich Engels, Young German

Weren't you at Gans' funeral? Why don't you write anything about him?

To Friedrich Graeber

in Berlin

[Bremen, June 15, 1839]

Fritz Graeber: Gentlemen, here you see modern characters and conditions.[a]

June 15. Your letters arrived today. I decree that

[a] See p. 95.—*Ed.*

Wurm must never again post the letters. To come to business, I was already aware of the gist of what you say about Joseph's family trees and have the following to say in reply:

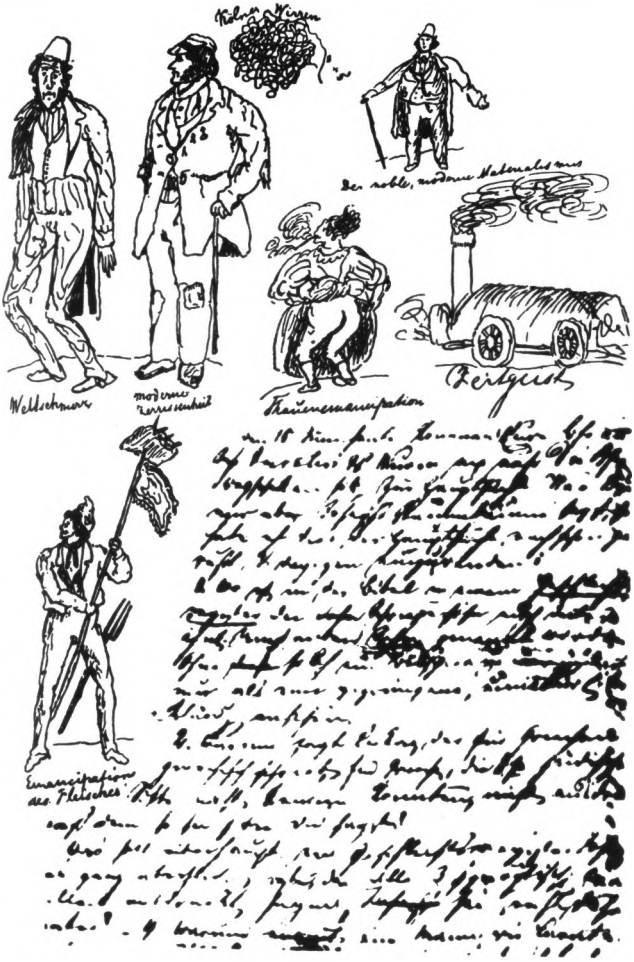
1) Where can you find in any *genealogical table* in the Bible a son-in-law in similar circumstances being called *a son?* Unless you can mention one I can only regard this as a forced, unnatural explanation.

2) Why did Luke, who wrote in Greek for Greeks, who could not know this Jewish custom, not expressly say for their benefit that it was as you state?

3) What is the point of Joseph's genealogical table at all? It is superfluous since all three synoptic gospels expressly declare that Joseph was not the father of Jesus.

4) Why does a man like Lavater not resort to this explanation, but rather let the contradiction stand? Finally, why does even Neander—who after all is more erudite than Strauss—say that this is an insoluble contradiction, responsibility for which should be laid on the Greek scholar who worked on Matthew's Hebrew manuscripts?

Furthermore, I do not propose to be dismissed so easily with my other points, which you call "miserable hair-splitting". The teaching of literal inspiration is carried by the Wuppertalers to such a degree that God is supposed to have invested each word with a particularly deep meaning, as I have heard often enough from the pulpit. I can well believe that Hengstenberg does not share this view, for it is obvious from the *Kirchen-Zeitung* that he has no clear opinions whatever, but at one moment concedes to one of the orthodox something which the next moment he holds up as a crime when it is said by a rationalist. But how far does the inspiration



Cartoons (left to right): *Weltschmerz* (World-weariness), *Moderne Zerrissenheit* (Modern stress and strain), *Kölner Wirren* (Cologne discord), *Der noble, moderne Materialismus* (The noble, modern materialism), *Frauenemancipation* (Emancipation of women), *Zeitgeist* (Spirit of the times), *Emancipation des Fleisches* (Emancipation of the Flesh).—*Ed.*

of the Bible go? Certainly not so far that one Evangelist can make Christ say "This is my blood"[a] and another "This cup is the new testament in my blood".[b] Why then did God who surely foresaw the dispute between Lutherans and Reformers not prevent this wretched conflict by such a very small intervention? If there is inspiration, then only two things are possible: either God did it deliberately *in order* to cause the conflict, something which I should not like to impute to God, or God overlooked it, which is ditto inadmissible. One cannot say that this dispute has brought forth any good, and it would be completely unwarranted and contrary to all probability to suppose that, after having divided the Christian Church for 300 years, it will have a good effect in the future. It is precisely the passage about the Lord's Supper which is important. And if there is a contradiction here, then all faith in the Bible is destroyed.

I want to tell you quite plainly that I have now reached a point where I can only regard as divine a teaching which can stand the test of reason. Who gives us the right to believe blindly the Bible? Only the authority of those who did so before us. Yes, the Koran is a more organic product than the Bible, for it demands belief in its entire, *continuous* content. But the Bible consists of numerous parts written by different authors, many of whom do not even *themselves make any claim* to godliness. Are we supposed to believe it against our reason, simply because our parents tell us to do so? The Bible teaches that rationalists will be eternally damned. Can you imagine that a man who has striven for union with God all his life (Börne, Spinoza, Kant), indeed that

[a] Mark 14:22.—*Ed.*
[b] Luke 22:20.—*Ed.*

someone like Gutzkow, whose highest aim in life is to find the meeting point between positive Christianity and the culture of our time, that after death people like these should be banished from God for ever and ever and suffer God's wrath physically and mentally without end in the most fearful torments? We must not torment a fly for stealing our sugar, yet God is supposed to torment such men, whose errors are equally unconscious, ten thousand times more cruelly and for all eternity? Further, a rationalist who is sincere—does he sin by his doubting? Not at all. He would then have to suffer the most terrible pangs of conscience all his life; if he strives for truth, Christianity would have to overwhelm him with incontestable truth. Does this happen? Further, how ambiguous is the position of orthodoxy with regard to modern education? It is claimed that Christianity has brought education with it everywhere. And now all of a sudden, orthodoxy orders that education shall be brought to a halt in the middle of its progress. What is the point of all philosophy, for example, if we believe the Bible, which teaches that God cannot be known through reason? Yet, despite this, orthodoxy finds a little philosophy, only not too much of it, quite useful. If geology brings results different from what Mosaic primeval history teaches, then it is decried (see the miserable article in the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* entitled "Die Grenzen der Naturbetrachtung"[33]), if it brings results which seem to be the same as in the Bible, then it is appealed to. For example, it is appealed to if a geologist declares that the earth and the fossilised bones prove that there was once a great flood; but if another geologist finds evidence that these things belong to different ages and proves that these floods took place at different times in different places, then geology is damned. Is that honest? Furthermore: here we

have the *Leben Jesu*[34] by Strauss, an irrefutable book; why does not someone write a devastating refutation? Why is this truly honourable man decried? How many have come out against him in the manner of a Christian, like Neander, and he is not one of the orthodox. Yes, truly, there are doubts, grave doubts, which I cannot refute. Then take the teaching about salvation. Why do we not draw from this the moral that if someone freely gives himself up for somebody else he should be punished? All of you would regard this as unjust; but shall what is unjust in the eyes of men be the highest justice in the eyes of God? Again, Christianity says: I free you from sin. That is what the rest of the world, the rationalist world, is also striving to bring about, and now Christianity steps in and forbids it to go on striving on the grounds that the path of the rationalists leads still further away from the goal. If Christianity could show us one single person whom it has made so free in this life that he no longer sins, then it would have some right to speak in this way; but until then, truly none at all. Again: Peter speaks of the reasonable, pure milk of the Gospel.[35] I do not understand it. They tell me: This is enlightened reason. Now show me an enlightened reason to whom this is clear. So far I have not come across one; even to the angels it is a "high mystery".—You think too well of me, I hope, to attribute all this to a sacrilegious scepticism or to boastfulness. I know that I am going to get into the greatest unpleasantnesses through this, but what forces itself on me so convincingly, I cannot drive away, no matter how much I might like to. If I should perhaps have hurt your conviction by my strong language, then I ask your pardon from the bottom of my heart. I only spoke as I think and as things have forced themselves on me. It is with me as with Gutzkow;

when I come across someone who arrogantly dismisses positive Christianity, then I defend this teaching, which derives from the deepest needs of human nature, the longing for salvation from sin through God's grace; but when it is a matter of defending the freedom of reason, then I protest against all compulsion.—I hope to live to see a radical transformation in the religious consciousness of the world—if only I was clear about it myself! Still, that will come in due course, if only I have time to develop undisturbed and in peace.

Man is born free, he is free!

Your true friend

Friedrich Engels

To Friedrich Graeber

in Berlin

[Bremen, July 12–27, 1839]

Fritzo Graebero. *July 12.* Really, you could condescend to write to me. It will soon be five weeks since I received your last letter.—I chucked a mass of sceptical bricks at you when I last wrote; I would have understood the thing differently had I then been acquainted with Schleiermacher's teaching. For that is still a reasonable kind of Christianity. Everybody finds it clear even if one does not actually accept it, and one can recognise its value without feeling obliged to adopt it. I have already accepted the philosophical principles which I found in the teaching. But I am not quite clear about his theory of salvation and I will guard against accepting it immediately as a conviction so that I may not soon have to change again. But I will study it as soon as I have the time and the opportunity. If I had

come into contact with this teaching before, I would never have become a rationalist, but where do you hear about things like this in our Muckertal[a]? I feel a blazing anger at this kind of thing, and will fight against pietism and literal belief as long as I can. What is this nonsense? What is rejected by science, the development of which now includes the whole of church history, should no longer exist in life either. Pietism may have been an historically justified element in the development of theology in former times. It obtained its lawful right, it lived and should not now refuse to make way for speculative theology. It is only out of this latter that any certainty can be developed. I cannot understand how one can still try to maintain literal belief in the Bible or defend the direct influence of God, since this cannot be proved anywhere.

July 26. So here you are. To business. It is quite remarkable how in your letter you cling to orthodoxy and yet manage to concede some points to a rationalising trend, thus providing me with a weapon. Joseph's family tree. To my first objection you reply: "Who knows whether we have not often read son instead of son-in-law or nephew in the genealogical tables in the Bible?" Are you not destroying the whole credibility of the biblical genealogical tables when you say this? I cannot at all understand how the law is supposed to prove anything here.—To my second objection you reply: "Luke wrote for Theophilus." Dear Fritz, what kind of inspiration is that which has such consideration for the level of knowledge possessed by the one into whose hands the book happens to come first? If there is not also consideration for all future readers, then I cannot acknowledge any inspiration at all. In general, you

[a] Muckertal—valley of bigots; an allusion to Wuppertal.—*Ed.*

do not as yet seem to be clear about the concept of inspiration. 3) How Joseph's genealogical table demonstrates the fulfilment of the prophecy, I am incapable of understanding. On the contrary, the Evangelists should have been above all concerned not to present Jesus as the son of Joseph, to destroy this view, and not at all to honour Joseph by thus presenting his genealogical table.—"To say that Jesus was a son of Mary and that Mary was a daughter of Elijah would have been quite contrary to custom." Dear Fritz, can custom have the slightest influence here? Make sure whether by talking like this you are not once more going against your conception of inspiration. Really, I cannot regard your explanation as anything but so completely forced that if I were in your place I would rather conclude that one or the other was wrong.—"Insoluble doubts must confront Christianity, and yet we can arrive at certainty through God's mercy." I doubt this influence of God's mercy on the individual in the form in which you have it. I well know the feeling of happiness everyone has, rationalist or mystic alike, who places himself in a close, heartfelt relationship with God; but make yourself clear about it, think about it without using biblical phrases, and you will find that it is the consciousness that mankind is of divine origin, that you, as part of this mankind, can never be lost and that after all the countless struggles in this world, as in the next, you must return, divested of all that is mortal and sinful, to God's bosom; that is my conviction, and I am at rest with it. To this extent, I can also tell you that God's Spirit gives me testimony that I am a child of God and, as I have said, I cannot believe that you could say it in any other way. To be sure, you are much calmer about it, while I am still threshing around with all kinds of opinions and cannot let

my conviction remain in its present undeveloped state; but because of that I can indeed acknowledge the difference quantitatively but not qualitatively.—I readily admit that I am a sinner and that I have a deep-rooted propensity to sin and I refrain completely from any justification by works. But I do not admit that this sinfulness lies in the will of man. I readily admit that though the possibility of sinning is not inherent in the idea of humanity, it *must necessarily be inherent* in its realisation. I am therefore certainly as penitent as anyone can possibly demand, but, my dear Fritz, no thinking person can believe that my sins can be remitted by the merits of a third party. When I think about this independently of all authority, then I find, like the new theology, that the sinfulness of man lies in the necessarily imperfect realisation of the idea, that it must therefore be the striving of everyone to realise in himself the idea of humanity, i.e., to make himself the equal of God in spiritual perfection. That is something quite subjective. How can the orthodox theory of salvation, which posits a third, something objective, accomplish this subjective development? I admit that I deserve to be punished, and if God wishes to punish me, let Him do so, but eternal banishment even of the least part of the Spirit from God—this I find it quite impossible to conceive or to believe. It is, of course, true that it is God's mercy that He accepts us. Everything God does is mercy, but everything He does is likewise necessity. The unity of these contradictions constitutes an essential part of the essence of God. What you say later about God not being able to deny Himself, etc., sounds to me as if you wanted to evade my question. Can you believe that a man who strives for union with God ought to be rejected by God for all eternity? Can you? You can't, so you beat about the bush.

Is it not very base to believe that God would inflict further punishment for past wickedness, in addition to that already contained in the wicked deed itself? Alongside eternal punishment you must also set eternal sin, and alongside eternal sin eternal possibility of believing and, therefore, of being saved. The teaching of eternal damnation is terribly inconsistent. Furthermore: historical belief is for you a great essential of belief, without it belief is unthinkable. But you will not deny that there are people for whom it is *quite impossible* to have this historical belief. And should God require such people to do the impossible? Dear Fritz, just think—this would be nonsense and God's reason is certainly higher than ours, but still not of a different kind, for otherwise it would no longer be reason. The biblical dogmas also are to be understood by using reason.—Not to be able to doubt, you say, is freedom of the mind? It is the greatest enslavement of the mind. He only is free who has overcome every doubt concerning his conviction. And I am not even demanding that *you* refute me. I challenge all orthodox theology to refute me. Christian scholarship is now all of 1,800 years old and has been unable to bring forward any counter-arguments against rationalism, and has only repulsed a few of its attacks; nay, it shies away from the fight in the purely scientific field and prefers to drag the personalities of its opponents in the mud—what is a man to say to that? Indeed, *is* orthodox Christian teaching capable of being purely scientific? I say no. What more can it do than engage in a little classifying, explaining, disputing? I advise you to read some time *Darstellung und Kritik des modernen Pietismus* by Dr. C. Märklin, Stuttgart, 1839. If you can refute it (that is, not what is positive, but what is negative in it), you will be the world's leading theologian.—"The simple Christian can rest

quite content with this; he knows that he is a child of God, and it is not necessary for him to be able to give answers to all apparent contradictions." Neither the simple Christian nor Hengstenberg can give answers to the "apparent contradictions", for they are real contradictions; but truly, whoever rests content and prides himself on his faith, has in reality no basis whatever for his faith. True, feeling can confirm, but it can most certainly not furnish a basis—that would be like wanting to smell with one's ears. What makes Hengstenberg so detestable to me is the really scandalous editing of the *Kirchen-Zeitung*.[a] Nearly all the contributors remain anonymous and the editor, therefore, has to be responsible for them; but if somebody who has been attacked in the paper takes him to task, then Herr Hengstenberg denies all knowledge of the matter, will not reveal the name of the author, but also disclaims all responsibility. This has already happened to many a poor devil who has been attacked by God knows what miserable lout in the *Kirchen-Zeitung* and the only answer he got from Hengstenberg when he approached him about it was that it was not *he* who wrote the article. The *Kirchen-Zeitung* still enjoys a big reputation among the pietist preachers because they do not read anything opposed to it, and so it keeps going. I have not read the latest issues, otherwise I would quote you examples. You cannot imagine how abominably the *Kirchen-Zeitung* slandered and abused Strauss in connection with his Zurich affair,[36] while all reports are unanimous in saying that he behaved quite nobly over the whole business. Why, for example, is the *Kirchen-Zeitung* so very eager to bracket Strauss with Young Germany? And unfortunately many people regard Young Germany as

[a] *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung.*—*Ed.*

something terribly wicked.—You understood me quite wrongly with regard to the poetry of belief. I did not believe because of the poetry. I believed because I realised that I could no longer live only for the day, because I repented of my sins, because I needed communion with God. I gladly gave away immediately what I most loved, I turned my back on my greatest joys, my dearest acquaintances, I made myself look ridiculous to everybody everywhere. It was an immense joy to me when I found in Plümacher someone with whom I could talk about it, and I gladly put up with his fanaticism concerning predestination. You know yourself that I was in earnest, in dead earnest. I was happy then, that I know, and I am still just as happy; I had trust and joy when I prayed; I have them now too, I have them even more because I am struggling and need to be strengthened. But I have never experienced anything of that ecstatic bliss I heard so much about from our pulpits. My religion was—and is—quiet, blessed peace, and if I have it after my death then I shall be satisfied. I have no reason to believe that God will take it from me. Religious conviction is a matter of the heart and is only concerned with dogma insofar as dogma is or is not contradicted by feeling. Thus the Spirit of God may convince you through your feeling that you are a child of God—that is quite possible; but it most certainly cannot so convince you that you are a child of God through the death of Christ; otherwise feeling would be capable of thinking and your ears of seeing.—I pray daily, indeed nearly the whole day, for truth, I have done so ever since I began to have doubts, but I still cannot return to your faith. And yet it is written: "Ask, and it shall be given you."[a] I search

[a] Matthew 7:7.—*Ed.*

for truth wherever I have hope of finding even a shadow of it and still I cannot acknowledge your truth as the eternal truth. And yet it is written: "Seek, and ye shall find. Or what man is there of you, whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?. . . how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven?"[a]

Tears come into my eyes as I write this. I am moved to the core, but I feel I shall not be lost; I shall come to God, for whom my whole heart yearns. And this is also a testimony of the Holy Spirit and I live and die by it, even if the Bible says the opposite ten thousand times over. And don't deceive yourself, Fritz, you may seem to be so sure, but a doubt will come before you know it, and the way your heart decides often depends on the merest coincidence.—But I know from experience that dogmatic faith has no influence whatever on one's inner peace.

July 27. If you did what it says in the Bible, you should have nothing more to do with me. In the Second Epistle of John (if I'm not mistaken) it says that one should not greet the unbeliever, not even say Χατρε[b] to him. There are many such passages in the Bible and they have always angered me. But you do not do all it says in the Bible by a long way. Incidentally when orthodox evangelical Christianity is called the religion of love, that sounds to me like the most monstrous irony. According to your Christianity, nine-tenths of mankind will be eternally unhappy and only one-tenth happy, Fritz, and do you call that God's infinite love? Just think how small God would appear if that was what His love amounted to. It is therefore clear that if there is a revealed religion, its God must indeed be greater

[a] Matthew 7:9–11.—*Ed.*
[b] I greet you.—*Ed.*

than but not different from the one who is shown by reason. Otherwise all philosophy is not only empty but even sinful. Without philosophy there is no education; without education there is no humanity; without humanity, again, there is no religion. But even the fanatical Leo does not dare to revile philosophy in this way. And that is another of the inconsistencies of the orthodox. I could reach an understanding with men like Schleiermacher and Neander, for they are consistent and have pure hearts. I look in vain for these qualities in the columns of the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* and other pietist journals. Especially for Schleiermacher I have enormous respect. If you are consistent you must, of course, consign him to damnation, for he does not teach the word of Christ in your sense, but rather in that of Young Germany, of Theodor Mundt and Karl Gutzkow. But he was a great man, and I only know one man now living who has equal intelligence, equal power and equal courage—and that is David Friedrich Strauss.

I was very pleased that you should rise up with such vigour to refute me, but one thing made me angry and I shall tell you straight out what it is. It is the contempt with which you speak of the striving of the rationalists for union with God, of their religious life. To be sure, you lie comfortably in your faith as in a warm bed, and you know nothing of the fight we have to put up when we human beings have to decide whether God is God or not. You do not know the weight of the burden one feels with the first doubt, the burden of the old belief, when one must decide for or against, whether to go on carrying it or to shake it off. But I tell you again, you are not so safe from doubt as you think, so do not delude yourself with regard to those who doubt. You could become one of them yourself, and

then you too would ask for fair treatment. Religion is an affair of the heart and whoever has a heart can be devout; but those whose devoutness is rooted either in their understanding or in their reason have none at all. The tree of religion sprouts from the heart, overshadows the whole man and seeks its nourishment from the air of reason. But its fruits, which contain the most precious heart-blood, are the dogmas, and what goes beyond them is of the Evil one. This is what Schleiermacher teaches and I stand by it.

Adieu, dear Fritz. Think carefully about whether you really want to send me to hell and write me my sentence soon.

Yours,

Friedrich Engels

To Friedrich Graeber

in Bonn

[Bremen, after July 27, 1839]

Dear Fritz,

Recepi litteras tuas hodie, et jamque tibi responsurus sum.[a] I cannot write very much to you—you are still in my debt, and I am expecting a long letter from you. Is your brother Wilhelm on holiday too? Is Wurm now studying with you in Bonn? God bless fat Peter[b] in his *studia militaria*. A little poem written on July 27[c] may give you practice in liberalism and in reading ancient metre. Otherwise there is nothing in it.

[a] I received your letter today, and I am already about to answer you.—*Ed.*

[b] Peter Jonghaus.—*Ed.*

[c] That is, on the anniversary of the July 1830 revolution in France.—*Ed.*

German July Days
1839

How the waves mount up in the roaring gale, how
the storm comes relentlessly onwards!
Tall as a man are the foaming waves, and the skiff
goes rising and falling;
From the Rhine there blows a whirling wind that
musters the clouds in the heavens,
That splits up oaks and whips up dust and lashes
the waves in its fury.
Of you I think in my tossing skiff, you German
kings and you princes.
How the patient people bore on their heads the
gilded throne you ascended,
In triumph carried you through the land and sent
the bold conqueror fleeing.[a]
Brazenly arrogant then you became, you betrayed
all the promises given.
Now a storm blows up out of France, and the people
rise up in their masses,
And your throne is rocked like the skiff in the storm
and your hand loses hold of the sceptre.
You above all, Ernst August, I challenge with angry
defiance.
Despotic and reckless, you flouted the law—now
hark to the storm as it rises!
The people look up with piercing eyes and the sword
barely rests in the scabbard.
Speak! Are you safe on your golden throne, as I
in my boat on the waters?

The business about the high waves on the Weser is quite true, also that I was sailing on it on the great day of the July revolution.

[a] An allusion to Napoleon I.—*Ed.*

Give my regards to Wurm and tell him that he must write me a lot.

Yours,

Friedr. Engels

To Marie Engels

in Barmen

Bremen, Sept. 28, 1839

Dear Marie,

It was high time your ladyship wrote to me at last; it has gone on long enough, Mamsell. But I'll forgive you your great crimes and tell you something. Tomorrow it will be two weeks since we rode out to Delmenhorst. This is a small Oldenburg country town with a menagerie, so called because the people of Oldenburg and Bremen are always going there, and when we had seen it, we rode back—and came home, you think? Yes, but after several adventures. In the first place, I sat half the way in the carriage and when we reached the place where I was to pick up my horse again, the riders had not yet arrived and so we had to go in, drink bad beer and smoke bad cigars. Finally, the riders turned up and by now it was eight o'clock and pitch dark. Once I had found my horse we rode on, paid the gate toll and rode through Neustadt. Then round the corner and riding directly at us came eight drummers beating a tattoo, all in a row, and our horses jumped about all over the place. The drummers beat louder and louder, and the noble street arabs of Bremen shouted, so that we soon got separated from one another. R. Roth and I were the first to find each other again, and we rode on to the other end of the town where we had to pay toll again because the philistine who hires out horses lives just

outside the gate. Here we met the others, whose horses had run away with them, and we then made for home and had to pay toll a *third time*. Isn't that an interesting story? You won't be able to deny it, especially when you hear that since it was too late to eat at home, I went into the Club, ate beefsteak and eggs and heard a very entertaining conversation which was going on near me, about young dogs and dead cats. Indeed, very interesting, very amusing.[a] I am now at the Club, which is the same kind of place as the Concordia or institute for improvement in Barmen. The best thing about it is the many newspapers—Dutch, English, American, French, German, Turkish and Japanese. This gave me the opportunity to learn Turkish and Japanese, so I now understand 25 languages. All this is, of course, of the greatest interest to a young lady who wants to go to a boarding-school in Mannheim. Jacob Schmitt was here too, and he will be back again next week and will go to the wine cellar with me. That is undoubtedly the best institution in Bremen. We also have a theatre again, but I haven't been there yet.

Farewell, my dear,[b]

Yours for ever,[b]

Friedrich

To Wilhelm Graeber

in Berlin

[Bremen] October 8, 1839

O Wilhelm, Wilhelm, Wilhelm! So at last we are hearing from you. Now, manikin, now you're going to hear something: I am now an enthusiastic Straus-

[a] This sentence is written in English in the original.—*Ed.*
[b] Written in English in the original.—*Ed.*

sian. Just you come here, I have now got arms, shield and helmet; now I am secure, just you come here and I'll give you such a drubbing, despite all your theologia, that you won't know where to run. Yes, Guillermo, *jacta est alea*.[a] I am now a Straussian; I, a poor, miserable poet, have crept under the wing of the genius David Friedrich Strauss. Just hear what a fellow he is! There lie the four gospels in a crisp and colourful chaos; mysticism lies in front of them and adores them—and behold, in comes David Strauss like a young god and brings the chaos out into the light of day and—*Adios* faith! It is as full of holes as a sponge. He sees too much myth here and there, but only in unimportant matters, otherwise he is a man of real genius. If you can refute Strauss—*eh bien*,[b] I'll become a pietist once again.— I could also have learned from your letter that Mengs was an important artist, if, unfortunately, I had not already known it for a long time. With *Die Zauberflöte* (music by Mozart) it is exactly the same. The reading-room is splendidly arranged, and among the most recent literary productions I draw your attention to *König Saul*, a tragedy by Gutzkow; *Skizzenbuch* by the same author; *Dichtungen* by Th. Creizenach (a Jew); *Deutschland und die Deutschen* by Beurmann; *Die Dramatiker der Jetztzeit*, Vol. 1, by L. Wienbarg, etc. I am very anxious to hear your opinion about *Saul*. Beurmann quoted extracts from my article in the *Telegraph* in his *Deutschland und die Deutschen*, in which he speaks about Wuppertal.—On the other hand, I warn you against the *Geschichte des polnischen Aufstands (1830–31)* by Smitt, Berlin, 1839, which

[a] The die is cast.—*Ed.*
[b] Well and good.—*Ed.*

was undoubtedly written on the direct order of the King of Prussia.[a] The chapter about the beginning of the revolution is headed with a motto from Thucydides which runs something like this: But we, who were unprepared for anything untoward, were suddenly invaded by them without any cause!!!!!! Oh, what gigantic nonsense! Splendid, on the other hand, is the history of this glorious uprising by Count Soltyk, which was published in German in Stuttgart in 1834[37]—in your place, of course, it will have been banned, like everything good. Another important piece of news is that I am writing a short story which will be printed in January, always provided, of course, that it is passed by the censor, which is an annoying dilemma.

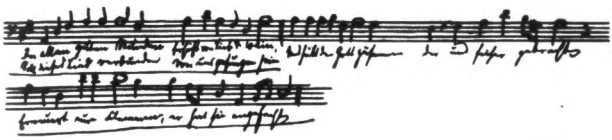
I really don't know whether or not I should continue sending you poems, but I think I did send you my *Odysseus Redivivus* lately and I beg you to let me have your criticisms of the last consignment. We have a novice here from your part of the country, someone called Müller, who is going to sail to the South Seas as a ship's preacher. He is staying at our house and has the most extravagant views about Christianity, which you will understand when I tell you that he has spent his time recently under the influence of *Gossner*. It is not easy to have more exalted views about the efficacy of prayer and direct divine intervention in life. Instead of saying that one can sharpen one's senses, one's hearing, one's sight, he says that when the Lord gives me a duty to fulfil, He is also bound to provide me with the power to fulfil it; of course there must be fervent prayer and hard work for one's own part too, otherwise there is nothing doing. And so he restricts to believers only this familiar fact that holds for

[a] Frederick William III.—*Ed.*

all men. Even a Krummacher would have to grant me that such an outlook is really too childlike and childish.—I am very pleased to hear that you have a better opinion of my *Telegraph* article. It was, of course, written in haste, as a result of which it has a style such as I only hope my short story will have, but also some one-sidednesses and half-truths. Krummacher, as you probably know, got to know Gutzkow in Frankfurt am Main and is said to be making up *mirabilia*[a] about it—proof of the correctness of Strauss' views about myths. I am now taking to the modern style, which is without doubt the ideal of all style. Models for it are Heine's writings, but especially Kühne and Gutzkow, although Wienbarg is its real master. Among earlier elements that have had a particularly favourable influence on it are Lessing, Goethe, Jean Paul and, above all, Börne. Oh, Börne—he writes a style that surpasses everything. *Menzel der Franzosenfresser* is stylistically the best piece of work in German and likewise the first one that sets out to annihilate an author completely; and in your place it is also banned to make sure that no better style shall be written than what is turned out in the royal offices. The modern style unites in itself every excellence of style—compact brevity and pregnancy which hits the mark with a word, alternating with epic, calm description; simple language alternating with shimmering images and brilliant sparks of wit, a Ganymede with the strength of youth, roses twined round his head and in his hand the weapon that slew the python. At the same time, the greatest freedom is left to the author's individuality, so that despite affinity none imitates the other. Heine writes dazzlingly, Wienbarg with cordial warmth and radiance, Gutzkow

[a] Curious stories.—*Ed.*

with a razor-sharp precision over which there sometimes plays a comforting sunlight. Kühne is pleasantly descriptive with rather too much light and too little shade. Laube imitates Heine and now Goethe as well, but in a wrong manner, for he imitates the Goethean Varnhagen, and Mundt likewise imitates Varnhagen. Marggraff still writes rather too generally and with too much puffing out of his cheeks, but that will pass, and Beck's prose has not yet got beyond studies.—If you combine Jean Paul's ornateness with Börne's precision then you have the essentials of the modern style. Gutzkow has been able to assimilate the brilliant, light but dry style of the French most fortunately. This French style is like a thread of gossamer, the modern German like a wisp of silk (this image has unfortunately gone somewhat awry). My studies of Goethe's divine songs show that I do not forget the old in my enthusiasm for the new. But one must study them musically and best of all in different musical settings. Here, for example, I reproduce Reichardt's tune for the *Bundeslied*.[a]



[a] Engels has copied out the first stanza of Goethe's *Bundeslied* under the melody of Reichardt's setting for this song. The text is as follows:

"In hours of exaltation
That love and wine both bring,
This song with inspiration
United we shall sing!
God binds us all together,
Who come here at His call.
Keep our flames burning ever;
He lit them for us all."—*Ed.*

I have forgotten the bars again; get Heuser to put them in for you. The melody is marvellous and through its always harmonious simplicity it is better suited than any other to the poem. Wonderfully effective is the rise at v. 6 from E by a seventh to D, and the sudden fall at v. 8 from B by a ninth to A. I shall write to Heuser about Leonardo Leo's *Miserere*.

In the next few days I shall send you a good friend, Adolf Torstrick, who is going to study there. He is jolly and liberal and understands Greek very well. The other Bremen people who are coming are not up to much. Torstrick will have letters from me to you. Receive him well, I hope you get to like him. Fritz has not yet written to me, the vermicle[a] was going to write to me from Elberfeld but didn't do so out of laziness—for which please give him a dressing down. If Heuser—whom I cannot write to in Elberfeld for fear I miss him—should arrive, tell him he may hope for something from me soon.

Yours,

Friedrich Engels

To Wilhelm Graeber

in Berlin

[Bremen, October 20–21, 1839]

October 20. To Herr Wilhelm Graeber. I am quite sentimental; it is a difficult case. I remain here deprived of all merriness. With Adolf Torstrick, the

[a] An allusion to Gustav Wurm (The German word "Wurm" means "worm", "vermicle").—*Ed.*

bearer of this, the last merriness leaves. How I celebrated October the 18th can be read in my last epistle to Heuser. Today beer-guzzling, tomorrow boredom, the day after tomorrow Torstrick is leaving, on Thursday the student mentioned in the above-mentioned epistle will return, whereupon there will follow two merry days and then a lonely, horrible winter. Not a soul in this place can be moved to come on the booze, they are all philistines. Here I sit with all that is left of my jolly songs, and my cocky, would-be student air, alone in the great desert, without boozing companions, without love, without any fun, alone with tobacco, beer and two acquaintances who can't drink. "My son, here is my spear, drink with it my beer. When you drink *comme il faut*, it pleases your old father so,"[38] I want to sing, but to whom shall I give my spear, and I haven't got the tune right, either. Only one hope remains for me, to meet you in Barmen in a year's time, when I go home, and then, if too much of the pastor has not got into you and Jonghaus and Fritz, to go on the spree with you.

21st. Today has been a dreadfully boring day. Half-dead from slaving in the office. Then choir practice, enormous enjoyment. Now I must see that I write you something more. Verses at the next opportunity, I have no time left to copy them. Didn't even have anything interesting to eat, all boring. And it's so cold you can't bear it in the office. Thank God, tomorrow we have hopes of getting some heating. I should be getting a letter from your brother Hermann soon; he wants to test my theology and massacre my conviction. That comes of being a sceptic; the thousand hooks with which one hung on to the old come loose and hook on to something else, and then there are arguments. The devil take Wurm, don't get a word from the fellow, he

is becoming worse and worse every day. I suppose he is taking to drinking brandy. Now give Torstrick a friendly welcome, make him tell you about me if it interests you, and put good beer before him.

Farewell.[a]

Yours,

Friedrich Engels

To Wilhelm Graeber

in Berlin

[Bremen, November 13–20, 1839]

Nov. 13, 1839. Dearest Guilielme, why don't you write? You all belong to the category of idlers and loungers. But I am a different fellow! Not only do I write to you more than you deserve, not only am I acquiring an exceptional acquaintance with all literatures of the world, I am also quietly making for myself in short stories and poems a memorial of glory which, unless the censor's breath turns the bright gleam of steel to ugly rust, will shine in brilliant, youthful radiance through all German lands, Austria excepted. In my breast it ferments and boils, in my sometimes drunken head it glows quite exceptionally; I long to find a great thought which will clear the ferment and blow the glow into a bright flame. A splendid subject, compared with which all my previous ones are mere childishness, is working upwards in my mind. What I want to do is to reveal in a "fairy story" or something like that those fore-

[a] Written in English in the original.—*Ed.*

shadowings of the modern world that showed themselves in the Middle Ages; I want to uncover those spirits who knocked under the hard crust of the earth for release, buried beneath the foundations of churches and dungeons. I want to try and resolve at least part of Gutzkow's task: the true second part of *Faust*—Faust no longer an egoist but sacrificing himself for mankind—has yet to be written. There is *Faust*, there is the *Wandering Jew*, there is the *Wild Huntsman*, three types of the anticipated spiritual freedom which can easily be placed in connection and relation with Jan Huss. What a poetic background is given to me there, against which these three demons work their will! The idea of the *Wild Huntsman*, formerly begun in metre, has merged into it.—These three types (why don't you write, you fellows? Nov. 14) I shall treat in a most original manner; I promise myself a particular effect from the interpretation of Ahasuerus and the *Wild Huntsman*. To make the subject more poetic and the details more significant I can easily weave in other things from German tradition—but there is time for that yet. While the short story I am working on at present is more of a mere study in style and character portraying, this is to be the real thing on which I found my hopes for my name.

Nov. 15. No letter today either? What shall I do? What shall I think of you? I can't understand you. *Nov. 20.* And if you don't write today I shall geld you in thoughts and make you wait as long as you do me. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a letter for a letter. But you hypocrites say: Not an eye for an eye, not a tooth for a tooth, *not* a letter for a letter, and fob me off with your damned Christian sophistry. No, better a good pagan than a bad Christian.

A young Jew has arisen, Theodor Creizenach, who writes most excellent poems and even better verses. He has written a comedy[39] in which W. Menzel and company are ridiculed in the most priceless fashion. Everybody is now flocking to the modern school and building houses, palaces or little huts on the foundation of the great ideas of the time. Everything else is going to the dogs, sentimental little songs die away unheard, and the ringing horn



Poets of world-weariness

waits for a huntsman to sound it for the hunting of tyrants; and God's storm rustles in the tree-tops and the youth of Germany stand in the grove, clashing their swords and raising high their brimming cups; from the mountain-tops the burning castles blaze, thrones shake, altars tremble, and if the Lord calls in storm and thunder: Forward, forward! who will resist us?

We, Friedrich Engels,

supreme poet in the Bremen town-hall cellar
and privileged

BOOZER,

announce and make known to all and sundry, past, present, absent and future, that you are all asses,

lazy creatures, who are wasting away from disgust with your own existence, scoundrels who don't write to me, and so on, and so on, and so on.

Written on our office stool
at a time when we had no hangover.

Friedrich Engels



In Berlin lives a young poet, Karl Grün, of whom I have these days read a *Buch der Wanderungen* which is very good.[40] But he is said to be twenty-seven already, and at that age he should be able to write better. Now and again he has very striking thoughts, but often dreadful Hegelian phrases. What does this mean, for instance:

"Sophocles is the highly moral Greece which lets its titanic outbursts break against the wall of absolute necessity. In Shakespeare the concept of absolute character made its appearance."

The night before last I had a great booze-up in the wine cellar on two bottles of beer and two and a half bottles of 1794 Rüdesheimer. My prospective publisher and diverse philistines were with me. Specimen of an argument with one of these philistines on the Bremen constitution: I: In Bremen the opposition to the government is not of the right kind since it consists of the money aristocracy, the aldermen who oppose the aristocracy of rank, the Senate. He: You cannot really maintain that, can you? I: Why not? He: Prove your assertion.—That

sort of thing passes for argument here! Oh, you philistines, go and learn Greek, and come again. Anyone that knows Greek also knows how to argue *rite*.[a] I can argue six such fellows to death at once, even if I am half-seas over and they are sober. These people cannot follow a thought through to its necessary conclusions for three seconds, but everything goes in spasms; you only need let them speak for half an hour, throw in a few seemingly innocent questions, and they contradict themselves *splendidamente*. They are dreadfully stolid people, these philistines; I began to sing, but they resolved unanimously against me that they would eat first, and then sing. They stuffed themselves with oysters, while I went on angrily smoking, drinking and shouting without taking any notice of them, until I fell into a blissful slumber. I am now a large-scale importer of banned books into Prussia; Börne's *Franzosenfresser* in four copies, the *Briefe aus Paris* by the same, six volumes, Venedey's *Preussen und Preussenthum*, most strictly prohibited, in five copies, are lying ready for dispatch to Barmen. The last two volumes of the *Briefe aus Paris* I had not yet read; they are magnificent. King Otto of Greece is given a terrible going-over; thus he says on one occasion:

"If I were God I would have great fun: I would let all the great Greeks rise again one night."[b]

Then comes a very fine description of how these Hellenes walk about in Athens, Pericles, Aristotle and others. Then it is announced: King Otto has come. Everybody gets up, Diogenes trims his lamp, and all hurry to Piraeus. King Otto has landed and is making the following speech:

[a] Well.—*Ed.*
[b] Ludwig Börne, *Briefe aus Paris*, Brief 89.—*Ed.*

"Hellenes, look up. The sky has taken on the Bavarian national colour." (This speech is really too good, I must copy it out in full.) "For in the most ancient times Greece belonged to Bavaria. The Pelasgians lived in the Odenwald, and Inachus was born in Landshut. I have come to make you happy. Your demagogues, seditionists and journalists have brought your beautiful land to ruin. The fatal freedom of the press has thrown everything into confusion. Just see what the olive-trees look like. I would have come to you long ago, but I could not do so, for I have *not yet been long in this world.* Now you are a member of the *Deutsche Bund;* my ministers will inform you of the latest decisions of the *Bund.*[41] I shall know how to safeguard the rights of my crown and by and by make you happy. For my civil list" (salary of the king in a constitutional state) "you shall annually give me 6 million piastres, and I allow you to pay my debts."[a]

The Greeks become confused, Diogenes shines his lamp in the king's face, and Hippocrates has ordered six cartloads of hellebore to be fetched, etc., etc. This whole ironical poem is a masterpiece of biting satire and written in a style that is divine. The reason why you like Börne less is because you are reading one of his weakest and earliest works, the *Schilderungen aus Paris.* The *Dramaturgische Blätter,* the criticisms, the aphorisms, but above all the *Briefe aus Paris* and the marvellous *Franzosenfresser* stand infinitely higher. The description of the collection of paintings is very boring, there you are right. But the grace, the Herculean strength, the depth of feeling, the devastating wit of the *Franzosenfresser* are unsurpassable. I hope we shall meet at Easter or else in the autumn in Barmen, and then you shall get a better idea of this Börne.—What you write about Torstrick's duel is indeed different from his own version, but in any case he is the one who had the most unpleasantness from it. He is a good fellow, but he lives in extremes, now drunk, then a little pedantic.

Continuation. If you are of the opinion that German literature has gradually fallen asleep, you are

[a] Ibid.—*Ed.*

greatly mistaken. Don't think that because you hide your head from it like an ostrich and don't see it, it has ceased to exist. *Au contraire,* it is developing quite appreciably, as would be clear to you if you paid more attention to it and didn't live in Prussia, where the works of Gutzkow, etc., first require a special and rarely granted permission.—You are equally mistaken in thinking I should return to Christianity. *Pro primo,* it is ridiculous to me that I no longer count with you as a Christian, and *pro secundo,* that you think anyone who for the sake of the Idea has stripped off what is fantastical in orthodoxy could submit to that strait jacket again. A true rationalist can perhaps do so by acknowledging that his natural explanation of miracles and his shallow moralising are insufficient; but mythicism and speculation cannot again descend from their dawn-reddened snow-capped peaks into the misty valleys of orthodoxy.—For I am on the point of becoming a Hegelian. Whether I shall become one I don't, of course, know yet, but Strauss has lit up lights on Hegel for me which make the thing quite plausible to me. His (Hegel's) philosophy of history is anyway written as from my own heart. Do see that you get hold of Strauss' *Charakteristiken und Kritiken,* the essay on Schleiermacher and Daub is wonderful.[42] Nobody else writes so penetratingly, clearly and interestingly as Strauss. By the way, he is not at all infallible; even if his entire *Leben Jesu* should be discovered to be a collection of sheer sophistries, still the first thing that makes this work so important is its basic idea of the mythical in Christianity; and the discovery would not damage this idea, for it can always be applied anew to biblical history. And that he has not only conceived the idea but also carried it out with such undeniable excellence raises Strauss' merit still higher. A good exegetist may be

able to convict him here and there of a mistake or of falling into extremes, just as Luther was in detail open to criticism; but that, of course, does not matter. If Tholuck has ever said anything good about Strauss[43] that is either a sheer accident or an apt reminiscence; Tholuck's scholarliness is too diffuse and with that he is merely receptive, not even critical, much less productive. The good ideas Tholuck has had can easily be counted, and he himself destroyed any belief in the scientific character of his polemics as far back as ten years ago by his controversy with Wegscheider and Gesenius. Tholuck's scientific effect has in no way been lasting, and his time is long past. Hengstenberg did at least once have an original, even if absurd, thought: that of the prophetic perspective.—It is incomprehensible to me that you care for nothing that goes beyond Hengstenberg and Neander. With all due respect for Neander, he is not scientific. Instead of setting intellect and reason solidly to work in his writings, even if at some point he should come into opposition to the Bible, whenever he fears that might happen he lets science take care of itself and comes out with empiricism or pious sentiment. He is much too pious and amiable to be able to oppose Strauss. Precisely by these pious outbursts in which his *Leben Jesu*[44] abounds he blunts the point even of his genuinely scientific arguments.

A propos—a few days ago I read in the paper that Hegelian philosophy has been banned in Prussia, that a famous Hegelian lecturer in Halle has been induced by a ministerial rescript to suspend his lectures and that it has been intimated to several junior Halle lecturers of the same colour (presumably Ruge, etc.) that they cannot expect appointments. It is said that by this same rescript the definitive ban on the Berlin *Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik*

has been decided. I have not yet heard anything further. I cannot believe even the Prussian Government capable of such an unheard-of act of violence, although Börne prophesied it as long as five years ago, and Hengstenberg, an intimate friend of the Crown Prince,[a] as well as Neander, is said to be a declared enemy of the Hegelian school. If you hear anything of the business, write to me about it. Now I'll study Hegel over a glass of punch. *Adios*. Expecting a letter from you soon,

Friedrich Engels

To Friedrich Graeber

in Berlin

[Bremen, December 9, 1839–February 5, 1840]

December 9.

My dear fellow, your letter has just arrived; it is amazing how long one has to wait for you people. Nothing has been heard from Berlin since your and Heuser's letter from Elberfeld. One ought to give oneself up to the devil if only his existence were proved. But you have now arrived and that is good.

Imitating you, I leave theology to the last as a worthy crowning to the pyramid of my letter. I busy myself very much with literary work; since I received Gutzkow's assurance that my contributions are welcome I have sent him an essay on K. Beck[45]; then I am composing a lot of verses, which, however, badly need polishing up, and also writing prose pieces to practise my style. The day before yesterday

[a] The future King Frederick William IV.—*Ed.*

I wrote "Eine Bremer Liebesgeschichte", yesterday "Die Juden in Bremen"; tomorrow I think I shall write "Die junge Literatur in Bremen", "Der Jüngste"[a] (namely, the office boy) or something else of the kind. In a fortnight, if one is in the mood, one can thus easily scribble up to five sheets, then one polishes up the style, puts in verses here and there for variety, and publishes it as *Bremer Abende*. My prospective publisher came to see me yesterday; I read him *Odysseus Redivivus*, which delighted him exceedingly; he will take the first novel from my factory and yesterday wanted desperately to have a small volume of poems. But unfortunately there aren't enough of them, and—the censorship! Who would pass *Odysseus*? Incidentally, I don't allow the censorship to keep me from writing freely; let them cross out as much as they like afterwards, *I* don't commit infanticide on my own thoughts. Such censorship cuts are always disagreeable, but also honourable; an author who reaches the age of thirty or writes three books without cuts by the censor is not worth anything. Scarred warriors are the best. You must be able to tell by looking at a book that it has come out of a battle with the censor. By the way, the Hamburg censorship is liberal; in my last *Telegraph* essay on the German *Volksbücher*[46] there are several pieces of very bitter sarcasm about the Bundestag and the Prussian censorship, but not a letter has been crossed out.

December 11. Oh, Fritz! For years I have not been so lazy as I am at this moment. Ha! it is beginning to dawn on me what I need....

December 12. Really, what asses—I meant to say what good people—the Bremen people are! In this

[a] "A Bremen Love Story", "The Jews in Bremen", "Young Literature in Bremen", "The Youngest".—*Ed.*

present weather the streets are terribly slippery, and they have strewn sand in front of the town-hall cellar so that the drunks will not fall.



This fellow here suffers from world-weariness; he visited H. Heine in Paris and caught it from him; then he went to Theodor Mundt and learnt certain phrases indispensable for world-wearinessing. Since then he has become visibly thinner and is going to write a book on world-weariness as the only sure remedy against corpulence.

January 20 [1840]. I did not want to write to you until it was certain whether I shall stay here or go away. Now at last I can tell you that for the time being I shall stay here.

21st. I admit that I am not very keen to continue the theological debate. One misunderstands an-

other and by the time one replies, one has long since forgotten one's *ipsissima verba*[a] which are the point at issue, and so no purpose is achieved. A thorough discussion of the matter would require much more space, and it often happens to me that I cannot endorse in a subsequent letter things I said in an earlier one because they belonged so very much to the category of preconception of which I have freed myself in the meantime. Through Strauss I have now entered on the straight road to Hegelianism. Of course, I shall not become such an inveterate Hegelian as Hinrichs and others, but I must nevertheless absorb important things from this colossal system. The Hegelian idea of God has already become mine, and thus I am joining the ranks of the "modern pantheists", as Leo and Hengstenberg say, knowing well that even the word pantheism arouses such colossal revulsion on the part of pastors who don't think. Thus today at midday I was highly amused by a long sermon in the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* against Märklin's pietism.[47] The good *Kirchen-Zeitung* not only finds it most peculiar that it is counted among the pietists, but finds also other curious things. Modern pantheism, i.e., Hegel, apart from the fact that it is already found among the Chinese and Parsees, is perfectly expressed in the sect of the Libertines, which was attacked by Calvin.[48] This discovery is really rather too original. But still more original is its development. It is already very difficult to recognise Hegel in what the *Kirchen-Zeitung* passes off as his views, and that again has a very far-fetched similarity with a most vaguely expressed proposition of Calvin's on the Libertines. The proof was enormously amusing. The *Bremer Kirchenbote* puts it even better and says that Hegel denies

[a] Very own words.—*Ed.*

the truth of history! It's stupendous what nonsense sometimes comes out when somebody labours to make out that a philosophy which stands in his way and which he can no longer get round, is un-Christian. People who know Hegel only by name and have only read the notes in Leo's *Hegelingen* want to overthrow a system which, being cast in a single mould, needs no clamps to hold it together. — This letter is presided over by an eminently unlucky star. God knows, I no sooner get down to it than the devil is let loose. I am always given office work.



These are two puppets which are so stiff
contrary to my will. Otherwise they would be men

Have you read Strauss' *Charakteristiken und Kritiken*? See that you get it, the essays in it are all excellent. The one on Schleiermacher and Daub is a masterpiece. From the essays on the Württemberg demoniacs an enormous amount of psychology

can be learnt. Equally interesting are the other theological and aesthetic essays.—In addition I am studying Hegel's *Geschichtsphilosophie*,[a] an enormous work; I read out of it dutifully every evening, the tremendous thoughts grip me terribly.—Recently Tholuck's old gossip sheet, the *Literarische Anzeiger*, fatuously raised the question why "modern pantheism" had no lyric poetry, though the ancient Persian, etc., had. The *Literarische Anzeiger* can just wait until I and certain other people have got to the bottom of this pantheism, the lyric poetry will come all right. It is very fine, by the way, that the *Literarische Anzeiger* accepts Daub and condemns speculative philosophy. As if Daub did not also adhere to Hegel's principle that humanity and divinity are in essence identical. There you have this dreadful superficiality; whether Strauss and Daub agree in principle they care little, but that Strauss does not believe in the marriage at Cana[49] while Daub does, suffices for them to elevate one into heaven and declare the other a candidate for hell. Oswald Marbach, the *Volksbücher* publisher, is the most confused of men, but especially *(cum—tum)* of the Hegelians. How a pupil of Hegel can say,

> Heaven is also here on Earth. I can
> Distinctly feel the God in me becoming Man,

is to me utterly incomprehensible, since Hegel distinguished the totality very sharply from the incomplete individual.—Nobody has done Hegel more harm than his pupils; only a few of them, like Gans, Rosenkranz, Ruge and others, were worthy of him. But an Oswald Marbach is truly the *non plus ultra*[b]

[a] *Vorlesungen über die Philosophie der Geschichte.—Ed.*
[b] The limit.—*Ed.*

of all misunderstanders; such a godly fellow!—The Rev. Pastor Mallet, in the *Bremer Kirchenbote,* has declared Hegel's system to be "loose talk".[50] That would be serious, for if these blocks, these granite thoughts, fell apart, a single fragment of this Cyclopean building could kill not merely Pastor Mallet but all Bremen. If, for example, the thought that world history is the development of the concept of freedom were to fall with all its weight on the neck of a Bremen pastor—what sort of sigh would he give?

February 1. Today this letter must go off, come what may.

The Russians are beginning to become naive; they claim that the war against the Circassians has not yet cost as many human lives as one of Napoleon's lesser battles. I should not have credited a barbarian like Nicholas with such naivety.



Let him tell you his life story himself

The Berliners, I hear, are terribly furious with me. I have belittled Tholuck and Neander to them and I have not put Ranke among the *superos,* and that has made them mad. In addition I have written to Heuser divinely extravagant stuff about Beethoven.—I have read a very pretty comedy, *Weh dem, der lügt!*[a] by Grillparzer in Vienna, which is a long way above the present common run of comedies. There shines through it now and then a free noble spirit to which the Austrian censorship is an intolerable burden. One can see how much trouble it cost the author to draw an aristocratic nobleman in such a fashion that the noble censor raises no objection. *O tempores, o moria, Donner und Doria,*[b] today the fifth of February is here and it's a scandal that I am so lazy, but I cannot help it,[c] God knows, I am doing nothing now. I have started several essays but they are not progressing, and whenever I want to write verses in the evening I have always eaten so much that I can't prevent myself from falling asleep.—This summer I terribly want to make a journey into the Danish country, Holstein, Jutland, Zealand, Rügen. I must see that my Old Man[d] sends my brother[e] here, then I'll take him with me. I have an enormous longing for the sea, and what an interesting travel journal I could make of it; then it could be published with a few poems. We are having such divine weather now, and I can't go out, I want to so terribly, it's bad luck.

[a] *Woe to him who lies!*—*Ed.*

[b] The well-known Latin *O tempora, o mores* is here distorted to rhyme with the German "Donner und Doria" (deuce take it).—*Ed.*

[c] "But I cannot help it" is written in English in the original.—*Ed.*

[d] Friedrich Engels senior, the father of Engels.—*Ed.*

[e] Hermann Engels.—*Ed.*



This is a fat sugar broker who is just leaving the house and whose standing phrase is "In my opinion". When he has spoken to somebody at the stock exchange and is going away, he invariably says: "You fare well!" His name is Joh. H. Bergmann.

There are touching people here. So I'll immediately draw you another picture from life:



This old fellow is drunk every morning and he then steps in front of his door and shouts, thumping his chest: "*Ick bin Borger*", i.e., I thank Thee, God, that I am not like these Hanoverians, Oldenburgers, or worse, Frenchmen, but a Bremen *Borger tågen båren Bremer Kind!*[a]

The expression on the faces of the local old women of all classes is really horrid. In particular the one on the right with the snub nose is genuine Bremen.

The speech of Bishop Eylert at the festival of the Order[51] has one great merit: now we know what to think of the King[b] and his perjury is official. The same king who in A.D. 1815, when he was feeling afraid, promised his subjects in a cabinet decree that if they got him out of the mess they should have a constitution, this same shabby, rotten, god-damned king now has it announced through Eylert that nobody is going to get a constitution from him, for "All for one and one for all is Prussia's principle of government" and "No one puts old cloth on a new garment". Do you know why Rotteck's fourth volume[52] is banned in Prussia? Because it says that in 1814 our majestic snotnose of Berlin recognised the Spanish constitution of 1812[53] and yet in 1823 sent the French into Spain to do away with that constitution and bring back to the Spaniards the noble gift of the Inquisition and torture. In 1826 Ripoll was burnt at Valencia on instructions from the Inquisition, and his blood and that of 23,000 noble Spaniards who languished to death in prison for their liberal and heretic views is on the conscience of Frederick William III """"the Just""""" of Prussia. I hate him, and besides him I hate only perhaps

[a] A burgher of Bremen, a true-born child of Bremen.—*Ed.*
[b] Frederick William III.—*Ed.*

two or three others; I hate him with a mortal hatred, and if I didn't so despise him, the shit, I would hate him still more. Napoleon was an angel compared with him, the King of Hanover[a] is a god if our King is a man. There never was a time richer in royal crimes than that of 1816–30; almost every prince then ruling deserved the death penalty. The pious Charles X, the vicious Ferdinand VII of Spain, Francis of Austria, that machine that was only good for signing death sentences and dreaming of Carbonari[54]; Dom Miguel, who is a greater scoundrel than all the heroes of the French Revolution taken together, and whom nevertheless Prussia, Russia and Austria gladly recognised when he bathed in the blood of the best Portuguese, and the parricide Alexander of Russia, as also his worthy brother Nicholas on whose abominable deeds it would be superfluous to waste another word—oh, I could tell you killing stories about how the princes love their subjects—I expect anything good only of that prince whose ears are boxed right and left by his people and whose palace windows are smashed by the flying stones of the revolution. Farewell.

Yours,

Friedrich Engels

To Levin Schücking

in Münster

Bremen, June 18, 1840

Dear Herr Schücking,

Once again my warmest thanks for your kindly reception and for the beautiful souvenir from Mün-

[a] Ernst August.—*Ed.*

ster![55] I read it through in Osnabrück at one sitting with great enjoyment, and I envy the poet[a] for her original and tender images of nature, the many hidden splendours, the kinship with Byron, which you also, if I am not mistaken, stressed in your review.[56] It is a shame that these poems should have come and gone without making any impression; but what does this depth of feeling mean to the shallow reading public of our days? At the first opportunity I shall publicly do justice to the book.[57]—Where is there a more beautiful ballad of its kind than *Der Graf von Thal*?

Now concerning our Shelley-plan,[58] I had a talk with Schünemann straight away yesterday; at the mention of the fee of ten talers he shrank back as if struck by lightning and said at once he could not take it on. He is just back from the Fair where he himself inspected his masses of unsold books of every kind, pietistic novels, descriptions from Belgium, Spanish readers and other rubbish; in addition, he was foolish enough to make contracts in Leipzig for works on theology and on world and literary history at a low fee, so that he has his hands full. These stupid bookseller people believe they risk less on a commentary on the epistles of John, which costs perhaps two talers in fees and is badly produced, and will perhaps be bought by 20 students at most, than on Shelley, for which production and fees may cost relatively three times as much, but in which the whole nation will take an interest. Just now I was with Schünemann again to hear from his own mouth the final statement that on these conditions he cannot take it on; one sheet of poems, he said, contains only a quarter as much as a sheet of prose, so that the fee for a sheet would really

[a] Annette Elisabeth Freiin von Droste-Hülshoff.—*Ed.*

come to 40 talers. I told him it was not child's play to translate Shelley, and if he did not want it then he should leave it alone, for heaven's sake; and that by the way he was standing in his own light. He: If only we would first give him a small specimen, he would print it, and then one could see what could be done. I: Schücking and Püttmann are not the people to agree to give specimens, and what specimens do for other people, their names do for them. Will you or won't you? He: Not on these conditions.—*Muy bien*[a]; to beg was beneath our dignity, so I left.—I am now of the opinion that this failure should by no means discourage us; if one will not do it, another will. Püttmann, who translated the first canto of *Queen Mab,* has sent it to Engelmann in Leipzig, and if he accepts, it will be easy to get him to take on the whole thing. Otherwise Hammerich in Altona and Krabbe in Stuttgart would perhaps be the ones we should approach first. But just now, immediately after the Easter Fair, is a very unfavourable moment for making our offers. If it were January I am sure Schünemann would have grabbed it with both hands. I want to go to him once more and ask him for a joke what kind of conditions he can offer us.

Friend Schünemann evaded my visits by flight; he is on an outing to the country. He would probably have offered five talers a sheet and asked, as he always loves to do, for a little specimen of three to four sheets in advance. The whole thing is the fault of none other than the pietist Wilhelm Elias of Halle, on whose novel *Glauben und Wissen,* published by Schünemann, the latter loses about 2,000 talers. If I catch the fellow I'll challenge him to scimitars.

[a] Very well.—*Ed.*

What do you say to all this? I shall write to Püttmann straight away today. I think it is too good a project simply to drop it. Any bookseller with a smattering of education (Schünemann is a blockhead) will take on the publication with pleasure.

I am eagerly looking forward to hearing your opinion on the matter, and in the meantime commend myself to your friendly goodwill.

Respectfully,

Friedrich Engels

What do you say to Gutzkow's challenge to the *Hallische Jahrbücher* in the *Telegraph*? Gutzkow seems to want to renew Menzel's and Müllner's critical terrorism; let him take care that the younger ones do not outgrow him!

To Levin Schücking

in Münster

My dear Friend,

Your kind lines of the 22nd of last month reached me unfortunately only on the 26th, which was very disagreeable to me since the previous evening, asked by a local bookseller of whom I made inquiries about reasonable publishers, I had written to Hammerich in Altona and offered him the publication of the Shelley. So I received his reply only today, which was a rejection, since he says he is overwhelmed with publishing work.

As concerns G. C. A. Meyer senior, I am of the opinion that we should let *him* go in any case. Firstly, the fellow and his factory workers (Brinckmeier, Bär-

mann and Co.) are too common; secondly, Püttmann would never consent to write for his publishing house; thirdly, Meyer pays terribly low fees, and fourthly, we would get involved in a horrible mass of demand notes and other vexations to rake in the fees. I am at the moment myself having to send him demand notes for the fee for my articles in the *Mitternachtzeitung*,[59] which he does not want to fork out; and although in this case there is the middleman Brinckmeier between us, *I* could on no account make the offer. I am unfortunately still without a reply from Püttmann and hence cannot take any energetic steps. Moreover, Meyer will already have distributed everything to his subordinates and will not be able to let us have anything from Shelley. These publishers are used to having the pens in their service absolutely at their disposal, and which of us would put up with that?

I think the best is to give Püttmann, who in this respect is probably the most experienced among us, unrestricted authority to enter into a contract; he will no doubt carry the matter through to the satisfaction of us all and at all events with greater ease than *I* could. Moreover, he has already offered *Queen Mab* to W. Engelmann, who would be the right publisher for us. And one thing is of great importance here: you, like me, have so far written only for journals; Püttmann, on the other hand, has already had one work printed and another announced.[60] The infamous publishers pay attention to this kind of thing.

When your letter arrived, Schünemann had just started on a journey from which he is not yet back. I shall make him accept Coleridge, at any rate[61]; in a champagne fog at the Gutenberg festival, which was celebrated here with splendour, I drank brotherhood with him, by which he felt much honoured.

If you have the manuscript so far ready, please send it to me.

The spiteful abuse of the *Hallische Jahrbücher* is in No. 97 or 98 of the *Telegraph*, which reaches us by post and therefore much earlier than it can you. I have again sent Gutzkow something and am curious to see how he receives it after the article in the *Mitternachtzeitung* ("Moderne Polemik").

From Barmen I have just received a letter which incomprehensibly contains nothing about Püttmann. If you agree to Püttmann looking after the publishing side, I shall write to him immediately I hear from you and pass everything on to him. Also, please tell me how matters stand with the fee from the *Rheinische Jahrbuch;* in a few days I shall send something to Freiligrath. In this case I don't care so much about the money, but I would like to know in advance how I stand.

Your translation of Shelley and Coleridge in Pfizer's *Blätter*[a] I have read with pleasure[62]; today I shall finish Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* and shall send it also to him. This splendid poem is written in a spirit which is still more akin than Byron to Droste's works. These continue to give me great pleasure and I thank you for them once more.

With the assurance of my sincere respect I commend myself to your kind remembrance.

Yours most truly,

Fr. Engels

Bremen, 2/7. 40

[a] *Blätter zur Kunde der Literatur des Auslands.—Ed.*

To Marie Engels

in Mannheim

Dear Marie,

Things will soon be too bad with you; you were going to write to me as soon as you arrived in Mannheim, and now I have been sitting here three weeks already and still no letter from you. If that goes on I shall have to make up my mind to write direct to Fräulein Jung so that you will be more or less made to prove your sisterly love for me.

I hope you are having better weather than we are, nothing but storm and rain, as in September and November. At sea ships are going down like flies which drop into a glass of water, and the Norderney steamer was barely able to get there. The day before yesterday I was in Bremerhaven, and there also it rained all morning. I was on the ships which take emigrants to America; they lie all together in the steerage, which is a large space as wide and long as the whole ship, the berths (that is what the beds are called) in sets of six side by side, and above them another six. There they all lie, men, women and children, and how horrible this stuffy place is, where there are often 200 people lying, especially during the first days of seasickness, you can well imagine. The air is in any case suffocating. Cabin passengers are better off, however, they have more room and a very elegantly furnished cabin. But when a storm breaks and the waves come over the ship, they are worse off; for the cabin has a glass skylight through which the light comes in; and when it is hit by a heavy wave, the glass comes ringing most politely into the cabin and the water after it. Then the whole cabin generally gets full of water, but the beds are so high that they remain dry. Just as

we were leaving again at midday a great three-master called *Marie,* like you, and coming from the island of Cuba, sailed into the roads. Because of the low tide it could not enter the port and anchored in the roads. We went close to it in our steamer, and took off the captain; but there were already beginning to be waves in the roads, and the ship pitched a little. At once all the ladies grew pale and made faces as if they were going to be drowned; we had a couple of pretty tailor's daughters on board to whom we behaved extremely gallantly, and with the straightest face in the world I made the geese believe the rolling and pitching would go on as far as Brake, which we were to reach only in an hour and a half. Unfortunately, however, it stopped again directly after Bremerhaven. Three unripe hats blew off into the water and were probably carried away to America, as well as a whole lot of empty wine and beer bottles. Apart from that I did not see much that was remarkable except a dead cat in the Weser which was making a voyage to the United States all on its own. I spoke to it, but it was rude enough not to reply.



Here you have a hasty sketch of Bremerhaven. On the left is the fort which guards the harbour, an old brick-built thing which the wind will soon blow over; next the locks through which ships are let into the harbour, which is a long narrow canal a little wider than the Wupper; behind that is the

town, and farther to the right the Geest, a kind of river, and the church spire above it in the air, that is the church which has yet to be built. On the right in the distance is Geestendorf.

A few days ago I made the acquaintance of a man whose father is a Frenchman born in America, his mother a German, he himself was born at sea and his native tongue, since he lives in Mexico, is Spanish. So what is his Fatherland?

We now have a complete stock of beer in the office; under the table, behind the stove, behind the cupboard, everywhere are beer bottles, and when the Old Man[a] is thirsty he borrows one and has it filled up again for us later. That is now done quite openly, the glasses stand on the table all day and a bottle nearby. In the right-hand corner are the empty bottles, in the left the full ones, next to them my cigars. It is really true, Marie, the young people are getting worse and worse every day, as Dr. Hantschke says; who would have thought 20 or 30 years ago of such terrible wickedness as drinking beer in the office?

What is most convenient for you, shall I pay the postage for our correspondence and frank my letters and also pay for yours, which you will then send unfranked? If you have already written before this letter arrives, I shall not write to you again until you write me a sensible, long letter in reply to this one.

Adieu.

With true love,

Your brother

Friedrich

Bremen, July 7, 40

[a] Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

Fortunately, this letter has again been left lying around and thus gives me the opportunity to reply to your letter, which has just arrived. "I wish I too could play as well as she does! If I practise very hard, I shall get that far too?" You? Play a sonata of 20 pages? Goose that you are! Schornstein would, of course, be pleased. What wishes have I for Christmas? I have lost my cigar case, and if I don't find it soon, can you make a new one for me? Thank Ada[a] for her greetings and greet her heartily from me; tell her she is the first to call me amiable, and I am not at all a cousin, but at most her very respectful kinsman.—When you write again, don't address the letter to Treviranus, as I then get it later, but to F. E., Bremen, Martini No. 11. Then it will be brought to me in the office.

Farewell.[b]

Yours,
Friedrich

Bremen, July 9, 1840

To Marie Engels

in Mannheim

Dear Marie,

Now I must tell you at once that for the future I shall not stand for any lessons from your pen. You must not think, my dearest little goose, that now you are at a boarding-school you can at once try to be wise and, besides, if I want any, I can get piles of books full of good instructions from the

[a] Adeline Engels.—*Ed.*

[b] Written in English in the original.—*Ed.*

Pastor.[a] The beer stays in our office until it has been drunk, and since your arguing against it our beer trade has only improved, for we have firstly brown ale and secondly pale ale. That's what comes of saucy little boarding-school misses interfering in the affairs of their gentlemen brothers.

So I shall not frank my letters. Only address yours: Herr F. E. in Bremen, that is enough. But leave the parson out of the address. Recently, from July 27th to 30th, we celebrated the July revolution which broke out ten years ago in Paris; we spent one evening in the town-hall cellar and the others in Richard Roth's tavern. The fellow is still not back. There we drank the finest Laubenheimer in the world and smoked cigars—if you had seen them you would have learnt to smoke just for their sake. My cigar case has still not turned up again. Also, an acquaintance of mine[b] has come back, who has been in Pinselfahnien and Kaltermoria and has seen Mister Sippi (this should read Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Missisippi). This fellow is from Solingen, and the Solingen people are the most unfortunate in the world, for they cannot get rid of their Solingen German. The lad still says: *im Sohmer is es sehr schön Wätter,*[c] and for Karoline he always says Kalinah.

It is sad, I have barely a groat left in my pocket and a mass of debts, both my own and cigar-shop debts. Now I am being pestered by the man from whom I bought plums for you, which I have not yet paid for, and the bookbinder has not been paid yet, then the three months after which I had to pay for the cigars I bought have long gone by, and

[a] Georg Gottfried Treviranus.—*Ed.*

[b] Höller.—*Ed.*

[c] Dialectical pronunciation of *im Sommer ist es sehr schönes Wetter* (in summer the weather is very fine).—*Ed.*

Strücker does not send bills of exchange, and the Pastor is away travelling and cannot give me any money. But tomorrow he will be back, and then I shall put six louis d'or in my purse, and when I have eaten three groats' worth of cake in a coffee-house I shall throw a double pistole on the counter: "Can you give me change?" And then he will say, "Unfortunately not", then I shall turn out all my pockets for the three groats and go out of the door proud of my double pistoles. When I am back in the office I shall toss a pistole on the ginger-headed junior's desk: "Derkhiem, see if you can get change", and the fellow will be extremely happy, for it gives him an opportunity to stay away from the office for an hour and to lounge around, which innocent pleasure he likes very much. For small change is very scarce here, and anyone who has five talers' worth of change in his pocket is vastly content.

Recently, a pricelessly funny incident occurred here. In the paper there was an advertisement for a cook. A sturdy girl comes into the editorial office and says[a]: "*Hört Se mol, do hebb' ick in der Zeitung lesen, dat se 'ne Köksche sökt.*"[b] "*Jowol,*"[c] says the clerk. "*Wat mot de wol können?*"[d] asks the girl. "*Jo, de mot Kloveer speelen un danzen un Französch, un singen, un neien un sticken—dat mot se all können.*"[e] "*Donnerslag,*" says the girl, "*dat kann eck nit.*"[f] But when she sees

[a] The following conversation is in Low German.—*Ed.*

[b] "Listen, I have read in the paper that you are looking for a cook."—*Ed.*

[c] "Yes, indeed."—*Ed.*

[d] "What must she be able to do?"—*Ed.*

[e] "Well, she must play the piano and dance and speak French, and sing, and sew, and embroider—she must be able to do all that."—*Ed.*

[f] "Blast it, I can't do that."—*Ed.*

the whole office laughing, she asks: "*Se wêt mek wol tom besten hebben? Donnerslag, ick lote mi nich mokeeren!*"[a] And with that she goes for the clerk and wants to give him a good hiding; of course, she was gently put outside the door. The other day the Old Man[b] threw a driver out of the door. The fellow wanted Prussian gold and would not take louis d'or at the rate of $5\,^5/_{12}$ talers. We were having a row with him, when the Old Man came in: "What is going on here, confound it", and took the fellow by the chest and threw him in the gutter. Thereupon the driver came quietly back and said: "*So wer et nich meent, jetz will eck de Lujedor woll nehmen.*"[c]

At the moment I have no envelope for my letter except this scribbled-over coffee bill, which will surely be welcome to you as a true coffee-sister.

Farewell[d] and write soon

to your brother
Friedrich

Bremen, Aug. 4, 40

To Marie Engels

in Mannheim

My very dear *Sœur,*[e]

I have just received your letter, and since I have nothing to do at the moment, I shall scribble you

[a] "Are you trying to make a fool of me? I don't let people make fun of me, blast it!"—*Ed.*

[b] Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

[c] "I did not mean it like that, I will take the louis d'or now all right."—*Ed.*

[d] Written in English in the original.—*Ed.*

[e] Sister.—*Ed.*

a few lines. Our office has been considerably improved. Up to now it was always very annoying to have to dash straight to the desk from a meal, when you are so dreadfully lazy, and to remedy this we have fixed up two very fine hammocks in the packing-house loft and there we swing after we have eaten, smoking a cigar, and sometimes having a little doze. I am convinced you will find this arrangement most suitable. Today I also had a letter from Roth, he will be back next Sunday [after] an absence of 4 months. So that you know: 1,700 marks banco at 137 per cent are 776 talers 24 groats louis d'or. I have checked it, it is quite correct. Herewith an engraving. An old connoisseur of wines who has





been given sour wine to drink. The one next to him is the commercial traveller from whom he bought the sour wine. I will also draw you a picture of the hair style for young gentlemen here:



The fellows look like calves

Confound it! When I had written this I went home to eat, and when I came back I lit a cigar to lie down in the hammock. But it immediately broke down under me and when I went to hammer new nails in, the infamous Derkhiem called me, and now I can't get away from the office again.

Thank God, I did have my siesta after all. I stole out of the office and took cigars and matches with me and ordered beer; then I went to the upper packing-house loft and lay down in the hammock and swung very gently. Then I went to the middle packing-house loft and packed two cases of *platillas,* and at the same time I consumed a cigar and a bottle of beer and sweated profusely, for it is so warm today that in spite of barely having got rid of a cold I want to go swimming in the Weser again. The other day I bathed and had a fellow row after me, and thus I swam four times across the Weser in one go, which no one in Bremen will so easily imitate.

Confound it! For two reasons: first, it is raining, second, my amiable young principal[a] simply will

[a] Wilhelm Leupold.—*Ed.*

not leave the office, and so I must let my cigar go out again. But I will chase him away all right. Do you know how I do it? I go into the kitchen and call out very loud: "Kristine, a cork-screw!" Then I open a bottle of beer and pour out a glass for myself. If then he has but half a groat's worth of honour in him, he must go out, for that means as much as "Be off, Don Guillermo!"

So you now speak English so splendidly? Just wait, when you come home again I will teach you Danish or Spanish so that you can speak with me in a language the others don't understand. *Danske Sprag fagre Sprag, y el Español es lengua muy hermosa.*[a] Or would you prefer Portuguese? *O portugues he huma lengoa muito graçosa, e os Portuguezes saõ naçaõ muito respeitavel.*[b] But since you have not yet got so far I will spare you that.

Here you can see my hammock, containing myself, smoking a cigar.



[a] Danish is a charming language, and Spanish is a most beautiful language.—*Ed.*

[b] Portuguese is a most graceful language, and the Portuguese are a most respectable nation.—*Ed.*

I have just heard that another 500 cases of sugar, that is, 250,000 lbs., have been sold. That can sweeten many a cup of coffee. Who knows whether the sugar in your cup won't come from the same case from which I had to take samples! But all your sugar on the Rhine comes from Holland, where it is made from *lumps,* lumps of sugar, not of cotton-rag.

Soon there will be big manoeuvres in Falkenberg, three hours from here, where the Bremen, Hamburg, Lübeck and Oldenburg troops, a whole regiment all together, will show their tricks. They are poor, pathetic things, three of them together have not as much moustache as I have when I have not had a shave for three days; one can count every thread in their coats and they have no sabres, but *Speckääle.* A *Speckaal* is a smoked eel, but in soldiers' language it is a leather scabbard for the bayonet which they carry instead of a sabre. For if they put the bayonet on the end of the rifle, these poor creatures would be very likely to run each other through the mug with it when they were marching, so they are sensible enough to carry it on their backs. They are miserable fellows, *Kashubs* and *Ledshaks.*

I just can't think what else to write about.
God knows, my matter's melted all away,
Yet I must fill this page up anyway,
Although it takes me pliers to pull it out;
And since by writing verses one can say
Little, and make it go a long, long way,
I end with rhyming doggerel, though I fear
That Pegasus, outraged, will surely rear
And throw me forcibly upon the sand.
The sun is setting. Darkling lies the land,

Save where through Western cloud-veils, bright and clear
Blazes the sunset's incandescent brand.
It is a solemn, holy fire up there,
Flaming upon the tombstone of a day
That brought us many a thing so loved and dear,
Now dead and gone from us. The night holds sway
And gently draws her star-shot mantle over
Earth's territories, near and far away.
And silence reigns. Birds in their nests seek cover,
Beasts hide in brushwood on the forest floor.
The midges' dizzy evening dance is over;
Closed for the night is Life's enchanting door.
As on the Third one of the Seven Days,
When only trees had been created for
Earth's ornament, and beasts were yet to graze
In the green fields—so, 'midst the leaves again
Only the wind intones his hoary lays.
It is the Almighty's Spirit, who doth rain
On Earth a torrent of tremendous song.
He drives the storm on wings of cloud and rain,
He blows eternally, forever young,
But me, I've puffed the rhymes out of my lungs.

Full stop. If you understand it you are educated and can put a word in.

Adios, yours,
Friedrich

Bremen, Aug. 20, 40.

Aug. 25. Roth came back the day before yesterday.

To Marie Engels

in Mannheim

[Bremen] Sept. 18, 1840

My most precious!

At the moment the equinoctial gales are raging frightfully; in our house a window was blown in last night and the trees are creaking most pitiably. Tomorrow and the day after there will be news of shipwrecks coming in! The Old Man[a] is standing by the window and pulling a wry face because the day before yesterday a ship went to sea in which he has 3,000 talers' worth of linen which is not insured. You don't say anything about the letter to Ida[b] which I enclosed in my previous letter; or did I forget to put it in?—I am now really staying here till Easter, which for various reasons is most welcome to me. So Ida has gone now; that will be very awkward for you.

We have quite a good camp here too, almost 3,000 men strong, Oldenburg, Bremen, Lübeck and Hamburg troops. I went there the other day, it was great fun. Right in front of the tent (a tavern owner has put up a big refreshments tent) sat a Frenchman, he was quite sozzled and could no longer stand on his feet. The waiters hung a big wreath round him, and he began to shout: Wreathe in gree-en the flo-owing bowl.[c] Afterwards they dragged him to the mortuary, that is, the hayloft, where he stayed on his back and fell asleep. When he was sober again, he borrowed a horse from somebody, mounted it

[a] Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*
[b] Ida Engels.—*Ed.*
[c] Matthias Claudius, *Rheinweinlied.*—*Ed.*

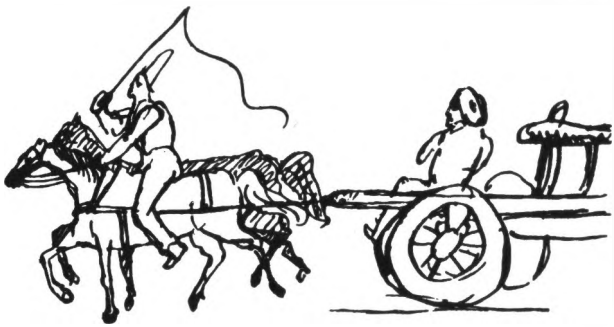
and kept galloping up and down the camp. All the time he was on the point of falling off most agreeably. We had plenty of good fun there and especially fine wine. Last Sunday I rode to Vegesack, during which tour I had the pleasure of being drenched with rain four times, but I had so much inner heat that every time I dried immediately. But I had a dreadful horse with a terribly hard trot so that one's bones were jarred to the marrow.—At this moment another 6 bottles of beer are being carried in for us, and they will at once enter upon the process of being lit—I was thinking of cigars, that should read of being emptied.—One bottle I have almost finished already and with it I smoked a cigar; presently, our Don Guillermo,[a] the young principal, will go out again, and then we shall start anew.

Sept. 19, 1840. You have a more boring life than we do. Yesterday afternoon there was no more work to do, and the Old Man was out, and Wilhelm Leupold did not show up often either. So I lit a cigar, first wrote the above to you, then took Lenau's *Faust* from my desk and read some of it. Afterwards I drank a bottle of beer and at half past seven went to Roth's; we went off to the Club, I read Raumer's *Geschichte der Hohenstaufen* and then ate beefsteak and cucumber salad. At half past ten I went home and read Diez's *Grammatik der romanischen Sprachen* until I felt sleepy. Moreover, tomorrow is Sunday again and Wednesday is a day of penance and prayer in Bremen, and so we carry on gradually into the winter. This winter I shall take dancing lessons with Eberlein so as to accustom my stiff legs to a little graceful movement.

[a] Wilhelm Leupold.—*Ed.*



Here you have a scene in the Schlachte, i.e., the street which has the Weser on one side and where the goods are unloaded. The fellow with the whip is the waggoner who is about to drive away the sacks of coffee lying in the background; the fellow with the sack on the right is the Schlachte pirate who is loading them on the cart; by his side a cooper who has just taken a sample and is still holding it in his hand, and next to him is the bargeman from whose barge the sacks were unloaded. You won't be able to deny that these figures are most interesting. When the waggoner drives he mounts the horse without saddle, stirrup or spurs, and keeps digging his heels into its ribs, like this:



Now it is raining again quite improperly for a Saturday evening, it should really rain only during the week, but from midday Saturday it should be fine. Do you know what superfine medium good ordinary Domingo coffee is? That again is one of those profound concepts which occur in the philosophy of the commercial profession and which your mental powers cannot understand. Superfine medium good ordinary Domingo coffee is coffee from the Island of Haiti which has a slight touch of green, is otherwise grey, and in which with ten good beans you get into the bargain four bad ones, six bits of stone and an eighth of an ounce of dirt, dust, etc. Now you will have grasped it. One pound of this now costs $9^{1}/_{2}$ groats, that is 4 silver groschen and $8^{123}/_{137}$ pfennigs. I should not really betray these trade secrets, since one does not tell tales out of school, but because it is you I shall make an exception.—Just now our workman is saying: *Herr Derkhiem, wann Se sek met de Jungens gemein mokt, so mêt Se sek en beten mehr en Respekt hohlen, sons krigt Se dat Volk ganz unner de Föte, Heinrich, dat es en slimmen Jung, do hebb' ick manch' en Tuck med har'd, Se met nich so veel domet speelen, Se möt se gliks wat achter de Ohren geven, anners helpt nich, un wann Se no'n Ohlen goht, de dait de Jungens ok nix, de segt man blot*[a]: Don't bother me with the fellow. There you can practise our Low German a little. For the rest I am your most devoted

Friedrich

Bremen, 19. 9. 40

[a] Herr Derkhiem, if you make yourself cheap with the boys you must have a bit more self-respect, otherwise they will walk over you. That Heinrich, he is a bad lad, I have had a lot of trouble with him, you must not play so much with him but immediately give him a smack behind the ears, there is no help for it, and if you go to the Old Man, he won't do anything to the boys but only say. . . . —*Ed.*

To Marie Engels

in Mannheim

Dear Marie,

Next time don't write to me via Barmen again; Mother leaves the letters lying there until she writes herself, and that is often a long time. But what I wanted to write to you—only you must not write this home, for I want to surprise them with it next spring—I now have an enormous moustache and shall presently add to it a Henry IV and goatee beard. Mother will wonder when suddenly such a long, black-bearded fellow comes across the lawn. Next year, when I go to Italy, I too must look like an Italian.

This is written by little Sophie Leupold who has just been to visit me in the office, while the Old Man[a] and Eberlein, who eats here in the house, are at a big dinner. Oh, I could tell you interesting things about this dinner, of engagements which are not yet public and of stolen kisses, but that is not for a girl in a boarding-school. You will learn it soon enough when we are back at home. Then I shall sit in the garden and you'll bring me a big mug of beer and a sausage sandwich, and then I shall say: See, my dear sister, because you have brought the beer out to me and because it is such a fine summer evening, I will tell you of a big dinner which was celebrated in the year 1840, on the twenty-ninth of the month of October, in Bremen, Martini number eleven, in the Royal Saxon Consulate. But now I can tell you only this much, that quite enormous quantities of Madeira, Port, Pouillac, Haut Sauternes, and Rhine wine will be drunk this lunchtime. For although there are only five gentle-

[a] Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

men, they are all very good drinkers, almost as good as I.—At the moment there is a Free Market here, and although I have not the honour to be introduced to Her Royal Highness, a Grand Duchess, and many Most Serene Princesses, we still have our fun. I am fortunately so short-sighted that I do not even know what the several exalted, more exalted, and most exalted personages look like who had the honour to drive past me. When next time such a most gracious lady is introduced to you, do tell me whether she is pretty, otherwise such personages don't interest me at all. Our noble town-hall cellar is now so well fitted out it couldn't be better; you sit so comfortably between the barrels. Last Sunday we had a moustache evening there. For I had sent out a circular to all moustache-capable young men that it was finally time to horrify all philistines, and that that could not be done better than by wearing moustaches. Everyone with the courage to defy philistinism and wear a moustache should therefore sign. I had soon collected a dozen moustaches, and then the 25th of October, when our moustaches would be a month old, was fixed as the day for a common moustache jubilee. But I had a shrewd idea what would happen, bought a little moustache wax and took it with me; it was then found that one had a truly very fine but unfortunately quite white moustache, while another had been instructed by his principal to hack the criminal thing off. Enough, that evening we had to have at least a few, and those who had none had to paint themselves one. Then I got up and proposed the following toast:

> Moustaches always were the pride
> Of gallant gentlemen far and wide.
> Brave soldiers faced their country's foes
> In brown or black mustachios.

So, in these times of martial glory,
Moustaches are obligatory.
Philistines shirk the burden of bristle
By shaving their faces as clean as a whistle.
We are not philistines, so we
Can let our mustachios flourish free.
Long life to every Christian
Who bears his moustaches like a man.
And may all philistines be damned
For having moustaches banished and banned.

To this doggerel glasses were clinked with great enthusiasm, and then somebody else got up. His principal would not give him a key, and so he had to be home by ten o'clock, or he would not be let in. That is the plight of many a poor devil here. He said:

A plague befall
Principals all
Who won't hand over the key of the door.
May flies and strands of hair infest
Their supper plates for evermore
And may their nights give them no rest.

Thereupon there was more clinking of glasses. So it continued until ten o'clock, then those without keys had to leave, but we, the fortunate ones with keys, remained seated and ate oysters. I ate eight, but could not manage any more, I still don't enjoy the things.

Since you are so fond of calculations and even want to reward me for them with the Order of the Yellow Envelope, I shall graciously regale you with the remark that Courant now stands at $106\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, while a year ago it stood at 114. The louis

d'or are falling so that anyone here in Bremen who had a million talers a year ago now only has 900,000, that is, 100,000 talers less. Isn't that tremendous?

You still don't write me anything of the screed for Ida,[a] did you get it and have you passed it on or not? It would be awkward for me if I had not sent it and it had been left lying around and got into the hands of the Old Man.[b] So write to me and make it the long six-page letter you promised me. I shall return the compliment. Here on the envelope you shall again be regaled with a few calculations which you may take to heart. That I had to copy this letter out again is the fault of Herr Timoleon Miesegans in Bremen, the same one whom the Old Man once threw out of the house two years ago. Your respectful and devoted

Friedrich

Bremen, Oct. 29, 1840.

To Wilhelm Graeber

in Barmen

Bremen, Nov. 20, 1840

My dear Wilhelm,

It is now at least six months since you wrote to me. What shall I say to such a friend? You don't write, your brother[c] does not write, Wurm does not write, Grel does not write, Heuser does not write, not a line from W. Blank, I am still less aware of

[a] Ida Engels.—*Ed.*
[b] Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*
[c] Friedrich Graeber.—*Ed.*

anything from Plümacher, *sacré tonnerre*,[a] what am I to say? When I last wrote to you, my roll of tobacco still weighed seven pounds, now there is barely a cubic inch of it left, and still no reply. Instead you lead a gay life in Barmen—wait, you fellows, as if I didn't know of every glass of beer that you have since drunk, whether you drank it in one draught or several.

You in particular should be ashamed to inveigh against my political truths, you political sleepyhead. If you are left to sit quietly in your rural parsonage, for you will hardly expect a higher position, and to go out for a walk every evening with Frau Pastor and eventually with the young little Pastors and nobody fires off a cannon-ball under your nose, you are blissfully happy and don't trouble yourself about the sinful F. Engels who argues against the established order. Oh you heroes! But you will yet be drawn into politics, the current of the times will come flooding over your idyllic household, and then you will stand like the oxen before the mountain. Activity, life, youthful spirit, that is the real thing!

By now you will already have heard of the grandiose fun stirred up here by our mutual friend Krummacher. It is now practically over, but it was a bad business. The Panielites formed up in battalions, stormed the militia arsenal and marched through the town with a large tricolour. They sang: "Free is the life we lead" and "Vivat Paniel, long live Paniel, Paniel is a worthy man!" The Krummacherians gathered in the Cathedral precincts, occupied the town hall, where the Senate was just in session, and plundered the armoury. Armed with halberds and spiked clubs they formed a square in the Cathedral precincts, aimed the two cannons which stand

[a] Confound it.—*Ed.*

near the main guard post (though they had no powder) at Obernstrasse, from which the Panielites were coming, and so awaited the enemy. But when the latter arrived in front of the cannons, they entered the market from the other side, and occupied it. The 600-strong cavalry occupied the Grasmarkt, directly opposite the Krummacherians, and awaited the command to charge. At this point Burgomaster Smidt came out of the town hall. He stopped between the parties, planting his feet firmly on the stone on which Gottfried, a woman guilty of poisoning, was executed and which stands exactly half an inch above the pavement, and, turning to the Krummacherians, said: "You men of Israel!" Then he turned to the Panielites: "*Ἄνδρες Ἀθηναιοι!*"[a] Then turning, now to the right, now to the left, he made the following speech: "Since Krummacher is an alien, it is not fitting that a quarrel which he has stirred up should be fought out within our good town. Therefore, I suggest to the honoured parties that they repair to the Burghers' Common, which offers a most suitable terrain for such scenes."

This was approved, and the parties marched out by different gates, after Paniel had armed himself with Roland's stone shield and sword. The supreme command over the Krummacherians, who were 6,239 1/2 men strong, was taken over by Pastor Mallet, who took part in the campaign of 1813; he ordered powder to be bought and a few small cobbles to be taken along to load the cannons. Arriving on the Burghers' Common, Pastor Mallet gave orders to occupy the churchyard which adjoins it and is surrounded by a wide ditch. He mounted the memorial to Gottfried Menken and ordered the cannons to be driven on to the cemetery mound.

[a] "Men of Athens!" — *Ed.*

But for want of horses it had not been possible to bring out the cannons. In the meantime it was nine o'clock in the evening and pitch dark. The armies bivouacked, Paniel in Schwachhausen, a village, Mallet in the suburb. The headquarters was in the riding school before the Herdentor, which, however, was already occupied by a troup of exhibition riders; but when Pastor Kohlmann of Horn held an evening service in the school, the riders ran away. This happened on October 17th. In the morning of the 18th, the two armies took the field. Paniel, who had 4,267 3/4 foot and 1,689 1/4 horse, attacked. A column of infantry led by Paniel himself attacked Mallet's first battle-line, which consisted of the pupils of his catechism class and a few women zealots. When three old women had been speared and six catechumens shot, the battalion scattered and was driven by Paniel into the roadside ditch. On Paniel's right wing stood Pastor Capelle with three cavalry squadrons formed by young office employees, who outflanked Mallet and attacked him from behind; he occupied the suburb and deprived Mallet of his operational base. Paniel's left wing, under the command of Pastor Rothe, advanced on the Horn highway and pressed the Young Men's Union, who did not know how to handle halberds, back on the main body of Mallet's army. Then we, six of us, heard the shooting in the fencing lesson and rushed out in fencing jackets, gloves, masks and helmets; the gate was locked, an attack on the guard gave us the keys, and so we arrived on the scene of the battle, rapier in hand. Richard Roth of Barmen re-formed the scattered Young Men's Union, while Höller of Solingen threw himself into a house with the remnants of the catechumens; three others and I unseated a few Panielites from their horses, mounted them and, supported by the Young Men's Union,

threw back the enemy cavalry; Mallet's main army advanced, our rapiers spread cartes, tierces, terror and death, and in half an hour the rationalists were destroyed. Now Mallet came to thank us, and when we saw for whom we had been fighting, we looked at each other in astonishment.

Se non è vero, è come spero ben trovato.[a] But now write soon! And urge Wurm to write to me.

Fr. Engels

To Marie Engels

in Mannheim

Most humble letter of thanks of F. Engels,
who has most graciously been awarded
the Order of the Yellow Envelope

Your Ladyship! Most respected Fräulein!

Your most obedient servant, whom Your Ladyship has most graciously condescended to invest most undeservedly with the Order of the Yellow Envelope, fails not most humbly to lay his most devoted thanks at Your Most Noble Highness' exalted feet.

Nor could the same most obedient servant fail to admire the supreme grace with which Your Most Noble Highness allowed the covering note to reach Your most submissive servant open and accessible to all the world* so that everybody could convince himself of the lofty favour which Your Exalted gen-

* I received your letter open. The wretched wafer had come off.—*Note by Engels.*

[a] If it is not true, I trust it is well invented.—*Ed.*

tleness and comprehensive wisdom have condescended to accord to me.

In conclusion, in most profound submission before Your Most Noble Highness, Your humble and most obedient servant commends himself to Your most gracious memory.

Fr. Engels

Bremen, Dec. 6, 1840

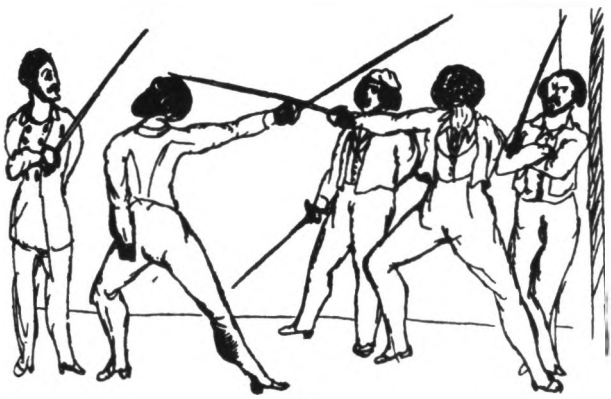
Dear Marie,

To fall out of the style which I chose for the first page of this letter, I am not in the least grateful to you for the poor wafers with which you seal your letters and which come off halfway. It is all the same to me which Order of the Envelope you want to honour me with, but for goodness' sake stick a proper seal on them so that the thing does not come apart by the time it gets to Mainz. The day before yesterday, or was it yesterday, I am not sure, it was Anna's[a] birthday, I celebrated it yesterday in Schwachhausen with a cup of coffee, cost me six groats, is that not brotherly love? Last Saturday week, when I became 20, I celebrated my birthday with a toothache and a swollen cheek, which was fiendishly painful. You will also have heard that Napoleon's body has arrived in France,[63] hey, that is going to be a row! I wish I were in Paris now, what fun! Do you read the newspaper? Did you believe there was going to be a war? What do you think of the Guizot–Soult Ministry? Do you also sing the bad song: "They shall not have it"[b]? while, if you have good eyes, you can see the French border

[a] Anna Engels.—*Ed.*

[b] Here Engels gave the first notes of the song *Der deutsche Rhein* by Nikolaus Becker, but crossed them out again.—*Ed.*

on the other side of the Rhine. We now have fencing lessons, I fence four times a week, today again at midday too. On the other side of the page you can see how I lay about me.



Dec. 8th. Yesterday I had a hellish lot to do, and this morning too. Now I shall close this letter to you, and then I hope I shall be able to have a cup of coffee. Listen, for Christmas make me a new cigar case, in black, red and gold,[a] those are the only colours I like.

> Oh, red as love then be our brethren's token,
> And pure as gold the purpose of our quest,
> And that in death our spirit be not broken,
> Black be the riband worn around the breast.

From a banned student song. Here some blockheads have founded an association where they make speeches, and I am to be a guest and *nolens volens*

[a] Colours symbolising the unity of Germany.—*Ed.*

make a speech. Oh dear, that will be a fine do! Incidentally, I can preach very well even without having studied beforehand, and when it is a matter of lying, there is no stopping me, I go on and on. If I were in the Landtag I would let nobody else get a word in.—Now I have had my portrait painted, with my moustache, and so that you can see what I look like, I copy the picture:



You see, I was painted when I was furious because the cigar would not draw. At that moment I looked so intelligent that the painter[a] implored me to let myself be painted like that. I put aside all the bad cigars and smoked one of the awful things at every sitting. That was the worst torment for me.

Be glad that you have nothing to do with sample boxes! It is first-class stupidity and muddle, there you can stand all day by the open window in the packing-house loft in this cold weather and pack linen, it is something dreadful, and in the end nothing comes of it but nonsense.

[a] G. W. Feistkorn.—*Ed.*

My dear sister, I am your devoted



Friedrich

December 9, 1840

To Marie Engels

in Mannheim

[Bremen] Dec. 21, 40

Dear Marie,

I cannot refrain from thanking you for the beautiful cigar case—the only thing wrong with it is that it is not black, red and gold. It accidentally came into my possession already today and was put to use at once.—Here it has been terribly cold, through the whole of December it has been freezing without interruption and it is still freezing. The Weser is

frozen from here to Vegesack, four hours from here, which looks most remarkable. Recently some people from Barmen were here, and we had a jolly good time, visited all the taverns, kept the glasses going and at times felt a bit tipsy. Enclosed you will find a demand note[a] from my former Spanish teacher; if you can understand it I'll make you a present of a new hat. Perhaps there is somebody in your boarding-school who understands so much Spanish, and here the thing is getting in my way.—I must say, I hardly know what to write to you; a sugar refinery has burnt down here, and the Old Man[b] will not leave the office, although I am really dying for a cigar.

23rd. Yesterday evening we were having a fencing lesson when the nice news came that there was another fire and this time in Neustadt. We went there out of a sense of duty, and when we got there it was already out. That is what one gets for one's trouble. You should always stay nicely at home until it is burning under your nose. Mother has sent me for Christmas an order for Goethe's collected works[64]; I went at once yesterday to fetch the first volumes that have appeared and last night read the *Wahlverwandtschaften* till midnight with great enjoyment. He is a fellow, Goethe! If you wrote German as he does I would excuse you from all foreign languages. Incidentally, it is quite unnecessary for you to leave a margin when you write to me, the octavo pages are narrow enough as it is, and I will not hear of this comfortable way of writing pages full and not writing much. Please note! says Professor Hantschke.

[a] The "demand note" was written in Spanish as a joke by Engels himself.—*Ed.*

[b] Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

24th. You will now be in tremendous excitement, I can imagine, and in grand hopes. I am curious what will come of it. You will, of course, acquaint me by the first post with this important proceeding? I shall see that it gets into the newspaper here at once.



Here, in passing, are a few strokes, flourishes and signatures, with which I proved the skill of my hand to my junior,[a] who prides himself on his rectangular strokes.

Dec. 28th. The Weser is now completely frozen over, so that people are driving on it in coaches. I believe one could skate as far as Vegesack, which is five hours by the Weser. In the afternoon all the *beau monde* goes for walks on it and the ladies slide

[a] Wilhelm Leupold.—*Ed.*

on the ice so as to be lifted off by the gentlemen, which always gives them great pleasure. The trees look as if they were made of snow, they are so thickly covered with a white crust.—The Pastor's wife[a] has embroidered a black, red and gold purse for me for Christmas and Marie[b] has made me a black, red and gold tassel for my pipe, which is smashing. Today we have 9 degrees below freezing-point, what a life! I like nothing better than this cold, ineffective sun which rises over the winter-hard earth. No clouds in the sky, no dirt on the earth, everything as hard and solid as steel and diamond. The air is not so flabby and consumptive as in summer, you feel it now when you go out of doors. The whole town is full of glaciers, people no longer walk, they fall from one street into the other. Now one can't help noticing that it is winter. I hope that in Mannheim, among other useful accomplishments, you will also learn to skate, so that you don't come home a shivering, stay-at-home, not-to-be-moved-out-of-doors little lady, which I refuse to stand for. But if you do arrive afraid of the cold I shall tie you on a sleigh, put a burning sponge in the horses' ears and chase you like that out into the open. Or I'll tie skates under you and carry you out to the middle of the pond and leave you to crawl on your own.

My very dear sister, if my hopes are not disappointed you will get this letter on New Year's Day. On this holiday, greatly looked forward to by me and you too, I imagine, I wish you everything you desire, since this wish costs me nothing, and hope that your wishes for me will be at least equally Christian. May Mannheim be as much to your liking in the New Year as, to judge by your letters, it

[a] Mathilde Treviranus.—*Ed.*
[b] Marie Treviranus.—*Ed.*

was in the old. (This I write in case this letter has first to be censored before it comes into your hands.)

Yours,
Friedrich

Bremen, Dec. 28, 40

To Marie Engels

in Mannheim

Dear Marie,

This time you shall get a really heavy letter. At first I even wanted to write to you on cardboard so that you would have to fork out quite a sum for postal charges, but unfortunately I could not get a piece with a smooth surface and so I must write on the heaviest paper to be found in our paper store. If you don't know what a *Paukstunde* is that proves that in culture you have remained shamefully backward, but that you did not see it from the enclosed drawing proves also natural dullness, and one sees that not only the hops of education but even the malt of mother wit are lost on you. In your bad German a *Paukstunde* is the same as a fencing lesson. I have now also acquired a couple of rapiers and gloves, the only gloves I have, for I don't care for kid-gloves, etc.

Concerning the *Stabat mater dolorosa*[65] et cetera, it occurs to me, please look up whether this thing was composed by Pergolese. If so, please get me if possible a copy of the score; if instruments are included, I don't need them, only the voices. But if it is by Palestrina or somebody else I don't need it. The day after tomorrow we are going to perform

Paulus by Mendelssohn, the best oratorio written since Handel's death. You will know it. I go to the theatre only rarely since the local one is terribly bad; I go occasionally, only when a new play is being shown, or a good opera I don't know yet.

Since my last letter we have had a fine flood here. At Treviranus' the water stood 12 to 14 inches deep in my room, and I had to flee to the Old Man,[a] who with his usual kindness accommodated me for nearly a fortnight. But then the fun really started properly. There was a foot and a half of water at the front door, and to prevent it getting into the cellar, which has a hatch, we walled this up with cow-dung. But the malicious water then flowed from the neighbour's cellar into ours through the wall, and so that it should not drown our fine barrels of rum and our potatoes, and above all the Old Man's well-stocked wine cellar, we had to pump day and night for four nights running, and I pumped through all four of them. Wilhelm Leupold and I usually stayed up together, sat on the settee behind the table, with a few bottles of wine, sausage and a big piece of the finest Hamburg smoked meat on the table. We smoked, talked and pumped every half hour. It was most entertaining. At five o'clock the Old Man would come and relieve one of us. There were some touching incidents during the flood. In a house outside the town which was full of water up to the ground floor windows, people suddenly saw an enormous host of rats swimming along, which went in through the windows and occupied the whole house. Besides, there was no man in the house, only a lot of females terrified of rats, so that in spite of their fear, the delicate ladies had to resolve to attack the wild horde with sabres and

[a] Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

sticks, etc. In a house lying quite close to the Weser the office clerks were just sitting at breakfast when a large block of ice came drifting along, charged through the wall and poked its immodest head into the room, followed by a good portion of water. Now I shall tell you a piece of news. You remember that I wrote you once very mysteriously about a big dinner given in the Royal Saxon Consulate at which great secrets were broached. Now I can tell you that the person who was the guest of honour at that dinner was the *dame souveraine des pensées,* the *donna amada mais que la vida*[a] of my second principal, the above-mentioned Wilhelm Leupold. During the flood he told me officially that his engagement would be announced at Easter, and I tell you this relying on your discretion; but you must not breathe a word about it, as it will only be made public at Easter. You see how I trust you, for if you talked about it, it could spread here to Bremen in three days, since there are gossiping females everywhere. And then I would be in a fine fix.—The name of W. Leupold's fiancée is Therese Meyer, daughter of the Stick-Meyer in Hamburg; he is called Stick-Meyer because he has a walking-stick factory by which he has made a pile of money. She wears a blue spencer and a light-coloured dress, is 17 years old and as slim as you, if you have not put on weight in Mannheim. She is not even confirmed yet, isn't that terrible?

Today I have shaved my moustache off again and buried the youthful corpse with much wailing. I look like a woman; it is shameful; and if I had known that without a moustache I should look such a sight I would not have hacked it off. As I stood

[a] Supreme lady of thoughts, the lady loved more than life.—*Ed.*

before the mirror, scissors in hand, and had shorn off the right side, the Old Man came into the office and had to laugh out loud, when he saw me with half a moustache. But now I shall let it grow again, for I cannot show myself anywhere. In the Academy of Singing I was the only one with a moustache and always used to laugh at the philistines who could not marvel enough that I had the audacity to go so unshaven into decent society. The ladies, incidentally, liked it very much, and so did the Old Man. Only last night at the concert six young dandies stood around me, all in tail-coats and kid-gloves, and I stood among them in an ordinary coat and without gloves. The fellows made remarks all evening about me and my bristling upper lip. The best of it is that three months ago nobody knew me here and now all the world does, just because of the moustache! Oh, the philistines!

Yours,

Friedrich

Bremen, Feb. 18, 41

To Friedrich Graeber

Reverend Sir *in spe,*

You have done me the favour, *habuerunt gratiam* of writing to me *mihi scribendi sc. literas. Multum gaudeo, tibi adjuvasse ad gratificationem triginta thalerorum, speroque, te ista gratificatione usum esse ad bibendum in sanitatem meam.* *Χαῖρε, Φύλαξ τοῦ Χριστιανισμοῦ, μεγας Στρανσσομαστιξ, ἄστρον της ὀρθοδοξιας παυσις της τῶν πιετιστων λυπης, βασιλευς της εξηγήσεως!;!;!*
בְּרֵאשִׁית בָּרָה אֱלֹהִים אֵת־הַשָּׁמַיִם וְאֵת־הָאָרֶץ

וְרוּחַ אֱלֹהִים[a] hovered over F. Graeber, when he did the impossible and proved that twice two are five. O great hunter of Straussians, I beseech you in the name of all orthodoxy to destroy the whole infamous nest of Straussians and to pierce all the half-hatched Straussian eggs with your St. George's lance. Sally forth into the desert of pantheism, brave dragon-slayer, engage Ruge *rugiens*[b] Leo, Ruge, who is wandering about looking for someone to devour, destroy the damned Straussian brood and plant the banner of the cross on the Sinai of speculative theology! Be moved by our entreaties, see, the faithful have now been waiting for five years for him who will crush the head of the Straussian snake. They have exhausted themselves, thrown stones and filth, yes, even dung at it, yet its poison-spurting head rises ever higher. Since you find it so easy to refute that all fine buildings collapse of their own accord, arise and refute *Das Leben Jesu* and the first volume of *Dogmatik*[c] for the danger is becoming more and more imminent; *Das Leben Jesu* has already gone through more editions than all the works of Hengstenberg and Tholuck put together and it is becoming common practice to throw everyone who is not a Straussian out of literature. And the *Hallische Jahrbücher* is the most widely read journal in North Germany, so widely read that His Prussian Majesty[d] can no

[a] Have done me the favour of writing to me a letter. I am very glad that I was able to help you get a gratuity of thirty talers and hope you have used the money to drink my health. Greetings, guardian of Christianity, great hunter of Straussians, star of orthodoxy, comforter of grieving pietists, King of Exegesis!;!;! In the beginning, God created Heaven and Earth, and the spirit of God....—*Ed.*

[b] Censuring.—*Ed.*

[c] The title of the main section of Volume I of Strauss' work *Die christliche Glaubenslehre in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung*....—*Ed.*

[d] Frederick William IV.—*Ed.*

longer ban it, however much he would like to. The banning of the *Hallische Jahrbücher*, which heaps the grossest insults on him every day, would change a million Prussians who do not yet know what they should think about the King into a million enemies overnight. And it is high time for you to act, otherwise you will be reduced to eternal silence by us despite the pious views of the King of Prussia. You should screw up a little more courage so that the battle can really begin. But you write in such a calm and detached fashion, as if the Orthodox-Christian shares stood at a premium of 100 per cent, as if the stream of philosophy flowed as calmly and peacefully between its ecclesiastical banks as it did in the time of the scholastics, as if the insolent earth had not thrust itself into a frightful eclipse between the moon of dogmatism and the sun of truth. Have you not noticed that the storm is raging through the forest and hurling down all the dead trees, that instead of the old *ad acta* devil, the critical-speculative devil has arisen and has an enormous following? We challenge you every day, insolently and derisively, to come out and fight; let it penetrate your thick skin for once—true it is 1,800 years old and has become somewhat leathery—and mount your warhorse. But all your Neanders, Tholucks, Nitzsches, Bleeks, Erdmanns, and whatever they're called, are such weak, sensitive fellows on whom daggers would seem ludicrous; they are all so quiet and cautious, so fearful of scandal, that you can't do anything with them. Hengstenberg and Leo do have some courage but Hengstenberg has been thrown from his saddle so often that he is quite crippled, and in the latest scuffle with the Hegelings, Leo had his beard plucked out altogether so that he cannot really show himself decently in public. In any case, Strauss has not compromised himself in the slightest

for if he still believed a couple of years ago that his *Leben Jesu* would not harm the church's teachings, he could, of course, without abandoning any of his principles, have read a "System of Orthodox Theology" in the same way as many an Orthodox Christian reads a "System of Hegelian Philosophy". But even if he really believed—as his *Leben Jesu* indicates—that dogmatism would not be harmed by his opinions, everyone knew in advance that he would soon abandon such ideas once he had begun to tackle dogmatism seriously. He says straight out in his *Dogmatik* what he thinks of the teaching of the church. However, it is a very good thing that he has moved to Berlin—this is where he ought to be and his spoken and written word can be more effective there than they would in Stuttgart.

The idea that I have gone to the dogs as a poet is being widely disputed and, in any case, Freiligrath refused to print my verses not because of the poetry but because of the views and lack of space. First of all, he is not such a liberal, and secondly, they arrived too late. Thirdly, there was so little space that many important poems intended for the last folios had to be left out. However, *Das Rheinlied* by N. Becker is really a very indifferent piece and has fallen into such bad odour that one can no longer praise it in any magazine. But the *Rhein* by R. E. Prutz is quite a different kind of poem. And other poems by Becker are also much better. The speech he made at the torchlight procession was one of the most muddled things I have ever come across. The marks of honour bestowed by kings I decline with thanks. What's all that about? A decoration, a golden snuff-box, a beaker from a king, these are a disgrace rather than an honour these days. We all decline such things with thanks and are pretty safe, thank goodness, for since my article about

E. M. Arndt was printed in the *Telegraph*[66] it would not occur even to the mad King of Bavaria[a] to present me with such a fool's cap and bells or to print the stamp of servility on my backside. The more scoundrelly, more cringing, more fawning a person is these days the more decorations he gets.

I am now fencing furiously and will soon hack you all to pieces. I have had two duels here in the last four weeks. The first fellow has retracted the insulting words of stupid boy which he said to me after I gave him a box on the ear, and the slap is still unexpiated. I fought with the second fellow yesterday and gave him a real beauty above the brow, running right down from the top, a really first-class prime.

Farewell.[b]

Yours,
F. Engels

Bremen, 22. 2. 41

To Marie Engels

in Mannheim

Bremen, March 8, 1841

Dear Marie,

"Your most respectful and obedient", these were the last words I wrote in a business letter as I finished my work at the office today so as—so as—now how can I express it most delicately? Oh well, the verses won't flow today, so I'd better say it straight out: so as to write to you. However, as I am still digesting my lunch, I haven't got time to think much and must write whatever comes into my head. But my

[a] Ludwig I.—*Ed.*
[b] This word is in English in the original.—*Ed.*

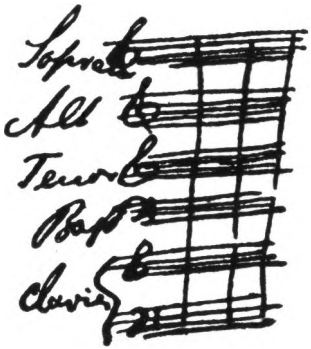
first thought is a cigar, which I shall now proceed to light since His Majesty has taken himself off, His Majesty being, of course, the Old Man[a] who has been given this title because we have decided to carry on as if we were at Court. For it is now quite certain and sure that the whole Leupold counting-house will soon be transformed and have ministers and confidential gentlemen-in-waiting once again.



You will be amazed when you see me with a golden key hanging from my black tail-coat—I will, of course, be as stuck-up as I have always been—and I'm not cutting off my moustache to please any king. It is now in full flower again and growing and when I have the pleasure—as I don't doubt I shall—of boozing with you in Mannheim in the spring, you will be amazed at its glory.

[a] Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

Richard Roth left here a week ago for a grand tour of South Germany and Switzerland. Thank God that I too am leaving this dreary hole where there is nothing to do but fence, eat, drink, sleep and drudge, *voilà tout.*[a] I don't know if you have heard that Father and I shall probably be going to Italy at the end of April, in which case I shall do you the honour of visiting you. If you behave properly I may even bring you something, but if you are high and mighty, stiff and haughty, then you will be in for trouble. Nor will you escape just punishment if you write any more such nonsense as you did in your last letter but one, teasing me about the fencing lesson. I was very glad to hear that the *Stabat mater* is by Pergolese. You must in any case get me a copy of the piano arrangement containing all the vocal parts with the score showing the singing parts above those which have to be played, as in a piano arrangement of an opera. It occurs to me that there are no tenor or bass parts in Pergolese's *Stabat mater.* There are probably more sopranos and altos instead. Never mind.



[a] That's all. —*Ed.*

If I really do go to Milan in the spring I shall meet Roth, and Wilhelm Blank from Elberfeld, and we'll have a high old time there with Turkish tobacco and *Lacrime di Christo*. Six months after we've gone, the Italians should still be talking about the three jolly Germans, so famous do we intend to make ourselves.

I was very much amused to read your description of your innocent carnival. I should like to have seen you. Nothing very amusing has happened here, apart from a couple of boring fancy-dress balls which I didn't go to. In Berlin, too, the carnival was a terribly flat affair. They're still best at that sort of thing in Cologne.

There is one thing in which you are less fortunate than I. You cannot hear Beethoven's Symphony in C Minor today, Wednesday, March 10, while I can. This and the *Eroica* are my favourites. Practise Beethoven's sonatas and symphonies well, so that I shan't be ashamed of you later on. I am going to hear them not just in the piano arrangement, but played by the full orchestra.

March 11. What a symphony it was last night! You never heard anything like it in your whole life if you don't know this wonderful work. What despairing discord in the first movement, what elegiac melancholy, what a tender lover's lament in the *adagio,* what a tremendous, youthful, jubilant celebration of freedom by the trombone in the third and fourth movements! Besides this I also heard a wretched Frenchman sing yesterday and it went something like this:



and so on, no melody or harmony and a pathetic French text and the whole joke was called *L'Exilé de France*. If all French exiles indulge in such caterwauling then nobody will want to have them anywhere. This boor also sang a song called *Le toréador,* which means the bull-fighter, with the refrain, every other second, of *Ah que j'aime l'Espagne!*[a] This was even more pitiful—if that were possible—sometimes with leaps of fifths, sometimes twisting about in chromatic passages as if to signify an attack of stomach-ache. If it hadn't been followed by the tremendous symphony I would have run away and left the crow to squawk in his miserable, thin baritone. Meanwhile see that the next letters you send are folded better. This way  is very unpractical and in bad taste, it must be like this  or like this, , please note.

Semper Tuus,[b]
Friedrich

To Marie Engels

in Mannheim

[Barmen,[67] about the end of August 1841]

Dear Marie,

If I have really got to write to you I must tell you in advance that it will not come to much, for nothing ever happens here. Weddings, parties, why yes, I go to them, I eat and drink, but afterwards I find it impossible to write a lot of tittle-tattle about them. And anyway you are not used to that kind

[a] Oh, how I love Spain!—*Ed.*
[b] Yours ever.—*Ed.*

of thing from me. I now sit in my little room upstairs nearly all day long, read and smoke like a chimney-stack, fence until the swords nearly crack, and amuse myself as best I can. This disgracefully bad weather is nearly driving me to desperation, you can't go to Elberfeld without the risk of getting soaked three times over. Unfortunately there's only one halt between here and Elberfeld where one can stop if it gets too bad, namely, the *Bierkirche*. And you have to pay two silver groschen for a glass of beer there. Apart from this, nothing moves forward here, only backwards. I have not heard anything more about my departure for Berlin—there's still plenty of time. I don't bother about anything and let the others worry. If you want more letters from me, let's hear from you, and write me something nice.

Your brother
Friedrich

To Marie Engels

in Mannheim

Dear Marie,

This tender little flower[a] which has lain in my portfolio for half a year, and which I take out now and offer to you, will, I hope, compensate for the long time which, I admit it with remorse, I have kept you waiting. Herr Hösterey delivered your little

[a] A pressed rose, with buds and leaves, in the top left-hand corner of the notepaper.—*Ed.*

note to me safely after His High-and-Mightiness had hidden it in his trouser pocket from the eyes of the Austrian customs officers, for which His Supreme Highness asked my pardon, and in delightful German indeed. My conscience will not allow me to keep you waiting any longer, so I write. What about? Well, I don't know yet. That I was on parade drill this morning from 8 till half past eleven? That during this I got a very stiff telling-off from the Lieutenant-Colonel? That we have church parade next Sunday? That I have finished all my good cigars and that the beer at Wallmüller's has been very bad these last few days? That I must go out now to collect a couple of pots of ginger which I ordered for the Snethlages? Well, that's all there is to say. So—till tomorrow.

Today, Friday, April 15, I am going for a drive. The weather has greatly improved. A whole lot of carriages are lined in front of my house where they have taken up their quarters. The cabbies are usually drunk and entertain me vastly. It is very convenient for me if I ever want to take a trip in one of the cabs. I live very agreeably on the first floor, in an elegantly furnished room—the front wall of it is made up of three windows separated only by small pillars, so it is very bright and friendly.

I was interrupted yesterday when I had written this. Today I can tell you the glad news that we are probably not going on parade tomorrow because His Most Supreme Majesty, the King,[a] has condescended to leave for Potsdam and Brandenburg. All of which suits me very well, for I have no desire to knock around that cursed palace yard tomorrow. Let us hope we shall have no parade at all. We now also have a most charming exercise on the

[a] Frederick William IV.—*Ed.*

Grützmacher, so called, which is a very large open space where you sink up to your knees in sand and which has the delightful peculiarity of being electric. When the 12th Guards Artillery Company, to which I belong, and which is also electric, but negative, arrives there, positive and negative electricity collide, causing confusion and chaos in the atmosphere and attracting the clouds. Otherwise I cannot think how to explain why it always rains or snows when our company is on the Grützmacher. Incidentally I have now been a bombardier for four weeks, and, in case you didn't know, I wear braid and piping and a blue collar with red edgings. You won't understand all this, but it is not really necessary, as long as you know that I am a bombardier, that's enough.

You will certainly not have heard yet that Herr Liszt has been here and enchanted all the ladies by his piano playing. The Berlin ladies were so besotted by him that there was a free fight during one of his concerts for possession of a glove which he had dropped, and two sisters are now enemies for life because one of them snatched the glove from the other. Countess Schlippenbach poured the tea which the great Liszt had left in a cup into her Eau-de-Cologne bottle after she had poured the Eau-de-Cologne on to the ground. She has since sealed the bottle and placed it on top of her writing-desk to his eternal memory and feasts her eyes on it every morning, as can be seen in a cartoon which appeared about it. There never was such a scandal. The young ladies fought over him but he snubbed them frightfully, and preferred to go and drink champagne with a couple of students. But there are a couple of pictures of the great, charming, heavenly, genial, divine Liszt in every house. I will draw you a portrait of him. Here is the man with the Kamchatka hair



F. Liszt

style. By the way, he must have earned at least 10,000 talers here and his hotel bill amounted to 3,000 talers—apart from what he spent in taverns. I tell you, he's a real man. He drinks twenty cups of coffee a day, two ounces of coffee in every cup, and ten bottles of champagne, from which it can fairly safely be concluded that he lives in a kind of perpetual drunken haze, which may also be confirmed. He has now gone off to Russia and one wonders whether the ladies there will go as crazy too.

I must go out now, so I will close. Farewell and write soon.

Your brother

Friedrich

Berlin[68] 16/4. 42

To Arnold Ruge

in Dresden

Dear Doctor,

Enclosed please find an article for the *Jahrbücher*.[69] I have put the Dante thing to one side for the time being. I would have sent it sooner if I had had anything like enough time.

I got your letter after it had gone to a number of wrong addresses. Why didn't I send *Schelling und die Offenbarung* to the *Jahrbücher*? 1) Because what I had in mind was a book of between 5 and 6 folios and this was cut down to $3^1/_2$ folios only in the course of my negotiations with the publishers. 2) Because up to then the *Jahrbücher* had been a little reserved about Schelling. 3) Because people here advised against attacking Schelling in a journal and told me rather to put out a pamphlet against him. *Schelling, der Philosoph in Christo* is also from my pen.[70]

Apart from all this, I am not a Doctor and cannot ever become one. I am only a merchant and a Royal Prussian artillerist, so kindly spare me that title.

I hope to send you another manuscript very soon and in the meantime I remain

Yours sincerely,

F. Engels (Oswald)

Berlin, June 15, 42
Dorotheenstr. 56

To Marie Engels

in Bonn

Dear Marie,

I congratulate you on your discharge from the noble Mannheim Institute and from Fräulein Jung's censorship of your letters. I did not want to write about it before so as not to make you even more discontented, but I can tell you now that all these boarding-schools are nonsense and that the girls in them, unless they have such a happy disposition as yours, become terribly spoiled and turn into empty-headed coquettes and blue-stockings.[a] But it's the fashion now in Barmen and nobody can do anything about it. Rejoice that you are now out of the convent and can sit at the window again and walk across the street and occasionally talk nonsense without these things being treated as crimes. But I must say one thing to you—don't play me any silly tricks by joining in the Barmen jumps, namely, the jump into engagement. The noble young folk are rushing headlong into marriage, as if they were mad, and so blindly that they are knocking each other over. It is exactly like a game of blindman's-buff and where two of them catch each other, they get engaged, marry and live in blissful contentment. Just look at your two cousins. There's Luise Snethlage who has caught a husband[b] who's not bad but his hair is grey, and pretty Ida[c] has managed to get hold of one too, but I don't think much of him either. True, he's my brother-in-law, so I shouldn't run him down, but I'm vexed that they didn't ask

[a] This word is in English in the original.—*Ed.*
[b] Hermann Siebel.—*Ed.*
[c] Ida Engels.—*Ed.*

me whether I wanted this Saint-Pétrus, this lion,[a] this dandy, this Albert Molineus for a brother-in-law, and so he'll have to pay for it. I tell you—if you want a suitor like that, I'll send you a dozen every day and each day a new dozen. It was generous of me to let the whole thing happen at all. I should at least have protested about it.

Even Schornstein has got himself engaged—it's terrible! And Strücker definitely wants to become a husband—isn't that strange? I begin to despair of the human race; I shall become a misanthrope if you, Marie, you too—But no, you would not cause your brother such pain.

It's raining very boringly again. I have been soaked at least four times this week in the service of the Fatherland—twice from rain and twice, to use a delicate expression, from perspiration. I'm now going to the reading-room to look at the newspapers; surely I shall not get wet there for the fifth time, shall I?

Adieu.

Your brother
Friedrich

Berlin, July 2, 42

To Arnold Ruge

in Dresden

Dear Sir,

This time I am writing to inform you that I shall not be sending you anything.

I have decided to abandon all literary work for

[a] The word is in English in the original.—*Ed.*



Frederick Engels in 1839



Frederick Engels in 1845

a while in order to devote more time to studying. The reasons for this are fairly plain. I am young and self-taught in philosophy. I have learnt enough to form my own viewpoint and, when necessary, to defend it, but not enough to be able to work for it with success and in the proper way. All the greater demands will be made on me because I am a "travelling agent" in philosophy and have not earned the right to philosophise by getting a doctor's degree. I hope to be able to satisfy these demands once I start writing again—and under my own name.[71] In addition I must not try to do too many things now, as I shall soon be again more fully occupied with business matters. Regarded subjectively, my literary activities have so far been mere experiments from the outcome of which I was to be able to learn whether my natural capacities were such as to enable me to work fruitfully and effectively for progress and to participate actively in the movement of the century. I can be satisfied with the results and now regard it as my duty to acquire by study, which I now continue with redoubled zest, also more and more of that which one is not born with.

When I return home to the Rhineland in October I hope to be able to meet you in Dresden and to discuss this with you further. In the meantime my good wishes and think of me now and again.

Yours,
F. Engels

Berlin, 26. 7. 42

Have you read Jung's reply[72]? I think it is the best thing he has written so far. In the meantime, the other Jung,[a] of the *Rheinische Zeitung* in Cologne,

[a] Georg Jung.—*Ed.*

has arrived here and will look you up on his return journey in a few weeks' time.

To Marie Engels

in Ostende

Berlin, August 2, 1842

Dear Marie,

I was very pleased with your long letter but since there were so many pages all written criss-cross, I read your sermon of disapproval very quickly and do not really know what you are reproaching me about. I can quite understand that Fräulein Jung must have pulled a nasty face when she read the true name given by Hermann[a] to her beloved Institute—a convent—and that she called him a frivolous fellow. Fortunately, not everybody has such a bad opinion of frivolity as your erstwhile Head Sin Recorder. And this is a good thing. Otherwise what would become of us both, I ask you? I too have to suffer being growled and shouted at by my Captain[b] and think to myself: who cares, and cock a snook at him. And when he makes things too hard for me, as he did last Wednesday when everyone was dismissed except me, simply because my orderly had not got me excused, and I had to go to the artillery range at 12 noon just to see some impossible piece of nonsense not carried out—in such cases I just report sick, this time with toothache, and so save myself a night march and a two-hour exercise. Unfortunately, I have to report back for duty again today. However, I go for a stroll if I feel like it.

[a] Hermann Engels.—*Ed.*
[b] Von Wedell.—*Ed.*

Berlin is a big place and only three officers in our company know me, so it is highly unlikely that they'll bump into me. The only thing that could happen is that they might send the company doctor to see me, but that would take time and the worst that could happen if he didn't find me at home would be that I would get a good telling off. Who cares!

You seem to have an enormous talent for making acquaintances. The girl is in Bonn for four weeks and already knows the names of half the University and has found herself an interesting lame student whom she encounters six times a day. The interesting lame student with the spectacles and fair beard! He undoubtedly had his legs shot up in a duel. Only why does he still limp when walking? Does he limp in an interesting way or ordinarily, like other lame people? Which foot is lame—the right one or both? Does he wear a hat with a red cock's feather? Could he not be the *diable boiteux*[a]? I'd like to know a great deal more about this interesting, lame, bearded, bespectacled, sharp-eyed student.

Have you continued to make friends in Ostende? Isn't there an interesting lame Fleming there who meets you on the beach six times a day? Look:

> Happily the Convent leaving,
> Free to move again am I.
> I can laugh and I can chatter,
> In the window I can lie!
>
> With Duennas watching round me,
> Oh, what agony of mind,
> Sitting at the daily lessons,
> Cribbed and cabined and confined!

[a] Limping devil (an allusion to the title character of a novel by Le Sage).—*Ed.*

Oft I heard those Heidelbergers
Singing outside merrily;
Could not even reach the window
All the gallant lads to see!

Now I'm free at last, and want to
Taste my new-found liberty.
There's a new life waiting after
All that grey monotony!

I'll look out my newest clothes and
Dress as pretty as I please.
I'll be off to see the poshest
Of the posh Academies!

Poppelsdorf and Königswinter!
Rolandseck and Drachenfels!
Goggle at my so sparkling eyes
And my sparkling teeth as well!

And I'll bet that though our fellow
Students may be quite a host,
Getting our address will take them
Eight days at the very most.

Landlord Stamm be truly grateful
That your lodging-house we chose.
Tippling students throng your garden,
And the money really flows.

Best of all, when I'm out walking,
How I'm crowded round and courted!
See the poor Professors' daughters
All alone and unescorted!

Bottle-heroes Count d'Alviella,
Von Szczepansky come and linger:

See me twist those gallant fellows
Round and round my little finger!

Herr von Diest, the truly love-born,
Runs my errands all the while.
Chapeau plays his fife for dancing,
Bunsen sings to make me smile.

But there's something always haunts me
When I leave the busy throng,
And it is a handsome student
Limping painfully along.

While the others are so busy
Doing all that I want done,
How am I to meet that handsome
Lame and interesting one?

* * *

Now I've left my town of Bonn
For the North Sea's level shore.
No more rousing student ditties,
Just the ocean's mighty roar.

With the French and with the Belgians
I go strolling by the seas,
Just as in the Convent, I must
Speak French only, if you please.

Once again, crowds of admirers
Follow me along the strip,
Follow me into the briny
When I take my morning dip.

Otherwise, it's just like Bonn,
And I have no cause to grumble.

Food and lodgings both are decent,
And the landlord's tolerable.

Yet, for all those bathers, someone's
Missing, when all's said and done.
Woe is me! I just can't find that
Lame and interesting one!

This describes you perfectly, don't you think? I want to set it to music for you so you can sing it. But you'll only get the score when I answer your next letter, otherwise I would spoil you by sending such a magnificent gift. I have other things to do than to praise you in song—that can only be permitted as a reward for an especially long letter.

You must try to learn the Flemish or Netherlandic dialect while you are in Ostende. It is a very clumsy language, but it has its advantages and anyway it is very comical. If you know Low German, you'll probably be able to understand Flemish.

I now have a dog whom I got from August Bredt of Barmen when he left here. It's a handsome young spaniel, much bigger than our dear Mira and quite crazy. He has a great talent for boozing and if I go to a restaurant in the evening, he always sits near me and has his share, or makes himself at home at everybody else's table. He's also remarkable for an invisible collar. He is an excellent swimmer but too crazy to learn any tricks. I have taught him one thing. When I say "*Namenloser*"[a] (that's his name)—"there's an aristocrat!" he goes wild with rage and growls hideously at the person I show him.

While everybody has been forecasting that the Rhine wine will be splendid this year, the Grüneberger has turned out to be disgracefully bad. Do

[a] Nameless one.—*Ed.*

you know Grüneberger? Grüneberger is a Lausitz vine which only grows in sand and never produces good grapes except in a very wet year. When the hardness of the grapes turns from stone to wood, i.e., when you can cut into them with a knife, then they are ripe. They are pressed by steam-engine and people reckon that it takes a twelve horse-power machine working for an hour to press a hundred grapes. The best year for Grüneberger was '40. It cannot be put into casks because it splits the wood. When it is good you should eat a dozen pins, then drink a glass of Grüneberger, and if the pins are not dissolved or destroyed in five minutes it means the wine is no good. It is a very long-lasting wine for if you take a swig, your throat is sore for four weeks. It has a very fine bouquet and only a connoisseur can tell the difference between it and vinegar. A mixture of nitric acid and wine-vinegar comes closest in taste to this noble wine. Well, you've had enough now, and I still have to write to Mother.

Adieu.

Your brother

Friedrich

Berlin, Aug. 8, 42

To Karl Marx

in Paris[73]

[Barmen, beginning of October 1844]

Dear Marx,

You will have been surprised, and with good reason, that I did not send word earlier; but even now I am still unable to say anything definite about my

return to Paris. I have now been staying in Barmen for three weeks, having as good a time as is possible with few friends and many relatives, among whom there are, luckily, half a dozen charming women. Work is out of the question here, especially since my sister[a] has become engaged to Emil Blank, the London Communist whom Ewerbeck knows, and there is now of course an awful lot of running to and fro at home. Moreover, I realise that considerable obstacles will be put in the way of my return to Paris, and that I may have to spend six months or a year in Germany; I will naturally make every effort to avoid this, but you can't imagine the sort of petty considerations and superstitious fears I am confronted with.

I spent three days in Cologne and was astonished at the vast propaganda activity we have conducted there. The people are very active but the lack of a reliable prop is rather noticeable. Until the principles are set forth in a few publications where they are shown to have been logically and historically evolved from the hitherto existing mode of thinking and from history as it has been up to now, and shown to be their necessary corollary, everything will remain rather hazy and most people will be groping in the dark. Later I went to Düsseldorf, where we also have several excellent fellows. Most of all, however, I like my Elberfelders, with whom the humane way of thinking has become second nature. These fellows have really begun to revolutionise their domestic affairs, and whenever their old folk dare to treat their domestic servants or workers in an aristocratic manner they give them a good talking to—and that means quite a lot in patriarchal Elberfeld. In addition to this group,

[a] Marie Engels.—*Ed.*

there is another one in Elberfeld, which is also very good, but a bit more muddled. The commissioner of police in Barmen is a Communist. The day before yesterday an old schoolfellow of mine, a grammar-school master,[a] came to see me; he is also strongly infected without ever having been in touch with Communists. If we could influence the people directly we would soon be at the top, but that is practically impossible especially because we who write have to keep quiet in order not to be seized. For the rest it is quite safe here, little notice is taken of us so long as we keep quiet, and I believe that Hess with his fears sees phantoms. So far I have not been molested at all, only the chief public prosecutor has once earnestly questioned one of our men about me; at least that is all I have heard.

The local newspaper here has reported that Bernays was sued there by the government of this country and appeared in court.[74] Let me know whether this is true, and also how the pamphlet[b] is getting on, presumably it is already completed. One hears nothing here of the Bauers, no one knows anything about them. On the other hand people still continue to snatch up the *Jahrbücher*.[75] It is ridiculous that my article about Carlyle[c] should have won me a terrific reputation with the "mass", while naturally only very few have read the article about economy.[d]

[a] Gustav Wurm.—*Ed.*

[b] Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Die heilige Familie oder Kritik der kritischen Kritik* (*The Holy Family or Critique of Critical Criticism*).—*Ed.*

[c] "Die Lage Englands. *Past and Present* by Thomas Carlyle." ("The Condition of England. *Past and Present* by Thomas Carlyle".)—*Ed.*

[d] *Umrisse zu einer Kritik der Nationalökonomie* (*Outlines of a Critique of Political Economy*).—*Ed.*

In Elberfeld too the pastors, at all events Krummacher, have preached against us; so far only against the atheism of the young people. I hope, however, that soon a philippic against the Communists will follow. Last summer the whole town talked about nothing but these godless fellows. In general a remarkable movement has begun here. During my absence[76] Wuppertal has made bigger advances in every respect than in the last fifty years. Social manners have become more civilised, participation in politics and in the opposition movement is widespread, industry has made enormous advances, new districts have gone up in the towns, entire forests have been cut down, and the whole region is now probably above, rather than below, the level of civilisation in Germany, though it was far below that level only four years ago—in short excellent soil for our principles is being prepared here, and once we are able to set in motion our wild, hot-tempered dyers and bleachers you won't recognise Wuppertal. Even as it is the workers have during the past few years reached the final stage of the old civilisation, the rapid increase in crimes, robberies and murders is their protest against the old social organisation. At night the streets are not safe, the bourgeois are beaten up, knifed and robbed; if the local proletarians develop according to the same laws as the English proletarians, they will soon realise that it is useless to protest against the social system in this manner, as *individuals* and by force, and will protest in their general capacity, as *human beings*, by means of communism. If one could only show them the way! But that is impossible.

My brother[a] is at present a soldier in Cologne and, as long as he remains above suspicion, his will

[a] Hermann Engels.—*Ed.*

be a good address to send letters to for Hess, etc. But so far I don't know his correct address myself and therefore can't give it to you.

Since writing the above, I visited Elberfeld and there again met several Communists of whom I had not heard before. Wherever one turns, wherever one goes one always stumbles upon Communists. A very ardent Communist, called Seel, a caricaturist and budding historical painter, will be going to Paris in two months' time; I will send him to you; you will like the fellow because of his enthusiasm, his painting and his love of music, and one can use him well as a caricaturist. Perhaps I shall be there myself by then but that is still very doubtful.

A few copies of the *Vorwärts!*[77] are available here, I have seen to it that others too will place orders. Ask the dispatch department to send specimen copies to Elberfeld, addressed to Richard Roth, Captain Wilhelm Blank *junior*, F. W. Strücker and the Bavarian publican Meyer, Funkenstrasse (communist pub), all of them to be sent through Baedeker, the communist bookseller, in sealed envelopes. When the fellows see that the copies arrive, they will place orders. Send to Dr. Med. W. Müller in Düsseldorf, and perhaps also to Dr. Med. D'Ester, to publican Lölgen, to your brother-in-law,[a] etc., in Cologne. All of course through the bookseller and by letter post.

See to it that the material[78] you have collected is launched into the world as soon as possible. It is high time. I too shall set to work seriously and intend to start today. The Germans are still very much in doubt about communism being feasible in practice. To put an end to this rubbish I shall write a small pamphlet explaining that it has already been

[a] Edgar von Westphalen.—*Ed.*

put into practice, and describe in popular form communism as it exists in fact in England and America.[79] I'll have to spend approximately three days on this pamphlet which ought to make things clear to these fellows. My conversations with the local people have shown me this.

Therefore seriously to work and without delay into print. Please remember me to Ewerbeck, Bakunin, Guerrier and the rest, and of course to your wife, and write soon about everything. If this letter arrives safely and has not been opened write to me under cover to "F. W. Strücker and Co., Elberfeld", with the address written in as commercial a hand as possible; if not, use any of the addresses which I gave Ewerbeck. I wonder whether the mail sleuths will be taken in by the lady-like exterior of this letter.

Well, good-bye, dear Karl, and do write soon. I have not been again in so happy and humane a mood as I was during the ten days I spent with you. No suitable opportunity for taking any steps with regard to the intended establishment has so far presented itself.

To Karl Marx

in Paris

No. 2

Dear M.,

About a fortnight ago I received a few lines from you and Bernays dated October 8 and with a Brussels postmark for October 27. At about the same time as you wrote that note, I had sent off a letter for you addressed to your wife and hope that you have received it. In order to be certain in future that

none of our letters are being intercepted it would be as well for us to number them. This one of mine will be No. 2 in that case, and when you write let me know which was the latest number you have received so far and whether any one in between was missing.

I was in Cologne and Bonn a few days ago. Everything is going well in Cologne. Grün will have told you about what people have been getting down to there. Hess also intends to go there in two or three weeks' time if he can obtain the necessary money. You have Bürgers there as well now, so there is a regular gathering. So you will have less need of me, while my presence here is all the more necessary. It is clear that I cannot come now, otherwise it would mean an uproar with my whole family. Apart from that, there is an affair of the heart which must be decided one way or the other. And after all one of us must be here, because our people have to be given a lead to make sure that they concentrate on the right kinds of activity, instead of being distracted by all manner of trivialities and going off at a tangent. It is impossible, for example, to convince Jung and a multitude of others that a difference of principle exists between us and Ruge[80]; they remain of the opinion that it is merely a personal squabble. When they are told that Ruge is not a Communist they are inclined not to believe it and think it is too bad that a "literary authority" like him should be carelessly cast aside! What is one to reply? One must wait until Ruge once more comes out with one of his colossal stupidities so that one can give these people visible proof of it. It seems to me that this Jung isn't the right sort. The fellow is not resolute enough.

We are now holding public meetings everywhere to set up associations for the advancement of the

workers.[81] This is a fine way of getting our Germans moving and directs the attention of the philistines to social problems. These meetings are arranged offhand, without asking the police. In Cologne half of the seats on the committee for drawing up the Rules are now held by our people; in Elberfeld at least one was on the committee, and with the assistance of the rationalists we badly worsted the pious at two meetings; there was an overwhelming majority for banning everything Christian from the Rules.[82] I had a lot of fun watching these rationalists making themselves absolutely ridiculous with their theoretical Christianity and practical atheism. In principle they considered that the Christian opposition was perfectly right, but in practice Christianity, which, as they themselves said, after all forms the basis of the association, was not to be mentioned by a single word in the Rules. The Rules were to contain everything except the vital principle of the association! Those chaps stuck so obstinately to their ridiculous position that there was no need for me to say a word and we got Rules such as we could only have wished for under the existing conditions. Next Sunday there is going to be another meeting, which however I shall be unable to attend because I am going to Westphalia tomorrow.

I am up to my neck in English newspapers and books from which I am compiling my book on the condition of the English proletarians.[83] I expect to finish it by the middle or end of January, as I have got through the most difficult job, the arrangement of the material, about one or two weeks ago. I shall present the English with a long list of sins committed. I accuse the English bourgeoisie before the entire world of murder, robbery and all sorts of other crimes on a mass scale, and am writing an English preface which I shall have printed separately and shall send

to the English party leaders, literary men and members of Parliament.[84] Those fellows will have to remember me. Needless to say when I hit the bag I mean to strike the donkey, namely, the German bourgeoisie, to whom I say clearly enough that it is just as bad as the English, only not so courageous, consistent and adept in sweat-shop methods. As soon as I am through with that I shall tackle the history of the social development of the English,[85] which will cost me even less effort, because I have the material for it all ready and arranged in order in my head, and because the whole business is perfectly clear to me. Meantime I intend to write a few pamphlets, particularly against *List*,[86] as soon as I have time.

You will most likely have heard of Stirner's book *Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum*[87] even if it is not available. Wigand sent me the specimen sheets, which I took with me to Cologne and left with Hess. The principle expounded by the noble Stirner—you remember the Schmidt from Berlin who wrote on *Mystères* in Buhl's collection[88]—is Bentham's egoism, only presented more consistently on the one hand and less consistently on the other. It is more consistent because Stirner as an atheist places the individual higher than God or rather places him as the ultimate being, while Bentham still has God hovering above the individual in the misty distance; in short, because Stirner starts out from German idealism and is an idealist turned materialist-*cum*-empiricist, while Bentham is a straightforward empiricist. Stirner is less consistent in that he seeks to avoid, although this proves impossible, the reconstruction of the atomised society which Bentham effects. This egoism is merely the conscious reflection of the essence of present-day society and present-day man, the last argument present-day society can use against

us, the quintessence of all theory within the existing folly. But this is why the piece is important, more important than Hess, for example, would have us believe. We must not cast it aside but on the contrary make use of it as a perfect expression of the existing madness and, *by turning it inside out*, add weight to our point of view. This egoism is carried so far, it is so absurd and at the same time so self-confident, that it cannot hold fast for a moment in its one-sidedness but must directly turn into communism. In the first place, it would be no trouble at all to demonstrate to Stirner that his egoistic men are inevitably going to turn Communists as a result of their egoism pure and simple. That objection must be raised. In the second place, it should be pointed out to him that the human heart from the outset, and precisely in its egoism, is unselfish and ready for sacrifice, which means that once again he arrives at the very idea which he is opposing. These few trivial points are enough to refute the *one-sidedness*. Yet we must on the other hand take up the relevant aspect of the principle and it is relevant at any rate insofar as, before we can advance a cause in any way, we have to make it our own, egoistic cause—insofar as we in this sense, quite apart from any possible material aspirations, are Communists for motives of egoism and wish to be *men*, rather than mere individuals, for egoistic reasons. Or to express myself in another way: Stirner is right when he repudiates Feuerbach's "man", or at least his man in the *Wesen des Christenthums*; Feuerbach's "man" is derived from God, Feuerbach came to "man" by way of God and therefore his "man" is still possessed of a theological halo of abstraction. The true path for arriving at "man" is the opposite one. We must start out from the Ego, from the empirical, corporeal individual, not so as to stick fast at that point as Stirner

does, but from there to rise higher to "man". "Man" is always a mere phantom, unless he is based on empirical man. In short, we must start out from empiricism and materialism, if our thoughts and in particular our "man" are to be something real. We must deduce the general from the particular and not from itself or out of thin air à la Hegel. All these are trivialities which are self-evident and each of which has already been said by Feuerbach, and which I would not repeat, were it not for the fact that Hess—as I see it out of old idealist attachments—exposes empiricism, and in particular Feuerbach and now Stirner, to such merciless criticism. Hess is right in much of what he says about Feuerbach, but on the other hand he still seems to come out with idealist nonsense—when he starts talking about matters of theory, he always proceeds in categories and is therefore unable to use popular language for he keeps everything much too abstract. This is why he hates all and every kind of egoism and preaches love of humanity, etc., which again takes us back to Christian self-sacrifice. However, if the corporeal individual is the true basis, the true starting-point for our "man", then it follows naturally that egoism—not *only* Stirner's intellectual egoism but also *egoism of the heart*—provides the starting-point for our love of humanity, otherwise the latter would be suspended in mid-air. Since Hess will soon be with you now, you will be able to talk to him about it yourself. Incidentally, I find all this theoretical chatter more and more tedious with each passing day, and every word that has to be wasted on "man" and every line against theology and abstraction as well as against crude materialism that has to be written or read irritates me. For it's quite different when instead of all these phantoms—for even the man who has not yet realised himself

remains such until that realisation—you concern yourself with real, living things, with historical developments and their results. At least that is the best we can do as long as we still have to content ourselves with action through the pen and cannot translate our thoughts into deeds directly with our hands, or, if it has to be, with our fists.

Stirner's book, however, makes it clear once again how deeply abstraction is embedded in the Berliners' way of thinking. Of all "The Free"[89] Stirner is obviously the most talented, independent and diligent, yet for all that he leaps from idealist to materialist abstraction and accomplishes nothing. We hear of socialist advances in all parts of Germany, but from Berlin not a whisper. The ultra-intelligent Berliners would still set up a "démocratie pacifique"[90] in the Hasenheide when the whole of Germany does away with property: that is probably as far as they will go. You'll see, any day now a new Messiah will come forth in the Uckermark who will rework Fourier on Hegelian lines, construct the phalanstery out of eternal categories and set it up as an eternal law of the idea arriving at itself that capital, talent and labour should be allotted specific shares in the product. Such will be the New Testament for Hegelianism, the old Hegel will be the Old Testament, the "state" and the law will be the "taskmaster of Christianity", and the phalanstery, in which latrines shall be arranged in accordance with logical necessity, becomes the "new Heaven" and the "new Earth", the new Jerusalem, which descends from Heaven adorned as a bride, as can be read about in detail in the new Apocalypse. And when all this has been accomplished, then shall come "critical criticism", declare that it is all in all, that it unites in its head capital, talent and labour, that everything which is produced comes into being thanks to *it*,

not to the powerless masses, and it sequesters everything. That will be the end of the Berlin Hegelian peaceful[a] democracy.

If *Critical Criticism*[b] is finished, send me a few copies in sealed envelopes[a] via a bookseller—otherwise they might[a] be confiscated. In case you should not have received my last letter I repeat that you can write to me addressing your letters either[a] F. E. *junior, Barmen,* or under cover to F. W. Strücker und Co., Elberfeld. This letter I am sending to you a roundabout way.

Well, write soon—it is over two months now that I have heard nothing from you: how is *Vorwärts!* going? My regards to everyone.

Yours

Barmen, November 19, 1844

To Karl Marx

in Paris

[Barmen, January 20, 1845]

Dear Marx,

The reason why I have not replied earlier is mainly that I was waiting for your promised copies of *Vorwärts!* But since they still have not arrived by this time, I have given up waiting for them and also for *Critical Criticism*[c] about which I have heard nothing more at all. As far as Stirner is concerned,

[a] The manuscript is damaged here.—*Ed.*

[b] Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *The Holy Family or Critique of Critical Criticism.*—*Ed.*

[c] Ibid.—*Ed.*

I agree with you utterly. When I wrote to you, I was still too much under the impression of the book; in the meantime I have put the book to one side and had more chance to think it over and now come to the same conclusions as you. Hess, who is still here and whom I spoke to a fortnight ago in Bonn, has also, after a certain amount of hesitation, arrived at your point of view; he read me an article of his on the book that he is soon to have printed, in which he says the same as you do without having read your letter.[91] I left your letter with him, because he wanted to use some points, and so I must answer it from memory.

As for my joining you, there is no doubt that I shall be in Paris in about two years' time; I have also firmly resolved to join you for 4–6 weeks next autumn come what may. If the police make difficulties for me here, I shall be coming anyway, and as things stand here at the moment that riff-raff might take it into its head any day to start pestering us. Püttmann's *Bürgerbuch*[92] will show how far we can go without being arrested or driven out.

My love affair came to a sorry end. Excuse me the tedious details. Nothing more can be done about it, and I have been through enough as it is. I am glad that I can at least get down to work again. If I was to tell you all the nonsense involved, it would put me out of sorts for the rest of the evening.

The latest news is that from April 1, Hess and I shall be publishing a monthly journal by the name of *Gesellschaftsspiegel,* with Thieme and Butz in Hagen, in which we shall depict the social *misère* and bourgeois regime.[93] A prospectus, etc., you shall have very soon. Meanwhile it would be good if the poetic "An Artisan"[94] could take the trouble of sending us material on the *misère there,* in particular specific cases, for these have the most effect on the

philistine who has to be made receptive for communism. Editing the journal will not involve very much effort, and there will be sufficient contributors to provide material for four printed sheets a month—so we should have little work, but the impact of the journal should be considerable. In addition, Püttmann will be putting out with Leske a quarterly under the title *Rheinische Jahrbücher*[95]—too thick to be subject to censorship—that will consist entirely of communist material; you too could very well contribute to it. Moreover there would be no harm in our publishing some of our works twice, first in a journal and then separately in collections; forbidden literature circulates less freely, but this way our opportunities for influencing our readership are doubled. So you see here in Germany we have quite enough to keep us occupied, collecting material for all these publications and at the same time preparing more significant works. But we have to keep our noses to the grindstone if we want to achieve anything, and it is a good thing when one has work that one wants to get one's teeth into. My book on the English workers[a] will be ready in two to three weeks; after that I shall devote four weeks to minor matters and then I shall get started on the historical development of England and English socialism.[96]

What pleases me particularly is this acclimatisation of communist literature in Germany, which is now a *fait accompli*. A year ago this literature started to become acclimatised or, rather, to come into existence outside of Germany, in Paris, and now it has already caught up with the ordinary German. Newspapers, weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies and an advancing reserve of heavy guns—everything in the

[a] Frederick Engels, *The Condition of the Working-Class in England*.—*Ed.*

best of order. It all came about so devilishly quick! Propaganda on the quiet has also borne fruit—every time I go to Cologne, or drop into a pub here, I find fresh progress, new converts. The Cologne meeting worked wonders: gradually one discovers separate communist groups which developed quite unnoticed and without direct assistance from us.

The *Gemeinnütziges Wochenblatt*, which was formerly published together with the *Rheinische Zeitung*,[97] is now also in our hands. D'Ester has taken over and will see what can be done. But what we now need most of all is a couple of major works to provide a proper lead for the many half-educated people who have the best of intentions but are unable to manage on their own. See to it that you finish soon your book on political economy,[98] even if you should still be dissatisfied with much of it. It does not matter. People's minds are ready and we must strike because the iron is hot. Although my English things are also bound to produce an effect, since the facts are so striking, I wish my hands were freer to tackle certain things which—considering the present moment and the German bourgeoisie—would be more convincing and effective. We German theoreticians[a]—it is ridiculous, but a sign of the times and of the disintegration of the German national mire—simply cannot[a] get down to developing our theory; we have not even been able to publish a Critique of Nonsense. But now it is high time. Therefore do get the thing ready *before* April. Do what I did. Set yourself a date by which you are *determined to finish*, and see to it that the book is printed as soon as possible. If it cannot be printed there, have it printed in Mannheim, Darmstadt or some other place. But it must come out soon.

[a] The manuscript is damaged here.—*Ed.*

That you enlarged the *Critical Criticism* to twenty printed sheets came of course as rather a surprise to me. But it is all to the good. Much has thus been made available which would otherwise have remained locked up in your desk for who knows how long. If, however, you left my name on the title page, it will look odd, for I hardly wrote one and a half sheets. As I told you, I have not yet had any news from Löwenberg,[a] nor have I heard anything about the appearance of the book, which I am of course very eager to see.

Yesterday I received a copy of *Vorwärts!* which I hadn't seen anything of since my departure. I found some of Bernays' jokes highly amusing: the fellow really can set you laughing away, something that rarely happens when I am reading otherwise. But in general the newspaper is really poor and it is not interesting or instructive enough to make many Germans subscribe to it regularly. What is the position now, and is it true, as I heard in Cologne, that it is to be turned into a monthly? We are so overburdened with work here that we shall only be able to send contributions from time to time. You'll have to exert yourselves in Paris too. You should write an article for the newspaper every four to six weeks, do not let your moods "get the better" of you. Why is Bakunin not writing anything and why could not Ewerbeck be made to write at least some superficial material? Poor Bernays must be inside by now, give him my regards and tell him not to take all that foul business to heart too much. After all two months will pass, although even that long is horrible enough. In general, what are our lads up to? You write nothing about them. Has Guerrier come back and does Bakunin write in

[a] Engels means Löwenthal.—*Ed.*

French? What's new with the whole mob that used to congregate every evening in August on the Quai Voltaire? And what are you yourself up to? What about your position in Paris? Is Fouine[a] still living under your roof? Not long ago he let fly with another article in the *Telegraph*,[99] as was only to be expected on patriotism. It's strange how he flogs that horse to death: nothing else matters to him as long as he manages to annihilate patriotism. That was most probably the reason why he did not want to give the article to Fröbel. The German newspapers announced recently that Fouine was about to go back to Germany. If that is true, then I congratulate him, but it is hardly likely for otherwise he would have to procure an omnibus complete with water-closet a second time, and that of course is out of the question.

I recently had a talk with a man newly arrived from Berlin. The decomposition of the *caput mortuum* of "The Free" appears to be complete. Even Stirner does not seem to have anything to do with them any more, apart from the Bauer brothers. The remnants of the group—Meyen, Ruttenberg and company—nothing daunted still go round to Stehely every afternoon at two o'clock just as they did six years ago to spout away in learned fashion about the newspapers. Now, however, they have got as far as "organisation of labour" and that will be where they stick. Herr Nauwerck also seems to have braved this step for he is ardently holding forth at various public meetings. I remember telling you that all these people would become "démocrates pacifiques." At the same time they "acknowledged" most gratefully the lucidity, etc., of our articles in

[a] Arnold Ruge.—*Ed.*

the *Jahrbücher*.[a] Next time I take leave of my senses, I'll start up a correspondence with little Meyen. Perhaps we shall get some fun out of them that way for there is nothing funny about them otherwise. As it is there is no opportunity here for giving vent to high spirits, for I am leading a life here such as the most perfect philistine could only ask for—a quiet, tranquil life, pious and respectable in the extreme. I sit in my room and work, hardly go anywhere and am as staid as a German. If things continue like this I am afraid the Almighty may forgive me my writings and admit me to heaven. I assure you that I am beginning to gain a good reputation here in Barmen. But I am sick and tired of it all. I want to get away from here by Easter and will most likely go to Bonn. I let myself be persuaded by my brother-in-law's[b] coaxing and the mournful faces of both my parents to try my hand at huckstering once more and[c] was working at the office for about [14][c] days; part of the reason I went back was that love affair, but I regretted it, even before I began working. Huckstering is too horrible, Barmen is too horrible, the waste of time is too horrible, and above all it is too horrible to remain, not merely a bourgeois, but a manufacturer, a bourgeois actively opposing the proletariat. A few days spent in my old man's[d] factory made me see again[c] the horror of it all, which I had somewhat overlooked. I had of course counted on staying in the huckstering business only as long as it suited me and then writing something contrary to police regulations so as to be able to skip over the border with a good grace.

[a] *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*.—*Ed.*
[b] Emile Blank.—*Ed.*
[c] The manuscript is damaged here.—*Ed.*
[d] Friedrich Engels senior, the father of Engels.—*Ed.*

But I can't stand it even that long. If I did not have to record daily in my book the most horrifying stories about English society I believe I would already have become rusty; but that at least has kept my blood boiling with rage. And perhaps one can, while being a Communist, remain in one's outward status a bourgeois and a huckstering beast if one *does not write,* but to carry on communist propaganda seriously and at the same time engage in huckstering and manufacture will not work. In short, I shall leave at Easter. Add to this the drowsy life in a thoroughly radical-Christian-Prussian family—I cannot stand it any longer; I might in the end become a German philistine and introduce philistinism into communism.

Now don't keep me waiting so long for a letter from you as I kept you this time. Regards to your wife, though I do not know her, and everybody else worth greeting.

For the time being continue writing to the present address. Should I leave, your letters will be forwarded to me.

Yours,
F. E.

To Karl Marx

in Brussels

Barmen, February 22–26, 1845

Dear Marx,

After a good deal of writing to and fro I have just obtained your address from Cologne and take

up my pen to write to you immediately. As soon as the news of your expulsion came through,[100] I decided it was necessary to open a subscription fund at once in order to share out among us all in communist fashion your unforeseen expenses resulting from the expulsion. The response was good, and three weeks ago I sent over 50 talers to Jung; I also turned to the Düsseldorf people who collected the same amount and in Westphalia I told Hess to start up propaganda to the same end as well. The subscription here has not been completed yet; the painter Köttgen has been letting things slide, and so I have not yet got my hands on all the money we expect. In a few days, however, all the rest will have come in I hope and then I shall send you a bill of exchange to Brussels. Incidentally, since I do not know whether that will be enough for you to set up house with in Brussels, it goes without saying that I will be only too happy to place at your disposal the money for my first work on England[a] that I hope soon to be paid, at least in part, and that I can do without for the moment since I plan to borrow something from the old man.[b] We must at least see to it that those devils do not have the pleasure of placing you in financial straits through their infamy. The fact that you have been obliged to pay your rent in advance is really the last word in baseness. But I am afraid they will start pestering you in Belgium as well, which means that in the end England will be the only solution.

But enough of that whole shameful affair. By the time you receive this letter Kriege will already be with you. The fellow is a first-rate propagandist.

[a] Frederick Engels, *The Condition of the Working-Class in England.—Ed.*

[b] Friedrich Engels senior, the father of Engels.—*Ed.*

He will tell you a good deal about Feuerbach; the day after he set out from here I received a letter from Feuerbach, for we had written to him incidentally. Feuerbach says that he must first have done with the whole religious rubbish, before he could devote enough time to communism to be able to uphold it in his writings. He is also too cut off from the world at large in Bavaria to be able to turn to it. He writes that he is a Communist though, and for him the question now is how the theory should be implemented. If possible he will be coming to the Rhine this summer and from there he ought to come to Brussels—that's what we ought to bring him round to.

Miracles are happening here in Elberfeld. Yesterday in the largest hall in the town's best hotel we held our third communist meeting. The first was attended by 40 people, the second by 130 and the third by at least 200. The whole of Elberfeld and Barmen, from the moneyed aristocracy to the *épicerie*,[a] were represented, all groups except the proletariat. Hess gave a lecture. Poems by Müller, Püttmann and excerpts from Shelley were read, and also the article on the existing communist colonies published in the *Bürgerbuch*.[b] Afterwards discussion went on till one o'clock in the morning. Things are moving amazingly fast. People are talking of nothing but communism, and each new day brings us more supporters. Wuppertal communism is a *vérité*, indeed almost a force. You have no idea what a fertile soil we have for it here. The stupidest, idlest, most philistine of people, who used to take no interest in any-

[a] Lit.: grocery; read: small shopkeepers.—*Ed.*

[b] Frederick Engels, "Beschreibung der in neuerer Zeit entstandenen und noch bestehenden kommunistischen Ansiedlungen" (see Note 79).—*Ed.*

thing under the sun, are beginning to be positively carried away by communism. How long things will just be left to take their own course I do not know, but the police are clearly in a most awkward dilemma and do not know how they stand, and at the moment the worst beast of all, the *Landrat*,[a] happens to be in Berlin. But even if our meetings are prohibited we shall find a way out, and if that too proves impossible we have in any case already stirred things up to such an extent that all reading matter which appears in support of our point of view will be snapped up immediately. Now that I shall be going away for Easter, it is particularly welcome that Hess is settling here and at the same time will have a monthly[b] put out by Baedeker in Elberfeld, for which Kriege, I think, has a prospectus. Whatever happens I shall be going to Bonn, as I think I wrote in an earlier letter. My planned journey to Paris is out, for I have nothing to see to there now, but on the other hand I shall definitely be coming to Brussels, particularly in view of the fact that my mother and both my sisters will be going to Ostende in the summer. In addition I must pay another visit to Communists in Bielefeld; and if Feuerbach does not come here then I must go to him, and, finally, if I can find the time and money, I shall be making another trip to England. As you see, I have plenty to look forward to. Bergenroth also told me that he will probably be going to Brussels in a few weeks or so. He was present with some people from Düsseldorf at our second meeting which he addressed. In general it is something quite different to stand up before real living people and hold forth to them directly, openly, sensing their reac-

[a] District president.—*Ed.*
[b] *Gesellschaftsspiegel.*—*Ed.*

tions, instead of merely carrying on with this wretched abstract pen-pushing imagining an abstract audience in one's "mind's eye".

In Hess' name I am to ask you once again to send Püttmann something for his quarterly[a]—to his I add my own request as well. It is imperative that all our names appear in the first issue to give the thing the right character. Without us it will not come out at all.

February 25

Yesterday evening the news came that our next meeting was to be broken up by the gendarmes and that the speakers were to be arrested.

February 26

Yesterday morning the chief burgomaster[b] forbade Frau Obermeyer to let meetings of this kind be held in her premises, and I was informed that if the meeting was held despite this, an arrest and law-suit would follow. We have naturally abandoned the idea now and must wait and see whether they will prosecute us, which is hardly likely though, for we were smart enough to give them no handle against us, and the whole dirty business could now only lead to a splendid showdown for the government. What is more, the public prosecutors and the whole provincial court were present and the chief public prosecutor himself joined in the discussion.

[a] *Rheinische Jahrbücher.—Ed.*
[b] Johann Adolph Carnap.—*Ed.*

March 7

Since writing the above, I have spent a week in Bonn and Cologne. The Cologne people now have permission to hold their meeting on the Association question.[101] As for the Elberfeld case, a rescript has been sent from the Düsseldorf authorities prohibiting any further meetings. Hess and Köttgen have lodged a protest. Of course that won't help, but the authorities will see from the tone of the protest that they are unable to get the better of us. Hess is again incredibly sanguine, because otherwise everything is going so well and our advances are really tremendous. Only the good fellow will insist on indulging in illusions.

Our *Gesellschaftsspiegel* is turning out magnificently and the first sheet has got through the censor without any cuts. There is a whole heap of contributions. Hess is staying in a hotel by the name of *Stadt London* in *Barmen*. It will probably be some time before Bergenroth gets to Brussels, but on the other hand someone else whom I shall not name (for this letter is bound to be opened) will be going there. If it is at all possible I shall also come over again in April. It is all a question of money for me at the moment because there was a family scene over that meeting after which the old man[a] decided that he would only support me if I were engaged in "*studia*", but not if I was involved in communist activity of any sort.

I would have written you a whole lot more if I had a fixed address in Brussels, which incidentally you must let me have. Much of what has happened here could be most detrimental if it were to be read in a *cabinet noir*.[102] I shall be staying here another

[a] Friedrich Engels senior, the father of Engels.—*Ed.*

four weeks and then going to Bonn at the beginning of April. But please write to me in any case so that we know how things are with you. The money has more or less been collected now; I have not yet learnt how much it comes to altogether, but it shall be sent off immediately. My manuscript[a] will also be sent off in the next few days.

Critical Criticism has *still not arrived*! The new title, *The Holy Family*, will make family differences with my pious and already furious old man worse than ever, but that was something you naturally couldn't have known. It would appear from the advance notice that you have put my name first—why? After all I had hardly any part [in it][b] and there's no mistaking [your][b] style.

Let me know by return of post if you are still in need of money. Wigand is to send me something in about a fortnight and then you have only to say the word. I am afraid that the rest of the subscription money will not come to more than 120 or 150 francs.

By the way, we are planning here to translate Fourier and indeed, if it proves possible, to bring out a "Library of the Best Foreign Socialist Writers". Fourier would be the best writer to start with. We have managed to find people to do the translation work. Hess has just told me that a special Fourier dictionary has come out in France compiled by some follower of Fourier's. You must have heard about it. Please give me details immediately and if possible send me a copy by post. At the same time recommend which French works you think are most suitable for inclusion in this series of translations. But quickly, because time is short as we have already started

[a] Frederick Engels, *The Condition of the Working-Class in England.—Ed.*

[b] The manuscript is damaged here.—*Ed.*

negotiating with a publisher.[a] How far have you got with your book?[b] I must get down to work on my manuscript now. So I shall bid you farewell for the moment and do send me your replies to these questions at once.

Yours,
F. E.

Regards to Kriege and Bürgers. Is Bernays with you?

Barmen, March 7, 1845

To Karl Marx

in Brussels

Dear Marx,

Yesterday Hess gave me your letter. As far as the translations are concerned, the whole thing has not been arranged yet. In Bonn I wanted to have the Fourier translated by some of our people there under my supervision and guidance—naturally leaving out all that cosmogony nonsense[103]—and, if the publisher agreed, have the thing printed as the first issue in this Library. I brought the matter up with Baedeker, who publishes the *Gesellschaftsspiegel,* and he seemed fairly enthusiastic although he does not have the funds necessary for a *large* series. If we publish it in this form, it would definitely be better to give it to Leske or someone else, who has the wherewithal to finance it. I have no time to translate

[a] Julius Theodor Baedeker.—*Ed.*

[b] The reference is to Marx's work *Kritik der Politik und Nationalökonomie.*—*Ed.*

those things in the summer *myself,* because I must finish my English things. The first book[a] was sent off to Wigand this week, and since I stipulated that he pay me a hundred talers on receipt of the manuscript I expect to have the money in 8–12 days and be able to send it to you. For the time being 122 francs 22 centimes are to be transferred to Brussels on March 26.[b]

With this letter I enclose the rest of the subscription money. If the Elberfeld people had not dragged the whole business out so terribly they could have collected at least another twenty talers from among their *amis*-bourgeois, which would have meant that you would have received more money and earlier.

But to revert to the Library; I have been wondering whether it is best to publish the volumes in *chronological* order. Since French and English authors are bound to alternate, continuity would still be disrupted again and again. At any rate, I think it would be better to sacrifice *theoretical* interest to practical effectiveness and start off with those works which provide the Germans with the most interesting material and which are closest to our principles: namely, the best pieces by Fourier, Owen, the Saint-Simonists, etc.—Morelly might also be included among the early issues. The historical background could be given briefly in an introduction to the whole series, and then anyone could find their way around easily with the material arranged in that order. We could do the introduction together—you taking France and I England; perhaps we could manage

[a] Frederick Engels, *The Condition of the Working-Class in England.—Ed.*

[b] The words "122 francs 22 centimes", "to Brussels on March 26" were inserted by Stephan Adolf Naut.—*Ed.*

it when I join you, as I intend, in three weeks' time—or we could at least discuss it.

At any rate, I consider it essential to start out with those works which are of decisive practical relevance for the Germans and which will save us from having to repeat what others have said before us. If we attempted to provide a collection of sources bearing on the history of socialism or rather present that history in and through source material, the task would, I fear, take an age to complete and the result would be tedious, what is more. This is why I suggest we only include works, the positive content of which is at least for the most part still relevant today. This would leave no room for Godwin's *Political Justice*,[104] as a critique of politics from the political and civil-social standpoint, despite the many fine passages where Godwin's ideas almost border on communism, for you are to provide the *complete* critique of politics. All the more so since Godwin at the *end* of his work comes to the conclusion that man should emancipate himself from society to the utmost and only make use of it as a luxury (*Political Justice,* II, Book 8, Appendix to Chapter 8), and in general he is decidedly anti-*social* in the conclusions he draws. However, I took notes from that book a very long time ago, when a good deal of things were still unclear to me, and need to read it through again carefully, so it is perhaps possible that there is more in it than I found at the time. But if we include Godwin then we ought not to overlook his complement Bentham, although the fellow is horribly tedious and theoretical.

Let me know what you think and then we can discuss what should be done. Since this idea occurred to both of us, it really should be carried out—I mean the Library. Hess will, I am sure, be happy to take part and the same goes for me as soon as

I can find some time. That is something Hess has at the moment, for apart from editing the *Gesellschaftsspiegel* he has nothing else underway.

If we are agreed in principle, then on my arrival, which in view of this project I am seeking to put forward, we can settle all the details and get down to work at once.

Critical Criticism[a]—I think I wrote you that it had already arrived—is really splendid. Your treatment of the Jewish question, the history of materialism and the *Mystères*[b] is magnificent and is bound to make a powerful impact. Yet for all that the work is too long. The majestic contempt with which we attack the *Literatur-Zeitung* is contradicted somewhat by the fact that we devote 22 sheets to the subject. In addition, most of the criticism directed at speculative and abstract philosophising in general remains incomprehensible to the public at large and will not be of interest to everyone. In other respects the book is excellently written and will have people in fits of laughter. The Bauers will not be able to say a word against it. If Bürgers announces its publication in the first issue of Püttmann's journal,[c] he might mention the reason why I contributed so little and only that which could be written without any detailed analysis—namely, my short stay in Paris that lasted only ten days. There's no denying it looks strange that I wrote some 1 1/2 sheets and you over twenty. You would have done as well to leave out that part on "prostitution". It is too short and possesses only trifling significance.

It is remarkable that apart from the Library another plan should have occurred simultaneously

[a] Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *The Holy Family or Critique of Critical Criticism.*—*Ed.*

[b] Eugène Sue, *Les Mystères de Paris.*—*Ed.*

[c] *Rheinische Jahrbücher.*—*Ed.*

to the two of us. I too was planning to write for Püttmann a criticism of List, but fortunately he informed me of your intentions in time. As I wanted to approach List from the *practical* angle and elaborate the *practical* consequences of his system, I shall rework in more detail one of my Elberfeld speeches (the debates will be published in Püttmann's paper[105]) where I touched upon that among other things. As it is, I presume in view of Bürgers' letter to Hess and your personal inclinations, that you will go into his *premises* rather than his conclusions.

I am leading a real dog's life at the moment. Because of the trouble over those meetings and the "looseness" of several of our local Communists, with whom I am naturally in contact, the old man's[a] all religious fanaticism has flared up again and become even worse since my announcement that I plan to abandon huckstering once and for all. Then my public appearances as a Communist have given rise to rabid bourgeois fanaticism on his part into the bargain. So you can imagine my position. Since I plan to leave in about a fortnight I do not want to make a scene; I just let everything pass me by and they are not used to this, so it makes them all the bolder. If a letter comes for me it will be sniffed over by all and sundry before I get hold of it. Because they know that all the letters are from Communists, every time they make such long faces full of God-fearing horror that it's enough to send me out of my mind. If I go out they pull the same faces. When I am sitting in my room and working, for communism of course, it's the same faces all over again. I am unable to eat, drink, sleep or even utter a sound without being confronted by the same cursed expressions of pious horror. Whatever I do, whether

[a] Engels' father.—*Ed.*

I go out or stay at home, keep silent or talk, read or write, laugh or refrain from so doing—the old man pulls the same repulsive grimace. What's more, the old man is so stupid that for him communism and liberalism come under the same heading, "revolutionary"—and despite all my objections he holds me constantly responsible for, among other things, all the infamy perpetrated by the English *bourgeoisie* in parliament! Moreover, the pious season has begun in this household. A week ago my brother and sister[a] were confirmed, and the whole clan will be trotting off to communion today: the Body of Our Lord has taken effect, for this morning the expressions of holy horror all round me were worse than ever before.

Pour comble de malheur[b] I spent yesterday evening in Elberfeld with Hess, where we were preaching communism till two in the morning. Today of course there were long faces about my staying out late and aspersions that I may well have visited a whorehouse. Finally courage was mustered to ask me where I had actually been. "At Hess' house."—"With Hess! Good God!"—A pause and a new wave of Christian despair comes over their faces.—"What people you're mixing with!"—Sighs, etc. It really is enough to put you out of your mind. You cannot imagine the malice involved in this Christian witch-hunt after my "soul". All that is needed now is for the old man to discover that *Critical Criticism* exists, and he might very well then drive me out altogether. At the same time to see that nothing can help these people to understand is a constant source of irritation as they positively *want* to flay and torture themselves with their visions of hell; it is impossible to make

[a] Rudolf and Hedwig Engels.—*Ed.*
[b] To crown it all.—*Ed.*

them appreciate even the most primitive principles of justice.

Were it not for my mother whom I really love and who is a fine person only bereft of all independence vis-à-vis my father, I would never for a moment dream of making even the most paltry concessions to the fanatical and despotic old man. But my mother is worrying herself sick all the time as it is, and when she gets particularly angry at me, that means a week of headaches, so that there is no holding out any longer. I must get away and hardly know how I can stand the few weeks that I am to remain here. But I'll manage somehow I suppose.

That's all there is to report here. The bourgeoisie plays at politics and goes to church, and what the proletariat is doing we do not know and could hardly hope to know. The address which you used for your last letter is still reliable. I hope to receive the money this evening: Köttgen has just assured me that as soon as he has a little more time—in a few days from now—he will be able to get hold of some more. However, I have little faith in that promise, because Köttgen is always to hand when there is a chance of being in the limelight, but otherwise he is no use and does nothing. *Adiós.*

Yours,
E.

Barmen, March 17, 45

To Marie Engels

in Barmen

Dear Marie,

Today, much to my dismay, I must inform you that I shall not be able to be present at your wedding because of difficulties over my passport. Last Wednesday I went to the offices of the *sûreté publique*[a] and applied for a passport for Prussia. After waiting for a while and long discussion of my emigration and the fact that I cannot obtain a passport from the Prussian envoy, I was finally informed that I was after all only a new arrival and for that reason he was unable to issue a passport to me. If I had lived here somewhat longer, then he, that is, Monsieur Hody, the director of the *sûreté publique,* would be authorised to issue a passport to me, but in the given situation it was impossible. All the more so since foreigners who settle here usually arrive with passports that are valid for a further year or six months. According to his instructions, he may it is true stamp passports but not issue new ones to foreigners newly arrived in the country. If I had some connections though, there is no doubt I should have been issued a passport by the Foreign Ministry. I actually have such connections, namely through a German doctor, who had promised to obtain a passport for me if I were to have any difficulties. However, this doctor got married himself only a fortnight ago and had left to spend his honeymoon in the Walloon spas. He came back on Thursday, and I was not able to meet him before yesterday evening; he was very willing to help but said at once that since he would not be able to go to the

[a] Police headquarters.—*Ed.*

ministry before this morning it would be out of the question for me to have my passport before the day after tomorrow—Monday—and my journey would therefore have to be put off till Monday evening or Tuesday morning. I told him that I could not wait that long, at which he explained once again that it would not be possible to arrange things for me any earlier, but he would make another attempt all the same. This morning he sent me a note to say he had learnt that he would be unable to obtain a passport for me before Monday and probably only by Monday evening. I replied at once to the effect that he should not put himself to any more trouble, since I would have to abandon the whole idea of the trip anyway.

In view of other considerations relating to my position here and which I have no need to recount to you and the others, I would only be courting trouble if I attempted to cross the border without a passport—as I was reminded by Monsieur Hody as well, since my emigration papers were valid *pour sortir de la Prusse, mais pas pour y rentrer*.[a] So I am compelled to stay here and celebrate your wedding alone and in my thoughts, much as I regret it. However, you can be sure that I shall be thinking of you and Emil[b] the whole day and my best wishes go with you for your wedding and honeymoon, although I have to forego the pleasure of transmitting them in person. What I wish you above all is that the love which brought you together and has made your relationship so beautiful, humane and pure to a degree I have seldom encountered, may accompany you through your whole life, help you to overcome all adversities with ease and be

[a] For my exit from Prussia, but not for re-entry.—*Ed.*
[b] Emil Blank.—*Ed.*

a source of true happiness. I rejoice at your wedding from the bottom of my heart, for I know that life together will bring you only happiness, and that after you are married neither of you will be disappointed. You can be sure that none of the numerous congratulations you will be offered will be more loyal, sincere or warm than mine! You know that I have always loved you best of all my brothers and sisters and have always confided most in you, so you will believe what I say without any long and elaborate assurances, without me going into any wordy rigmarole. Once again I wish that your love may ever remain what it is today, and I wish you something else as well, what that is you can guess. Be happy!

I hope soon to receive a letter from Mrs. Blank, because I hope that Mrs. Blank will take as close an interest in me as did Fräulein Engels. Whatever happens I hope to see you both after a happy wedding and happy honeymoon either in Ostende or England this summer, and till then I wish you once again all the best!

My love to everyone.

Your devoted
Friedrich

Brussels, Saturday, May 31, 1845

To Julius Campe

in Hamburg

Dear Sir,

From your letter it emerges that you are under a misunderstanding as to the trend we follow in

the work we submitted to you for publication. In no way did we intend to support either the protective duties or free trade, but on the contrary to criticise both systems from our point of view. Our point of view is the communist one, which we expounded in the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*, *The Holy Family*, the *Rheinische Jahrbücher*, etc., and which also forms the basis of my work *The Condition of the Working-Class in England*. As you yourself must realise, this rules out the possibility of any censorship, and we therefore cannot agree to it. Should you be prepared not to insist on this and in general feel inclined to accept this work, we would ask you to inform us, before we enter into any other contract.

Your respectful and devoted
servant,
F. Engels

7, rue de l'Alliance
Brussels, October 14, 1845

Notes

[1] A reference to the pamphlet *Jacob Grimm über seine Entlassung* (published in Basle in 1838), written by Jacob Grimm in connection with the dismissal of seven professors of liberal sympathies from Göttingen University, Grimm included, because they had protested against the abrogation of the constitution by the King of Hanover in 1837. The Hanover events evoked wide response throughout Germany.

p. 26

[2] By the Cologne affair Engels means the conflict which arose between the Prussian government and the Catholic church over the question of the religion of children born to mixed Catholic and Protestant families. Known as the "*ecclesiastical discord*" or "*Cologne discord*", this conflict began in 1837, when the Archbishop of Cologne was arrested and accused of high treason for his refusal to submit to the demands of Frederick William III, King of Prussia, and came to an end under Frederick William IV, when the Prussian government gave in to the Vatican.

p. 26

[3] *The Bedouin* was Engels' first work to appear in print. It was published in the journal *Bremisches Conversationsblatt* (No. 40, September 16, 1838). When preparing the poem for the press the editors of the journal changed the last stanza without the author's permission. The original text is cited by Engels in this letter to the Graeber brothers.

p. 29

[4] A reference to Goethe's two articles "Für junge Dichter" and "Noch ein Wort für junge Dichter" written in 1831.

p. 30

[5] This part of the letter is written in rhymed prose and Engels jokingly calls it "my *Makamas*" alluding to the picaresque novel in Arabic, Persian and Jewish literature of the Middle Ages.

p. 35

[6] Engels refers to *Christliches Gesangbuch zur Beförderung öffentlicher und häuslicher Andacht* published in Bremen in 1812.

p. 36

[7] A reference to Goethe's poem *Wandrers Nachtlied* and Schiller's poem *Drei Worte des Glaubens*.

p. 36

[8] Albert Knapp, *Evangelischer Liederschatz für Kirche und Haus*. Eine Sammlung geistlicher Lieder aus allen christlichen Jahrhunderten, gesammelt und nach den Bedürfnissen unserer Zeit bearbeitet, Bd. 1–2, Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1837.

p. 36

[9] *Young Germany* (Junges Deutschland)—a literary group that emerged in Germany in the 1830s and was under the influence of Heinrich Heine and Ludwig Börne. In their fiction and journalistic writings, the members of this group (also known as Young Literature), Gutzkow, Wienbarg, Mundt, Laube, Jung and others, expressed the sentiments of the petty bourgeoisie and intellectuals in opposition, advocated freedom of conscience and the press, the introduction of constitution, the emancipation of women, and so on. Their political views were vague and inconsistent; many of them soon became conventional liberals.

p. 47

[10] Heinrich Laube's collections of travel stories entitled *Reisenovellen* (Bd. 1–4, 1. Aufl., Leipzig, 1833–1834) and *Neue Reisenovellen* (Bd. 1–2, Mannheim, 1837).

p. 48

[11] Julius Mosen, *Ahasver*. Episches Gedicht, Dresden und Leipzig, 1838.

p. 48

[12] Engels refers to Gutzkow's review of Mosen's *Ahasver* published in August 1838 in the journal *Telegraph für Deutschland*, No. 124.

p. 48

[13] Engels refers to Creizenach's article "Gutzkow über *Ahasver*" that appeared in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* (No. 189) on September 27, 1838.

p. 48

[14] Duller's collection of ballads, *Die Wittelsbacher*, was published in Munich in 1831. Many of these ballads were included in Hüllstett's reader of German literature entitled *Sammlung ausgewählter Stücke aus den Werken deutscher Prosaiker und Dichter, zum Erklären und mündlichen Vortragen für die unteren und mittleren Klassen von Gymnasien*, 2. Teile, Düsseldorf, 1830–1831.

p. 50

[15] Engels has in mind Eduard Duller's introductory article ("Leben Grabbes") to Christian Grabbe's drama *Die Hermannschlacht* published in Düsseldorf in 1838.

p. 50

[16] Eduard Duller, *Kaiser und Papst*. Novel in four parts. Part I, Leipzig, 1838, p. 284.

p. 50

[17] *Pietism*—a mystical trend in the Lutheran Church that emerged in Germany in the 17th century. It placed religious sentiment higher than religious dogma and at the same time was directed against rational thinking and the philosophy of the Enlightenment. 19th-century pietism was marked by extreme mysticism and bigotry. Rejecting religious rites the pietists attached special importance to emotional experience and prayers and declared as sinful all amusement and the reading of non-religious literature.

p. 54

[18] This poem was published in the journal *Der Bremer Stadtbote* No. 8, March 24, 1839.

p. 58

[19] Karl Gutzkow's novel *Wally, die Zweiflerin*, published in Mannheim in 1835, was attacked by the reactionaries. In particular, the *Literaturblatt* (Nos. 93 and 94) for September 11 and 14, 1835, printed a review of it by Menzel who accused Gutzkow of holding immoral and blasphemous views. Such attacks served as a pretext used by the Prussian government for banning on November 14, 1835 the works of the writers of the Young Germany movement. On December 10 a decision to

this effect was adopted by the Federal Diet. Judicial proceedings were instituted against Karl Gutzkow.

p. 60

[20] This article, entitled "Vergangenheit und Gegenwart. 1830–1838", contained an analysis of German literature over that period. It was published in the first and only issue of the *Jahrbuch der Literatur*, which appeared in Hamburg in 1839.

p. 62

[21] The *Swabian school*—a Württemberg circle of poets that existed in the second decade of the last century. Its leading light was Ludwig Uhland and it comprised representatives of late romanticism in Germany, including Justinus Kerner, Mayer Gustav Schwab, Hauff Gustav Pfizer, Albert Knapp.

p. 62

[22] *Marteau*—a publishing house in Cologne named after Pierre Marteau, a fictitious publisher under whose trademark books and pamphlets in French, Dutch and German were printed in the 17th–19th centuries.

p. 62

[23] Engels is referring to his article "Letters from Wuppertal" which was published, unsigned, in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* in March and April 1839 and which was his first journalistic work. The article exposed the obscurantism and bigotry of the German bourgeoisie and clergy and showed the hard lot of the workers and artisans condemned to severe exploitation and a wretched existence (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 2, pp. 7–25).

p. 65

[24] Engels is presumably referring to a book by Marlow (the pseudonym of the poet Hermann Ludwig Wolfram) published in Leipzig in 1839: *Faust. Ein dramatisches Gedicht in drei Abschnitten.*

p. 67

[25] This poem was published in the *Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt* No. 34 on April 27, 1839, under the title "To the *Bremen Courier*" (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 2, p. 26).

p. 83

[26] *Os Lusiadas*—an epic poem by Luiz de Camões, the great Portuguese poet of the Renaissance; it was published in 1527.
p. 84

[27] Engels' first journalistic work "Letters from Wuppertal" (see Note 23) evoked a lively response in Barmen and Elberfeld. Voicing the attitude of the local bourgeoisie to these "Letters", the conservative newspaper *Elberfelder Zeitung*, on April 12, 1839, published an article by its editor, Martin Runkel, sharply attacking the "Letters" which exposed the obscurantism and bigotry of the German bourgeoisie and clergy. Engels replied to Dr. Runkel with a letter which was printed in the *Elberfelder Zeitung* No. 127, May 9, 1839 (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 2, pp. 27–28).
p. 85

[28] Ludwig Börne, *Gesammelte Schriften*. 14. Teile. 1. Ausg. Hamburg, 1829–1832, Paris, 1833–1834; 1. und 2. Teil: *Dramaturgische Blätter*. Hamburg, 1829.
p. 88

[29] In his article "Über den Charakter des Wilhelm Tell in Schillers Drama", Ludwig Börne sharply criticised Schiller's hero, calling him an "out-and-out philistine" who was more like a petty bourgeois than a "bold mountaineer".
p. 88

[30] In 1838, Heinrich Leo, a reactionary historian and journalist, published in Halle a book entitled *Die Hegelingen. Actenstücke und Belege zu der s.g. Denunciation der ewigen Wahrheit*, which attacked Strauss, Ruge, Michelet and other Young Hegelians whom Leo scornfully called "Hegelings".
p. 92

[31] Heinrich Leo, *Sendschreiben an J. Görres*, Halle, 1838.
p. 92

[32] Engels is referring to Karl Schubarth's book *Über die Unvereinbarkeit der Hegel'schen Staatslehre mit dem obersten Lebens- und Entwickellungsprinzip des Preussischen Staats*, Breslau, 1839.
p. 93

[33] This article was published in the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* Nos. 23–25 on March 20, 23 and 27, 1839.
p. 97

[34] David Friedrich Strauss, *Das Leben Jesu*, Bd. 1–2, Tübingen, 1835–1836.

p. 98

[35] Cf. 1 Peter 2:2. A mistake in the original: Engels has Paul instead of Peter.

p. 98

[36] In 1839 the radical government of the Zurich canton offered David Strauss a professorship at Zurich University, a step which gave rise to sharp political conflict between the government and the conservative-clerical circles. On September 6, 1839, Strauss' opponents, headed by Bernhard Hirzel, a priest from the village of Pfäffikon, staged an armed demonstration in Zurich. But even before the demonstration took place the government was compelled to withdraw Strauss' invitation and later it resigned.

p. 104

[37] Engels is referring to the German translation of Roman Soltyk's book *La Pologne. Précis historique, politique et militaire de sa révolution.* T. I–II, Paris, 1833. This translation appeared in Stuttgart in 1834 under the title: *Polen und seine Helden im letzten Freiheitskampfe.*

p. 113

[38] Engels is quoting a parody on a poem by the 18th-century German writer Count Friedrich Leopold von Stolberg in which an old Swabian knight is speaking to his son: Sohn, da hast du meinen Speer (Son, here is my spear).

p. 117

[39] Theodor Creizenach, *Der schwäbische Apoll.* Lustspiel in einem Akt. In: *Dichtungen*, Mannheim, 1839. This comedy by Creizenach, a German liberal-minded poet and literary historian, is a satire on Wolfgang Menzel, Gustav Pfizer, Justinus Kerner and other representatives of the "Swabian school" (see Note 21).

p. 120

[40] Karl Grün's book *Buch der Wanderungen. Ostsee und Rhein* came out in Kassel and Leipzig in 1839 under the pseudonym of *Ernst von der Haide.*

p. 121

[41] *Deutsche Bund* (German Confederation)—confederation of German states set up on June 8, 1815, by the Vienna Congress which originally embraced 34 states and four free cities with feudal absolutist governments. It fostered Germany's political and economic fragmentation and hampered her progressive development.

Bund (Federal Diet)—central organ of the German Confederation consisting of representatives of German states; it existed until 1866.

p. 123

[42] David Friedrich Strauss, *Charakteristiken und Kritiken. Eine Sammlung zerstreuter Aufsätze aus den Gebieten der Theologie, Anthropologie und Aesthetik*, Leipzig, 1839. The first essay in this collection is entitled "Schleiermacher und Daub, in ihrer Bedeutung für die Theologie unserer Zeit".

p. 124

[43] August Tholuck, *Die Glaubwürdigkeit der evangelischen Geschichte, zugleich eine Kritik des Lebens Jesu von Strauss, für theologische und nicht theologische Leser dargestellt.* The first edition of the book came out in Hamburg in 1837.

p. 125

[44] August Neander, *Das Leben Jesu Christi in seinem geschichtlichen Zusammenhange und seiner geschichtlichen Entwickelung dargestellt.* Hamburg, 1837.

p. 125

[45] A reference to Engels' article "Karl Beck" (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 2, pp. 41–46).

p. 126

[46] A reference to Engels' article "German *Volksbücher*" (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 2, pp. 32–40).

p. 127

[47] The article attacking *Darstellung und Kritik des modernen Pietismus* (Stuttgart, 1839), a book by Christian Märklin, was published in the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* (Nos. 1–8, January 1, 4, 8, 11, 15, 18, 22 and 25, 1840) under the title "Vorwort". For *Pietism* see Note 17.

p. 129

[48] *Parsees*—members of a religious sect in India and Iran deifying fire, air, water and earth; adherents of Zoroastrianism.

Libertines—members of a pantheistic sect in France and Switzerland in the middle of the 16th century; their sympathies were democratic and they fought against Calvin and his followers, but were defeated.

p. 129

[49] A reference to the marriage in Cana at which Christ turned water into wine (St. John, Chapter 2).

p. 131

[50] A reference to Friedrich Mallet's article "Vorwort" in the *Bremer Kirchenbote* Nos. 1 and 2, January 12 and 19, 1840.

p. 132

[51] R. F. Eylert, Lutheran bishop and court preacher, made his speech on January 19, 1840, in the Knights' Hall of the royal palace in Berlin. It was published in the *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Zeitung* No. 20, January 20, 1840.

p. 135

[52] Engels is referring to Karl Rotteck's book *Allgemeine Weltgeschichte für alle Stände, von den frühesten Zeiten bis zum Jahre 1831*, Bd. 4. Stuttgart, 1833. It started to appear in 1831.

p. 135

[53] The *Spanish constitution of 1812*, adopted in the interests of the liberal nobility and the liberal bourgeoisie, limited the king's power by the establishment of diets and did away with certain survivals of feudalism. The return to power of the feudal-aristocratic forces in 1814 led to the repeal of this constitution, which became the banner of the liberal constitutionalist movement in Spain and other European countries in the first half of the 19th century.

p. 135

[54] *Carbonari* (from *carbonaro*: a coal man)—members of secret conspiratorial societies in Italy and France in the early 19th century. In Italy these societies consisted of representatives of the urban bourgeoisie and the nobility now bourgeois in its attitudes, officers, petty bourgeois and peasants, and their aims were national liberation, the unification of the country and certain political reforms. The French carbonari—adherents of various political trends—set themselves the aim of overthrowing the Bourbons.

p. 136

[55] When Engels visited Münster in May 1840, Levin Schücking presented him with a volume of poems by Annette von Droste-Hülshoff with the dedication "In memory of Münster". This book entitled *Gedichte* came out in Münster in 1838 under the initials D. H.

p. 137

[56] Engels is speaking about Levin Schücking's review of poems by Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, which was printed in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 170, October 1838.

p. 137

[57] Engels gave an appreciation of the book of poems by Annette von Droste-Hülshoff in his article "Landscapes" (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 2, pp. 100–01). p. 137

[58] In May 1840, during his stay in Münster, Engels discussed, with the radical German writers Levin Schücking and Hermann Püttmann, a plan for publishing a German translation of Shelley's poems at which all of them were working at the time.

p. 137

[59] Engels is referring to his article "Modern Literary Life" published in March and May 1840 in the newspaper *Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser* (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 2, pp. 71–93). In this article Engels criticised the Young Germany literary movement (see Note 9) which had begun to disillusion him by that time.

p. 140

[60] A reference to the following books by Hermann Püttmann: *Die Düsseldorfer Malerschule und ihre Leistungen seit der Errichtung des Kunstvereines im Jahre 1829*, Leipzig, 1839, and *Chatterton*, Barmen, 1840.

p. 140

[61] Engels is referring to Coleridge's poems translated into German by Levin Schücking.

p. 140

[62] In its issue for June 7, 1840, the newspaper *Blätter zur Kunde der Literatur des Auslands*, published by Gustav Pfizer, contained Schücking's translations of two poems by Shelley and three by Coleridge.

p. 141

[63] In 1840 Napoleon's remains were transferred from St. Helena to Paris.

p. 167

[64] Goethe, *Sämmtliche Werke*, Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1840.

p. 171

[65] The words of the Catholic hymn, *Stabat mater dolorosa*, were set to music by many composers, including Pergolese, Palestrina and Rossini.

p. 174

[66] A reference to Engels' article "Ernst Moritz Arndt" (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 2, pp. 137–50).

p. 181

[67] In late March 1841 Engels returned to Barmen from Bremen.

p. 185

[68] In the latter half of September 1841 Engels went to Berlin for a term of military training and served as a volunteer in an artillery brigade until October 1842. In his free time Engels attended lectures at Berlin University as a non-matriculated student. In October 1842, when his term of military service was over, Engels returned to Barmen and in November left Barmen for England where he remained until August 1844.

p. 189

[69] The article in question is "Alexander Jung. 'Lectures on Modern German Literature'" (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 2, pp. 284–97) published in the Left-Hegelian journal *Deutsche Jahrbücher*.

p. 190

[70] Engels' works *Schelling and Revelation* and *Schelling, Philosopher in Christ*, directed against the reactionary philosophic and political views of the German idealist philosopher Schelling, were published anonymously in 1842 as separate pamphlets (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 2, pp. 189–264).

p. 190

[71] Up to this time Engels signed his articles using the pseudonym *Oswald* or published them unsigned.

p. 193

[72] A reference to Jung's reply to Engels' article "Alexander Jung. 'Lectures on Modern German Literature'". The reply was printed in the *Königsberger Literaturblatt* No. 42, July 20, 1842.
p. 193

[73] This is the earliest extant letter of Engels to Marx. It was written soon after his return to Germany from England. On his way back to Germany, Engels had visited Paris at the end of August 1844 and stayed there for ten days. It was at this time that the historic meeting between Engels and Marx occurred, a meeting which was to mark the beginning of their joint academic work and revolutionary struggle for the cause of the working class.
p. 199

[74] In the autumn of 1844 Karl Bernays, one of the editors of the German newspaper *Vorwärts!*, published in Paris, was sued by the French authorities at the request of the Prussian government and sentenced to imprisonment and fined for his criticism of the reactionary system in Prussia.
p. 201

[75] The *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher* was published in German in Paris under the editorship of Karl Marx and Arnold Ruge. Only one, double issue appeared in February 1844, the main reason for the suspension of the publication being differences of principle between Marx and the bourgeois radical Ruge.
p. 201

[76] Engels left Germany in November 1842 and lived for nearly two years in England working in the office of a large Manchester cotton mill of which his father was a co-partner. At the same time Engels studied the social and political relations in England, the living and working conditions of the English proletariat, and the Chartist movement. In early September 1844 he returned to Germany.
p. 202

[77] *Vorwärts!*—a German newspaper published in Paris from January to December 1844. Several articles by Marx and Engels were printed in the paper. In January 1845, at the request of the Prussian government, the Guizot Ministry expelled Marx and a few other members of the staff, and as a result the paper ceased to appear.
p. 203

[78] Engels is referring to *Kritik der Politik und Nationalökonomie*, a work which Marx planned to write but never finished. Marx began to study political economy at the end of 1843 and in the spring of 1844 he decided to print his criticism of bourgeois political economy from the standpoint of materialism and communism. Only part of the manuscripts written at the time, known as *Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844*, has come down to us (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 3, pp. 229–346).

p. 203

[79] In December 1844, the *Deutsches Bürgerbuch* published Engels' work "Description of Recently Founded Communist Colonies Still in Existence" (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 4, pp. 214–28). This description of the colonies founded in the U.S.A. by Owen and his followers and modelled on utopian communist lines was the German translation of the material published in the English periodicals: *The New Moral World*, *The Northern Star* and *The Morning Chronicle*.

p. 204

[80] The differences between Marx and Engels, and the bourgeois radical Ruge, began during the time of the publication of the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*, which was edited by Marx and Ruge. At the bottom of these differences lay Ruge's negative attitude towards communism as a revolutionary world outlook and the fundamental divergence of views of Marx and the Young Hegelian Ruge, a supporter of philosophical idealism. The final break between Marx and Ruge occurred in March 1844.

p. 205

[81] A reference to the *Associations for the Benefit of the Working-Classes* which were formed in a number of Prussian towns in 1844 and 1845 on the initiative of the German liberal bourgeoisie, which was alarmed at the rising of the Silesian weavers in the summer of 1844 and wanted to divert the German workers from the struggle for their class interests. Despite the efforts by the bourgeoisie and the ruling circles to give these associations a harmless philanthropic character, they served as an impetus for the growing political activity of the urban masses and drew the attention of broad social strata in Germany to the social question.

Meetings called to set up such associations and to discuss the Rules were extensively used by the revolutionary-democratic intellectuals to popularise and disseminate progressive ideas and to counter the influence of the clergy and the liberal

bourgeoisie. These meetings and the associations themselves thus became an arena for the struggle of conflicting social and class interests, which was a sign of the activisation of political life in Germany on the eve of the bourgeois revolution. In the spring of 1845, frightened by the undesirable direction the activities of these associations were taking, the Prussian government hastily cut them short by refusing to approve the Rules of the Associations and prohibiting further meetings.

p. 206

[82] Former publishers of and contributors to the *Rheinische Zeitung*—Jung, D'Ester and Compes—as well as other radical-democratic and socialist intellectuals took an active part in setting up Associations for the Benefit of the Working-Classes in *Cologne* in November 1844. At a meeting in Cologne on November 10, 1844, a General Association for Relief and Education was founded which set itself the tasks of "organising labour, defending the interests of labour from the power of capital", etc. Despite the efforts of bourgeois liberals, the meeting adopted democratic Rules which provided for the workers' active participation in the work of the association. Subsequently this led to a definitive split between the radical-democratic elements and the liberal bourgeoisie. The latter, headed by Camphausen, withdrew from the association and did their utmost to hasten its prohibition by the authorities.

In *Elberfeld*, at a mass meeting on November 17, 1844, an Educational Society was founded. From the outset its organisers had to wage a struggle against attempts made by the local clergy to gain control of the society and lend its activities a religious colouring. Engels and his supporters strove to use its meetings and committee for propagating communist views. They exposed the true aims of the clerics and the false character of bourgeois philosophy (see "Speeches in Elberfeld" by Engels in Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 4, pp. 243–64). However, the Rules of the society were not ratified by the authorities, and its activities ceased in the spring of 1845.

p. 206

[83] For Engels' work *The Condition of the Working-Class in England*, which was published in Leipzig in 1845 as a pamphlet see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 4, pp. 295–596.

p. 206

[84] For Engels' appeal "To the Working-Classes of Great Britain" with which he prefaced his book *The Condition of the Working-Class in England* see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 4, pp. 297–301.

p. 207

[85] Engels planned to write a book on the social history of England, the material for which he collected during his stay there from November 1842 to August 1844. Originally he intended to devote a special chapter in this book to the condition of the English working class. Since, however, he came to realise that the proletariat had a special role to play in bourgeois society, Engels decided to write a separate book on the English proletariat—hence *The Condition of the Working-Class in England*, which he wrote upon his return to Germany, between September 1844 and March 1845.

In the spring and summer of 1845 Engels continued writing a book on the social history of England, but for various reasons was unable to complete the work.

p. 207

[86] Engels' plan to write a pamphlet on List did not materialise, but his criticism of the views of the German advocates of protectionism, and List above all, is to be found in one of his "Speeches in Elberfeld", in that delivered on February 15, 1845 (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 4, pp. 256–64).

p. 207

[87] Marx and Engels gave a detailed analysis of this work by Max Stirner and criticised the reactionary nature of his philosophic, economic and social views in their joint work, *The German Ideology* (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 5, pp. 19–581).

p. 207

[88] A reference to a review by Caspar Schmidt (Max Stirner) of *Les Mystères de Paris*, a novel by the French writer Eugène Sue (published in Paris in 1842–43) which became known as a sample of sentimental fantasy woven into an adventure plot. Stirner reviewed this book in the journal *Berliner Monatsschrift* which was published in 1844 by Ludwig Buhl.

p. 207

[89] "*The Free*"—the Berlin group of Young Hegelian writers which was formed in the first half of the 1840s, its leading members

including Bruno and Edgar Bauer, Eduard Meyen, Ludwig Buhl and Max Stirner. Divorced from reality and absorbed in abstract philosophic disputes, "The Free" abandoned their radical views in 1843–44 and gradually went over to vulgar subjective idealism—they began propagating a theory according to which only chosen personalities, vehicles of the "spirit", "pure criticism", were creators of history while the people were allegedly nothing but an inert mass, ballast, in the process of history. Marx and Engels exposed the harmful, reactionary ideas of Young Hegelians, who called their views "Critical Criticism", in their first joint work *The Holy Family, or Critique of Critical Criticism* (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 4, pp. 3–211).

p. 210

[90] Engels is referring to the views of the epigons of Fourier's school who published the newspaper *La Démocratie pacifique*; they implanted a clearly sectarian and demagogic character to Fourier's teaching. Marx and Engels frequently criticised this "diluted Fourierism" advocated in the columns of this paper, which in fact was expressing the sentiments of the philanthropic bourgeoisie.

p. 210

[91] A reference to Hess' pamphlet *Die letzten Philosophen* published in Darmstadt in 1845 and directed against Max Stirner's book *Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum*. Hess criticised Stirner's views from the standpoint of "true socialism" (a variety of German petty-bourgeois socialism of the 1840s whose main feature was the substitution of abstract appeals for improving humanity in place of revolutionary class struggle).

p. 212

[92] This refers to the *Deutsches Bürgerbuch für 1845* published in Darmstadt by Hermann Püttmann in December 1844. Its line was determined by the "true socialists" who took part in the publication. However, the year-book also contained works by such revolutionary democrats as Wilhelm Wolff and the poet Georg Weerth, as well as Engels' contribution on communist colonies in England and the U.S.A. (see Note 79).

p. 212

[93] *Gesellschaftsspiegel*—a monthly published in Elberfeld in 1844 and 1845 under the editorship of Moses Hess. Engels took part in organising the periodical but was not on its editorial board. The monthly printed articles by "true socialists".

p. 212

[94] "*An Artisan*" was the pseudonym under which a cycle of poems, *Lebenslieder*, and the article "Handwerks unterricht" were published in the newspaper *Vorwärts!* in the latter half of 1844.

p. 212

[95] *Rheinische Jahrbücher zur gesellschaftlichen Reform*—a German periodical published by Hermann Püttmann. Originally it was conceived as a quarterly, but only two volumes appeared: the first in Darmstadt in August 1845, and the second in Belle-Vue, a place on the German–Swiss border, at the end of 1846. The first volume contained Engels' speeches in Elberfeld on April 8 and 15, 1845 and the second, his article "The Feast of Nations in London" (see Marx/Engels, *Werke*, Bd. 2, pp. 611–24). However, the policy of the journal was determined by "true socialists" who took part in its publication. Marx and Engels subjected this journal to devastating criticism in their joint work *The German Ideology* (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 5, pp. 19–581).

Under the press laws existing in a number of German states, only publications exceeding 20 printed sheets were exempted from preliminary censorship. Its size made the *Rheinische Jahrbücher* exempt from censorship, but the police of the grand Duchy of Hessen found fault with the "criminal" content of the journal, confiscated the first volume and banned its publication altogether.

p. 213

[96] Concerning Engels' intention to write a book on the social history of England see Note 85.

p. 213

[97] *Rheinische Zeitung für Politik, Handel und Gewerbe*—a daily newspaper which was published in Cologne from January 1, 1842 to March 31, 1843. It was founded by representatives of the Rhenish bourgeoisie who were in opposition to Prussian absolutism. Some Young Hegelians also contributed to the paper. In April 1842 Marx became a contributor and from October of the same year one of the paper's editors. Some of Engels' articles were also published in the *Rheinische Zeitung*. During Marx's editorship the paper became more and more revolutionary-democratic in character. The government subjected the paper to particularly strict censorship and subsequently closed it down.

p. 214

[98] See Note 78.

p. 214

[99] The *Telegraph für Deutschland*—to which Engels contributed from March 1839 to 1841—published Ruge's article "An einen Patrioten" in its issues No. 203 and No. 204 for December 1844.

p. 216

[100] Marx was expelled from France for taking part in editing the newspaper *Vorwärts!*. An order for expulsion was issued by the French government, under pressure from Prussia, in January 1845. On February 3, 1845, Marx left Paris for Brussels.

p. 219

[101] See Note 82.

p. 223

[102] *Cabinets noirs* (black cabinets)—secret institutions within the press departments of France, Prussia, Austria and other states set up to inspect correspondence; they were in existence during the age of absolutist monarchies in Europe.

p. 223

[103] Engels is referring to the translation of the unfinished work by Charles Fourier entitled *Des trois unités externes*. It was published after his death in the Fourierists' journal *La Phalange* for 1845. The same journal published Fourier's manuscripts on cosmogony.

p. 225

[104] William Godwin, *An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice, and Its Influence on General Virtue and Happiness*, Vol. I–II, London, 1793.

p. 227

[105] The report about the meetings in Elberfeld on February 8 and 15, 1845, at which Engels spoke, was published in the first volume of Püttmann's *Rheinische Jahrbücher* in 1845. Criticism of List's views is to be found in the second Elberfeld speech (see Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, Vol. 4, pp. 256–64).

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B

Baedeker, Julius Theodor (1814–1880)—progressive German publisher and bookseller; in 1845–46 published the journal *Gesellschaftsspiegel.*—203, 221, 225

Bakunin, Mikhail Alexandrovich (1814–1876)—Russian revolutionary and writer, participant in the 1848–49 revolution in Germany; subsequently an ideologist of Narodism and anarchism; was violently hostile to Marxism in the First International; at the Hague Congress of 1872 was expelled from the First International for his splitting activities.—204, 215

Ball, Hermann (1804–1860)—German Protestant pastor, first in Wülfrath and later in Elberfeld.—65, 66

Bärmann, Georg Nicolaus (1785–1850)—Hamburg writer.—139

Bauer, Bruno (1809–1882)—German idealist philosopher, prominent Young Hegelian, bourgeois radical, author of works on the history of Christianity.—201, 216, 228

Bauer, Edgar (1820–1886)—German journalist, Young Hegelian, brother of Bruno Bauer.—201, 216, 228

Beck, Karl (1817–1879)—German petty-bourgeois poet; exponent of "true socialism" in the mid-1840s.—48, 61, 89, 90, 115, 126

Becker, Nikolaus (1809–1845)—German petty-bourgeois poet, author of *Der deutsche Rhein*, a poem widely used by the nationalists.—167, 180

Beethoven, Ludwig van (1770–1827)—German composer.—133, 184

Bentham, Jeremy (1748–1832)—English bourgeois sociologist, theoretician of utilitarianism.—207, 227

Bergenroth, Gustav Adolph (1813–1869)—German historian and writer, petty-bourgeois democrat, participant in the 1848–49 revolution; in 1850 emigrated from Germany.—221, 223

Bergmann, Joh. H.—sugar broker in Bremen.—134

Bernays, Karl Ludwig (1815–1879)—German radical writer; in 1844 was on the editorial board of the *Vorwärts!*, a newspaper of German emigrants in Paris, published with the direct participation of Karl Marx; after the 1848–49 revolution emigrated to the USA.—201, 204, 215, 225

Beurmann, Eduard (1804–1883)—German writer, member of the Young Germany literary group, secret agent of the Austrian Government.—60, 62, 112

Blank, Karl Emil (1817–1893)—German merchant; in the 1840s and 1850s leaned towards socialism; Frederick Engels' brother-in-law.—200, 217, 233

Blank, Wilhelm (1821–1892)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, subsequently a merchant.—34, 54, 65, 85, 91, 162, 184, 203

Bleek, Friedrich (1793–1859)—German Protestant theologian, professor of Bonn University, researcher of the Bible.—179

Böhme, Jakob (1575–1624)—German craftsman, pantheist philosopher, expressed some ideas on the dialectical development of the universe.—32

Börne, Ludwig (1786–1837)—German writer and critic, prominent representative of the radical petty-bourgeois opposition; supporter of Christian socialism at the close of his life.—60, 88, 89, 96, 114, 115, 122, 123, 126

Bredt, Wilhelm August (1817–1895)—Burgomaster (1855–57) and Chief Burgomaster of Barmen (1857–79).—198

Brinckmeier, Eduard (1811–1897)—German writer, editor of the *Mitternachtzeitung* (1835–39).—139–40

Brutus, Marcus Junius (c. 85–42 B.C.)—Roman politician, one of the initiators of the republican aristocracy's conspiracy against Julius Caesar.—51

Buhl, Ludwig (1814–c. 1882)—German writer, Young Hegelian, author of pamphlets in the *Patriot* series.—207

Bunsen, Carl (b. 1821)—student of the law faculty at Bonn University (1841–42), later a diplomat.—197

Bürgers, Heinrich (1820–1878)—German radical writer, contributor to the *Rheinische Zeitung* (1842–43); in 1848 member of the Cologne branch of the Communist League, one of the editors of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*; from 1850 member of the Central Committee of the Communist League; at the Cologne Communist trial in 1852 was sentenced to six years' imprisonment; subsequently a progressist.—205, 225, 228, 229

Butz, Gustav—German publisher in Hagen in the 1840s.—212

Byron, George (1788–1824)—English revolutionary romantic poet.—90, 137, 141

C

Caesar, Gaius Julius (c. 100–44 B.C.)—Roman general and statesman.—81

Calvin, Jean (1509–1564)—prominent figure in the Reformation, founder of Calvinism, a trend in Protestantism, which expressed the interests of the bourgeoisie at the epoch of the primitive accumulation of capital.—129

Campe, Johann Julius Wilhelm (1792–1867)—German bookseller and publisher; from 1823 co-owner of the Hoffmann und

Campe Publishing House in Hamburg; in the 1830s published works of writers belonging to the Young Germany literary group.—234

Capelle, Ernst Friedrich Conrad (1790–1847)—Protestant pastor in Bremen, adherent of the rationalist trend in Lutheranism.—165

Carlyle, Thomas (1795–1881)—British writer, historian and idealist philosopher, preaching the cult of the heroes; expressed views bordering on feudal socialism of the 1840s; criticised the English bourgeoisie from the standpoint of reactionary romanticism; supported the Tories; after 1848, a relentless opponent of the working-class movement.—201

Carnap, Johann Adolph—Prussian official, Chief Burgomaster of Elberfeld in 1837–51.—222

Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de (1547–1616)—Spanish novelist.—90

Chapeau—student at Bonn University (1842).—197

Charles X (1757–1836)—King of France (1824–30).—136

Claudius, Matthias (1740–1815)—German writer, author of a number of songs.—154

Clauren, Heinrich (pseudonym of *Carl Heun*) (1771–1854)—German writer, author of sentimental novels and short stories.—88

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772–1834)—English poet and critic; at first, under the influence of the French Revolution, professed socialist views; later became a reactionary romantic.—141

Creizenach, Theodor (1818–1877)—German liberal poet and literary critic.—48, 112, 120

D

Dante, Alighieri (1265–1321)—Italian poet.—190

Daub, Karl (1765–1836)—German Protestant theologian of a speculative trend.—124, 130, 131

David—King of Israel (end of the 11th cent.–c. 950 B.C.); according to Biblical tradition, author of psalms.—54

Derkhiem—an employee at Leupold's trading firm in Bremen.—147, 150, 157

D'Ester, Karl Ludwig Johann (1811–1859)—German socialist and democrat; physician by profession; member of the Cologne branch of the Communist League; in 1848 member of the

Prussian National Assembly (Left wing); from October 1848 member of the Central Committee of the German democrats; in 1849 deputy to the Second Chamber, belonging to its extreme Left wing; played a prominent role in the Baden-Palatinate uprising of 1849; subsequently emigrated to Switzerland.—203, 214

Diest, Otto Karl Erich Heinrich—student of the law faculty at Bonn University (1841–42).—197

Diez, Christian Friedrich (1794–1876)—German linguist, a founder of comparative-historical linguistics, author of the first comparative grammar of the Romance languages.—156

Dingelstedt, Franz, Baron von (1814–1881)—German poet and writer; at first belonged to the trend of petty-bourgeois opposition political poetry; in the mid-1840s became a dramatist of the court theatre, monarchist.—62

Diogenes of Sinope (c. 404–c. 323 B.C.)—Greek philosopher.—122, 123

Döring, Karl August (1783–1844)—Protestant preacher in Elberfeld, author of religious poems.—66

Droste-Hülshoff, Annette Elisabeth, Freiin von (1797–1848)—German writer and poet.—137, 141

Duller, Eduard (1809–1853)—German reactionary romantic writer, author of historical novels.—49, 62

Dürholt—clerk at Wittenstein's firm in Unter-Barmen.—66

E

Eberlein—employee at Leupold's trading firm in Bremen.—22, 156, 158

Ebert, Karl Egon (1801–1882)—Austrian romantic poet.—62

Elias, Wilhelm—German writer, pietist.—138

Engelmann, Wilhelm (1808–1878)—owner of a Leipzig publishing house founded in 1811.—138, 140

Engels, Adeline (1827–1901)—Frederick Engels' cousin, daughter of Caspar Engels.—21, 145

Engels, Anna (1825–1853)—Frederick Engels' sister; married to Adolph von Griesheim.—39, 167

Engels, August (1824–1855)—Frederick Engels' cousin.—39

Engels, Caspar junior (1792–1863)—Frederick Engels' uncle; from 1849 the only owner of the Caspar Engels & Sons firm.—22

Engels, Elisabeth Francisca Mauritzia (née *van Haar*) (1797–1873)—Frederick Engels' mother.—21, 22, 23, 25, 39, 158, 171

Engels, Emilie (1825–1906)—Frederick Engels' cousin, daughter of Caspar Engels.—21

Engels, Friedrich (1796–1860)—Frederick Engels' father.—23, 32, 133, 217, 219, 223, 229

Engels, Hedwig (1830–1904)—Frederick Engels' sister, married to Friedrich Wilhelm Boelling, a Barmen merchant.—230

Engels, Hermann (1822–1905)—Frederick Engels' brother, Barmen factory owner, partner in the Ermen & Engels firm at Engelskirchen.—8, 39, 56, 58, 133, 194

Engels, Ida (1822–1884)—Frederick Engels' cousin; married to Albert Molineus.—154, 162, 191

Engels, Karl (1817–1840)—Frederick Engels' cousin, son of Caspar Engels.—21

Engels, Marie (1824–1901)—Frederick Engels' sister, married to Karl Emil Blank.—21, 22, 25, 38, 40, 57, 58, 86, 110, 142, 145, 148, 154, 158, 170, 181, 185, 186, 191, 192, 200, 232, 234

Engels, Rudolf (1831–1903)—Frederick Engels' brother, Barmen factory owner, partner in the Ermen & Engels firm at Engelskirchen.—39, 230

Erdmann, Johann Eduard (1805–1892)—German philosopher, Right-wing Hegelian.—179

Ernst August (1771–1851)—King of Hanover (1837–51).—26, 109, 136

Ewerbeck, August Hermann (1816–1860)—German physician and man of letters, leader of the Paris communities of the League of the Just, later member of the Communist League, which he left in 1850.—200, 204, 215

Eylert, Rulemann Friedrich (1770–1852)—German bishop, member of the State Council, confidant of Frederick William III.—135

F

Faber—pseudonym of a contributor to the Dresden *Abend-Zeitung*.—73

Feistkorn, G. W.—painter, Frederick Engels' friend in Bremen.—26, 38, 169

Feldmann, Gustav (b. 1820)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, lawyer; subsequently President of the Chamber of Deputies in Saarbrücken.—31

Ferdinand VII (1784–1833)—King of Spain (1808 and 1814–33).—136

Feuerbach, Ludwig (1804–1872)—German materialist philosopher.—16, 208, 209, 220, 221

Fouqué, Friedrich, Baron de la Motte (1777–1843)—German writer and journalist, reactionary romantic, advocated privileges for the nobility; editor-in-chief of the *Zeitung für den Deutschen Adel* (1840–43).—71

Fourier, Charles (1772–1837)—French Utopian Socialist.—210, 224, 225, 226

Francis II (1768–1835)—Holy Roman Emperor (1792–1806); Emperor of Austria as Francis I (1804–35).—136

Frankl, Ludwig August (1810–1894)—Austrian romantic poet.—62

Frederick William III (1770–1840)—King of Prussia (1797–1840).—113, 135

Frederick William IV (1795–1861)—King of Prussia (1840–61).—126, 178, 187

Freiligrath, Ferdinand (1810–1876)—German romantic poet; in later years wrote revolutionary poetry; in 1848–49 one of the editors of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, member of the Communist League; in the 1850s withdrew from the revolutionary struggle.—48, 62, 66, 180

Fröbel, Julius (1805–1893)—German writer and publisher of progressive literature, petty-bourgeois radical; participant in the 1848–49 revolution in Germany; Left-wing deputy of the Frankfurt National Assembly, liberal.—216

G

Gans, Eduard (c. 1798–1839)—German professor of law, follower of Hegel.—92, 93, 131

Gesenius, Heinrich Friedrich Wilhelm (1786–1842)—German orientalist, Protestant theologian of a rationalist trend.—125

Godwin, William (1756–1836)—English petty-bourgeois writer and journalist, rationalist, a founder of anarchism.—227

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von (1749–1832)—German writer and thinker.—9, 31, 36, 40, 47, 48, 59, 67, 71, 84, 90, 114, 115, 171

Görres, Johannes Joseph von (1776–1848)—German reactionary romantic writer, philologist and historian, supporter of Catholicism.—92

Gorrissen, Georg—Frederick Engels' fellow lodger in Bremen.—25

Gossner, Johannes (1773–1858)—German Catholic priest, converted to Protestantism in 1826, pietist.—113

Gottfried, Gesina (1785–1831)—woman poisoner from Bremen who was publicly executed.—164

Graeber, Friedrich (1822–1895)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, later pastor.—25, 28, 31, 42, 51, 59, 63, 64, 84, 93, 99, 100, 102, 103, 106, 108, 116, 117, 126, 162, 177

Graeber, Hermann (1814–1904)—teacher of ancient languages in the Barmen municipal school, later pastor.—117

Graeber, Wilhelm (1820–1895)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, later pastor.—25, 28, 31, 34, 35, 53, 66, 80, 88, 108, 111, 116, 118, 162

Grel—Frederick Engels' friend.—162

Griesheim, Friderike von (née *van Haar*) (1789–1880)—Frederick Engels' aunt.—21

Grillparzer, Franz (1791–1872)—Austrian dramatist of a moderate liberal trend.—62, 133

Grimm, Jacob (1785–1863), and his brother *Wilhelm* (1786–1859)—German philologists, professors of Berlin University, authors of adaptations of German folk-lore and medieval epics.—26

Grosscreutz, A. von—contributor to the *Abend-Zeitung*, a German bourgeois literary newspaper.—73

Grün, Anastasius (1806–1876)—Austrian poet; in the 1830s published anonymously a number of collections containing criticism of feudal and Catholic reaction in Germany.—61

Grün, Karl (1817–1887)—German petty-bourgeois writer, one of the principal spokesmen of "true socialism" in the mid-1840s.—60, 121, 205

Guerrier—French socialist, friend of August Hermann Ewerbeck; close to Marx and Engels in the 1840s.—204, 215

Guizot, François Pierre Guillaume (1787–1874)—French bourgeois historian and statesman; actually directed France's home and foreign policy from 1840 to the February 1848 revolution; expressed the interests of big financiers.—167

Gutenberg, Johann (c. 1400–1468)—German inventor of printing from movable type.—140

Gutzkow, Karl Ferdinand (1811–1878)—German writer, member of the Young Germany literary group; editor of the journal *Telegraph für Deutschland* (1838–42).—53, 60, 61, 62, 66, 85, 90, 97, 98, 107, 112, 114, 115, 119, 124, 126, 139, 141

H

Haar, Franciska Christina van (b. 1758)—Frederick Engels' grandmother.—21

Haide, Ernst von der—see *Grün, Karl*

Hammerich, Johann Friedrich—head of a publishing house in Altona.—138, 139

Handel, Georg Friedrich (1685–1759)—German composer.—175

Hantschke, Johann Carl Leberecht (1796–1856)—senior teacher and acting director of the Elberfeld grammar school, Frederick Engels' tutor.—144, 171

Häring, Wilhelm (wrote under the pseudonym of *Alexis, Willibald*) (1798–1871)—German writer, author of a number of historical novels.—59

Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich (1770–1831)—classical German philosopher, objective idealist, elaborated idealist dialectics; ideologist of the German bourgeoisie.—76, 77, 93, 124, 126, 129, 131, 132, 209, 210

Heine, Heinrich (1797–1856)—German revolutionary poet.—47, 60, 114, 115, 128

Hell, Theodor—see *Winkler, Theodor*

Heller, Robert (1812–1871)—German liberal writer and journalist.—62, 72

Hengstenberg, Ernst Wilhelm (1802–1869)—German theologian, professor of Berlin University, extreme conservative.—60, 61, 94, 104, 125, 126, 129, 178, 179

Henry IV (1553–1610)—King of France (1589–1610).—158

Herloßsohn, Karl (1804–1849)—German liberal writer.—62, 73

Hermann, Reinhard (1806–1839)—Protestant pastor in Elberfeld.—54, 65, 66

Hess, Moses (1812–1875)—German petty-bourgeois writer, one of the principal spokesmen of "true socialism" in the mid-1840s; after the split in the Communist League adhered to the sectarian adventurist group of Willich-Schapper; Lassallean in the 1860s.—201, 205, 207, 208, 209, 212, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 227, 229, 230

Heuser, Gustav—Frederick Engels' Elberfeld friend.—84, 116, 117, 126, 133, 162

Hinrichs, Hermann Friedrich Wilhelm (1794–1861)—German professor of philosophy, Right-wing Hegelian.—129

Hippocrates (c. 460–c. 377 B.C.)—Greek physician, father of medicine.—123

Hody, A. B.—chief of police in Brussels in the 1840s.—232, 233

Höller from Solingen—Frederick Engels' acquaintance in Bremen.—146, 165

Homer—semi-legendary poet of Ancient Greece, author of *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.—81, 82

Hösterey—Frederick Engels' acquaintance in Barmen.—186

Houwald, Christoph Ernst (1778–1845)—German reactionary romantic dramatist.—88

Hub, Ignaz (wrote under the pseudonym of *Frank von Steinach*) (1810–1880)—German poet and journalist, founder of the *Rheinisches Odeon*.—62

Hüllstett, G. Karl Anton—senior teacher in Düsseldorf, author of an anthology of German literature for gymnasium pupils.—49

Huss or *Hus, John* or *Jan* (c. 1369–1415)—leader of the Reformation in Bohemia, professor of Prague University; inspired the Czech national liberation movement; burnt at the stake as a heretic; Czech national hero.—119

I

Immermann, Karl Leberecht (1796–1840)—German writer, journalist, critic and prominent figure in the theatre.—60, 88

J

Jean Paul (pseudonym of *Johann Paul Friedrich Richter*) (1763–1825)—German petty-bourgeois satirist.—114, 115

Jonghaus, Peter (1816–1884)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, later pastor.—28, 37, 45, 47, 66, 84, 108, 117

Jung, Alexander (1799–1884)—German writer, literary historian, journalist; associated with the Young Germany literary group.—193

Jung (Fräulein)—headmistress of the Mannheim Institute for Young Ladies.—142, 191, 194

Jung, Georg (1814–1886)—German writer, Young Hegelian, one of the managers of the *Rheinische Zeitung*, petty-bourgeois democrat.—193, 205, 219

K

Kampermann—textile manufacturers in Barmen.—25

Kant, Immanuel (1724–1804)—founder of classical German philosophy, idealist, ideologist of the German bourgeoisie.—96

Kirchner—friend of the Engels family.—26

Klopstock, Friedrich Gottlieb (1724–1803)—German poet, representative of the German Enlightenment.—47

Knapp, Albert (1798–1864)—German poet, author of church songs and hymns, pietist.—36

Kohl, Albert (1802–1882)—Protestant pastor in Elberfeld (1831–62), pietist.—54, 65

Kohlmann, Johann Melchior (1795–1864)—pastor from Horn near Bremen (1829–64).—165

Köttgen, Gustav Adolph (1805–1882)—German painter and poet, took part in the workers' movement in the 1840s, was close to the "true socialists".—219, 223, 231

Kotzebue, August (1761–1819)—German reactionary writer and journalist.—29, 33, 36

Krabbe—publisher in Stuttgart.—138

Kreutzer, Konradin (1780–1849)—German composer and conductor.—40

Kriege, Hermann (1820–1850)—German writer, representative of "true socialism"; headed the New York group of German "true socialists" in the latter half of the 1840s.—219, 221, 225

Krummacher, Friedrich Wilhelm (1796–1868)—German preacher, Calvinist pastor, head of the Wuppertal pietists.—54, 63, 66, 85, 114, 163, 164, 202

Krusbecker, Jan—broker in Bremen.—87

Kühne, Gustav (1806–1888)—German writer, member of the Young Germany literary group.—47, 60, 61, 62, 114, 115

L

Laube, Heinrich (1806–1884)—German writer, member of the Young Germany literary group.—47, 62, 115

Lavater, Johann Kaspar (1741–1801)—Swiss clergyman and writer, author of *Physiological Fragments* in which he tried to prove that a person's character can be judged by the features of his face.—94

Lenau, Nikolaus (pseudonym of *Niembsch von Strehlenau*) (1802–1850)—Austrian poet whose works are imbued with anti-feudal and anti-Catholic views.—60, 62, 155

Leo, Heinrich (1799–1878)—German historian and writer, extreme reactionary in politics and religion, one of the ideologists of Prussian Junkers.—76, 77, 92, 93, 107, 129, 130, 178

Leo, Leonardo (1694–1744)—Italian composer.—116

Le Sage, Alain René (1668–1747)—French writer.—195

Leske, Carl Wilhelm—German bookseller and publisher in the 1840s and 1850s.—213, 225

Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim (1729–1781)—German writer, critic, philosopher and Enlightener.—47, 89, 114

Leupold—wife of Consul Heinrich Leupold.—34, 41

Leupold, Elisabeth—daughter of Consul Heinrich Leupold.—41

Leupold, Heinrich (d. 1865)—Consul, owner of a trading firm in Bremen in which Engels worked from mid-July 1838 to the end of March 1841.—27, 34, 56, 144, 148, 154, 155, 157, 158, 162, 171, 182

Leupold, Karl—son of Consul Heinrich Leupold, junior co-owner of his father's firm.—59

Leupold, Siegfried—son of Consul Heinrich Leupold.—41

Leupold, Sophie—daughter of Consul Heinrich Leupold.—158

Leupold, Wilhelm—son of Consul Heinrich Leupold, co-owner of his father's firm.—150, 155, 175, 176

Lewald, August (1792–1871)—German writer close to the Young Germany literary group, founder and editor of the liberal journal *Europa* (1835–46).—62

List, Friedrich (1789–1846)—German bourgeois economist, propounder of extreme protectionism.—188, 207, 229

Liszt, Franz (1811–1886)—Hungarian composer and pianist.—14, 15

Löllchen (Loellgen), J. A.—owner of a tavern in Cologne in the 1840s.—203

Löwenthal—German publisher in the 1840s and 1850s.—215

Ludwig (Louis) I (1786–1868)—King of Bavaria (1825–48).—79, 181

Luther, Martin (1483–1546)—leader of the Reformation, founder of Protestantism (Lutheranism) in Germany, ideologist of the German burghers.—125

M

Mallet, Friedrich Ludwig (1792–1865)—German theologian, Protestant pastor in Bremen, publisher of several religious journals, pietist.—132, 164, 165, 166

Marbach, Oswald (1810–1890)—German writer and journalist, author of adaptations of German medieval epics and publisher of German *Volksbücher* (popular books).—131

Marggraff, Hermann (1809–1864)—German writer and journalist.—115

Marheineke, Philipp Konrad (1780–1846)—German Protestant theologian and historian of Christianity, Right-wing Hegelian.—92–93

Märklin, Christian (1807–1849)—German theologian, follower of Hegel; in 1839–40 wrote three pamphlets against pietism.—103, 129

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Felix (1809–1847)—German composer and conductor.—9, 175

Mengs, Anton Raphael (1728–1799)—German painter.—112

Menken, Gottfried (1768–1831)—German Protestant theologian, pastor in Bremen, pietist.—164

Menzel, Wolfgang (1798–1873)—German reactionary writer and literary critic, nationalist.—59, 61, 72, 93, 114, 120, 139

Meyen, Eduard (1812–1870)—German journalist, Young Hegelian, petty-bourgeois democrat, later national-liberal.—15, 216, 217

Meyer—owner of a tavern in Elberfeld in the 1840s.—203

Meyer, Albertus—editor of *Der Bremer Stadtbote*.—56

Meyer, G. C. A.—German publisher.—139

Meyer, Therese—fiancée of Wilhelm Leupold.—176

Meyer (Stick-Meyer)—father of Therese Meyer.—176

Michelet, Karl Ludwig (1801–1893)—German idealist philosopher, follower of Hegel, professor of Berlin University.—76, 77, 92

Miesegans, Timoleon—Bremen resident.—162

Miguel, Dom Maria Evaristo (1802–1866)—King of Portugal (1828–34).—136

Molineus, Albert (1814–1889)—Barmen manufacturer; in 1842 married Ida Engels, Frederick Engels' cousin.—192

Morelly (18th cent.)—representative of utopian egalitarian communism in France.—226

Morvell, C. F. (pseudonym of *Vollmer, C. F.*) (d. 1864)—German writer, author of historical novels.—62

Mosen, Julius (1803–1867)—German romantic writer.—48

Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus (1756–1791)—Austrian composer.—9, 40, 112

Müller—a novice, in 1839 lived in the house of Pastor Treviranus.—113

Müller, Wilhelm (wrote under the pseudonym of *Müller von Königswinter*) (1816–1873)—German poet, physician in Düsseldorf in the 1840s.—113, 203, 220

Müllner, Adolf (1774–1829)—German poet and critic.—139

Mundt, Theodor (1808–1861)—German writer, member of the Young Germany literary group; later professor of literature and history at Breslau and Berlin.—47, 60, 61, 62, 107, 115, 128

N

Napoleon I Bonaparte (1769–1821)—Emperor of the French (1804–14 and 1815).—109, 132, 136, 167

Naut, Stephan Adolf—Cologne merchant, manager of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in 1848–49.—226

Nauwerck (Nauwerk), Karl (1810–1891)—German writer, member of "The Free", Berlin group of Young Hegelians.—216

Neander, Johann August Wilhelm (1789–1850)—German Protestant theologian, historian of Christianity and the Orthodox church.—94, 98, 107, 125, 126, 133, 179

Nicholas I (1796–1855)—Emperor of Russia (1825–55).—132, 136

Nitzsch, Karl Immanuel (1787–1868)—German Protestant theologian and preacher, professor at Bonn and Berlin.—179

Noltenius, J. Daniel (1779–1852)—Burgomaster of Bremen (from 1839).—84

Nork, Friedrich (real name—*Friedrich Korn*) (1803–1850)—German writer, author of adaptations of Greek myths.—73

O

Obermeyer—owner of the premises in Elberfeld where communist meetings took place in 1845.—222

Otto I (1815–1867)—Prince of Bavaria, King of Greece (1832–62).—122

Owen, Robert (1771–1858)—English Utopian Socialist.—226

P

Palestrina, Giovanni Pierluigi da (c. 1525–1594)—Italian composer.—174

Paniel, Karl Friedrich Wilhelm (1803–1856)—German Protestant theologian, pastor in Bremen, rationalist.—163, 164, 165

Pergolese (Pergolesi), Giovanni Battista (1710–1736)—Italian composer, representative of the Naples opera school.—174, 183

Pericles (c. 490–429 B.C.)—Athenian statesman, contributed to strengthening slave-owning democracy.—122

Petrarch or *Petrarca, Francesco* (1304–1374)—Italian poet of the Renaissance.—81

Pfizer, Gustav (1807–1890)—German poet and critic, belonged to the Swabian school of romanticists.—141

Platen, August (1796–1835)—German poet, liberal.—60

Plümacher, Friedrich (1819–1905)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, later pastor.—28, 45, 66, 105, 163

Pol, Johann—Protestant pastor, in Heedfeld (near Wuppertal), author of religious poems.—53

Prutz, Robert Eduard (1816–1872)—German poet, journalist and literary historian, bourgeois liberal, was connected with the Young Hegelians.—180

Püttmann, Hermann (1811–1894)—German radical poet and journalist, representative of "true socialism" in the mid-1840s.—138, 139, 140, 141, 212, 213, 220, 222, 228, 229

R

Ranke, Leopold von (1795–1886)—German reactionary historian, ideologist of Prussian Junkers.—133

Raumer, Friedrich von (1781–1873)—German historian, professor at Berlin and Breslau universities; in 1848 member of the Frankfurt National Assembly (Right Centre).—155

Raupach, Ernst Benjamin Salomo (1784–1852)—German poet and dramatist, popular writer in the 1820s and 1830s.—88

Reichardt, Johann Friedrich (1752–1814)—German composer, author of songs to Goethe's words.—115

Riepe, Rudolf—teacher in the Barmen municipal school (1835–58), then in the Elberfeld high school for girls.—40, 56

Ripoll, Cayetano—teacher in Rizaffo, Spain; executed as a heretic on July 26, 1826.—135

Rosenkranz, Johann Karl Friedrich (1805–1879)—German Hegelian philosopher and literary historian.—131

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Schleiermacher, Friedrich (1768–1834)—German idealist philosopher, theologian and preacher.—99, 107, 108, 124, 130

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Schubarth, Karl Ernst (1796–1861)—German conservative writer, teacher at the Hirschberg gymnasium, a friend of Goethe's.—93

Schücking, Levin (1814–1883)—German writer, contributor to the *Kölnische Zeitung* (1845–52).—62, 137, 138, 139

Schünemann, Karl—owner of a publishing house founded in Bremen in 1817.—137, 138, 139, 141

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Smidt, Johann (1773–1857)—Burgomaster of Bremen (1821–48 and 1853–57).—164

Smitt, Friedrich von (Fyodor Ivanovich) (1787–1865)—Russian military historian.—112

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Stehely—owner of a confectionery in Berlin where "The Free" gathered.—216

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Thuringus—pen-name of a member of the Dresden *Abend-Zeitung* editorial board.—73

Tieck, Ludwig (1773–1853)—German writer and philologist, reactionary romantic, author of adaptations of German medieval literature and folk-lore.—47, 59

Torstrick, Johann Adolf (1821–1877)—Frederick Engels' Bremen friend, later teacher and researcher on Aristotle.—116, 117, 118, 123

Treviranus, Georg Gottfried (1788–1868)—Bremen pastor in whose house Frederick Engels lived from 1838 to 1841.—21, 22, 23, 24, 38, 84, 145, 146, 147, 175

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Uhland, Ludwig von (1787–1862)—German romantic poet, head of the Swabian school.—47, 62, 71

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Varnhagen von Ense, Karl August (1785–1858)—German writer and literary critic of the liberal trend.—115

Varnhagen von Ense, Rahel (1771–1833)—wife of Karl August Varnhagen von Ense, well known for her literary salon in Berlin.—47

Venedey, Jakob (1805–1871)—German radical writer and politician.—122

W

Wachsmann, Karl Adolf von (1787–1862)—German writer and journalist of the moderate liberal trend.—62, 72

Wallenstein, Albrecht (1583–1634)—general at the time of the Thirty Years' War; the title character in Schiller's trilogy.—52

Wallmüller—owner of a café in Berlin.—187

Wedell von—captain, commander of the 12th Foot Company of the Guards Artillery Brigade where Engels was in military service from October 1, 1841, to September 30, 1842.—194

Wegscheider, Julius August Ludwig (1771–1849)—German Protestant theologian of the rationalist trend.—125

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Wieland, Christoph Martin (1733–1813)—German writer of the Englightenment, translator of Shakespeare and ancient authors.—9, 30, 47

Wienbarg, Ludolf (1802–1872)—German writer and critic, member of the Young Germany literary group.—60, 112, 114

Wigand, Otto (1795–1870)—German publisher and bookseller, owner of a firm in Leipzig, published works by radical writers.—207, 224, 226

Wihl, Ludwig (1807–1882)—German writer and critic close to the Young Germany literary group.—62

Winkler, J. Ch. F.—missionary, author of a collection of poems entitled *Harfenklänge*.—53, 73

Winkler, Theodor (pen-name—*Theodor Hell*) (1775–1856)—German conservative writer and journalist, publisher of the *Abend-Zeitung*.—59, 62, 75

Wittensteins—owners of a firm in Unter-Barmen.—66

Witzleben, Karl August (pen-name—*A. Tromlitz*) (1773–1839)—German writer, author of novels and short stories on historical themes.—62, 72

Wurm, Gustav (1819–1888)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, subsequently a philologist.—28, 31, 34, 36–37, 39, 46, 55, 79, 84, 90, 94, 108, 110, 116, 117, 162, 166, 201

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Index of Literary and Mythological Names

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Anak—son of *Arba*; the titans living in the land of Canaan were called by this name.—52

Blasedow—the main character in Karl Gutzkow's novel *Blasedow und seine Söhne*.—90

Cid, the (Campeador the Cid)—the main character in the 12th-century Spanish poem *Poema del Cid*; popular hero of folk legends, which served as a basis for the tragedy *Cid* by Pierre Corneille, 17th-century French dramatist.—52

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Faust—the title character in a German popular book and in Goethe's tragedy; a character in Karl Gutzkow's dramatic essays *Hamlet in Wittenberg*.—48, 52, 67, 119, 155

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George, Saint—mythological dragon-killer.—178

Heracles (Hercules) (Class. Myth.)—son of Zeus and Alomene, who performed twelve immense labours.—52

Inachus (Gr. Myth.)—a hero who, after the Deluge, led his people from the mountain to the plain and founded the town of Argos.—123

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Menelaus (Gr. Myth.)—King of Sparta; took part in the Trojan War, which was caused by Paris, son of King Priam of Troy, who carried off Menelaus' wife Helen, most beautiful of women.—31

Moses (Bib.)—97

Pegasus (Gr. Myth.)—a winged horse; in the 15th-century Europe became a symbol of poetic inspiration.—152

Peter (Bib.)—98

Python (Gr. Myth.)—a huge serpent which lived at Delphi and was killed by Apollo.—114

Roland—the hero of the French epic *Chanson de Roland*.—52, 164

Sancho Panza—a character in Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.—90

Siegfried—one of the main characters in an ancient German epic and in the medieval German epic *Nibelungenlied;* the title char-

acter in Frederick Engels' tragicomedy *Der gehörnte Siegfried*.—52

Sieghard—a character in Frederick Engels' tragicomedy *Der gehörnte Siegfried*.—67

Theophilus—a character in the New Testament.—100

Tobianus—a character in Karl Gutzkow's novel *Blasedow und seine Söhne*.—90

Tristan—a character in a medieval epic; the main character in the medieval romance *Tristan and Isolde*, in Gottfried von Strassburg's poem based on it, in a German popular book and Karl Immermann's poems.—84

Wally—the character in Karl Gutzkow's novel *Wally, die Zweiflerin*.—60

Index of Periodicals

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Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung—a daily published by the Young Hegelian Bruno Bauer in Charlottenburg from December 1843 to October 1844.—228

Athenäum—a shortened name for the Young Hegelian journal *Athenäum für Wissenschaft, Kunst und Leben. Eine Monatsschrift für das gebildete Deutschland*, published in Nuremberg in 1838 and 1839.—91

Berliner Conversations-Blatt für Poesie, Literatur und Kunst—a journal published under this title in 1827–29 and 1836–38.—84

Bremer Kirchenbote—a journal, organ of the Bremen pietists, published from 1832 to 1847.—129, 132

Der Bremer Stadtbote—a literary weekly published by Albertus Mayer from January 1839.—56, 57, 58, 83

Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt—a literary newspaper published from 1823 to 1857.—57

Deutsche Jahrbücher—a shortened name for the Young Hegelian literary and philosophical journal *Deutsche Jahrbücher für Wissenschaft und Kunst*, published under this title in Leipzig from July 1841 and edited by Arnold Ruge. In January 1843 the journal was closed down by the Saxon Government and banned by decision of the Federal Diet throughout Germany.—16, 190

Deutscher Musenalmanach—a literary yearbook published in Leipzig from 1832 by Adelbert von Chamisso and Gustav Schwab.—79, 84, 91

Deutsches Bürgerbuch—a yearbook for 1845, published by Hermann Püttmann in Darmstadt in December 1844; and for 1846, published in Mannheim in the summer of 1846.—212, 220

Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher—a German-language publication which appeared in Paris under the editorship of Karl Marx and Arnold Ruge. Only the first double issue was put out in February 1844.—17, 201, 217, 235

Elberfelder Zeitung—a daily newspaper published from 1834 to 1904. In the 1830s and 1840s it was of a conservative trend.—85

Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung—a conservative church newspaper published in Berlin from 1827.—60, 61, 63, 64, 92, 94, 97, 104, 107, 129

Gemeinnütziges Wochenblatt des Gewerb-Vereins zu Köln—a weekly published in Cologne from 1836 to 1855; in 1842 and 1843 it was a supplement to the *Rheinische Zeitung*.—214

Der Gesellschafter—a shortened name for the liberal newspaper *Der Gesellschafter oder Blätter für Geist und Herz*, published in Berlin from 1817 to 1848.—84

Gesellschaftsspiegel. Organ zur Vertretung der besitzlosen Volksklassen und zur Beleuchtung der gesellschaftlichen Zustände der Gegenwart—a monthly, organ of the "true socialists", published in Elberfeld in 1845 and 1846 under the editorship of Moses Hess; altogether 12 issues appeared.—84, 212, 221, 225, 228

Hallische Jahrbücher—a shortened name for the Young Hegelian literary and philosophical journal *Hallische Jahrbücher für deutsche Wissenschaft und Kunst*, published in Halle from 1838 to 1841.—139, 141, 178, 179

Jahrbuch der Literatur—a liberal literary almanac published in Hamburg in 1839 by the Hoffmann und Campe Publishing House.—62

Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik—a journal, organ of the Right-wing Hegelians, published from 1827 to 1846.—125

Der Komet. Ein Unterhaltungsblatt für die gebildete Lesewelt—a liberal literary daily published from 1830 to 1848, first in Altenburg and then in Leipzig.—73

Literarischer Anzeiger für christliche Theologie und Wissenschaft überhaupt—a theological journal, organ of the Halle pietists, published from 1830 to 1849.—131

Literatur-Blatt—a newspaper published in Stuttgart and Tübingen from 1820 to 1852 as a supplement to the *Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser*.—49, 60

Der Menschenfreund. Eine religiöse Zeitschrift—a theological journal published in Berlin from 1824.—66

Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser—a liberal newspaper which appeared under this title in Brunswick from 1830. In 1840 Engels' article "Modern Literary Life" was published in it.—140, 141

Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser—a literary daily published in Stuttgart and Tübingen from 1807 to 1865. In 1840 and 1841 Engels contributed to it several articles on literature and art.—49

Rheinische Jahrbücher zur gesellschaftlichen Reform—a journal published by Hermann Püttmann; only two volumes appeared, in August 1845 and late in 1846.—141, 213, 222, 228, 235

Rheinische Zeitung für Politik, Handel und Gewerbe—a daily founded on January 1, 1842, as an organ of the Rhenish bourgeois opposition circles and published until March 31, 1843, in Cologne. Some Young Hegelians were among its contributors. Marx began to contribute to the *Rheinische Zeitung* in April 1842, and in October of the same year he became one of its editors. The newspaper also carried a number of Engels' articles. With Marx as editor, the *Rheinische Zeitung* acquired a clearly expressed revolutionary-democratic character. This made the newspaper very popular in Germany and caused alarm and dissatisfaction in the government circles and malicious attacks on the part of the reactionary press. On January 19, 1843, the Prussian Government adopted a decision to close down the *Rheinische Zeitung* on April 1, 1843, and in the meantime to subject it to a double censorship.—16, 193, 214

Rheinisches Jahrbuch—a shortened name for the literary journal *Rheinisches Jahrbuch für Kunst und Poesie*, published in Cologne in 1840 and 1841.—141

Rosen. Eine Zeitschrift für die gebildete Welt—a liberal literary journal published in Leipzig from 1838 to 1848.—73

Telegraph für Deutschland—a literary journal founded by Karl Gutzkow; in 1837 it was published in Frankfurt am Main and in 1838–48 in Hamburg; in the late 1830s and early 1840s it expressed the views of the Young Germany literary group. Engels contributed to the journal from March 1839 to 1841.—49, 53, 65, 85, 91, 112, 114, 127, 139, 141, 216

Vorwärts!—a German-language newspaper published in Paris twice a week from January to December 1844. Marx and Engels were among its contributors.—203, 211, 215

Zeitung für die elegante Welt—a liberal literary newspaper published from 1801 to 1859 in Leipzig and, in the last years, in Erfurt.—47, 48

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